



1884.

New Series.

Vol. XXXIX.—No. 5.

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

MAY.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 23 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cts. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.  
Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.  
NEW YORK.

## CONTENTS OF THE MAY NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. THE GHOST OF RELIGION. By FREDERICK HARRISON. <i>Nineteenth Century</i> .....	577
II. THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—TWO RECENT JOURNALS, By M. A. W.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> .... 585
III. "CHINESE GORDON".....	<i>All the Year Round</i> ..... 596
IV. QUEER FISHES. By JOHN GIBSON.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ..... 607
V. SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST. By H. D. TRAILL.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 614
VI. ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS. By KARL HILLEBRAND.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> .... 616
VII. A SURPRISING NARRATIVE. By FREDERICK BOYLE.....	<i>Belgravia</i> ..... 625
VIII. BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME. By A. LANG.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ..... 636
IX. ITALIAN STUDIES. THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> ..... 636
X. PLATFORM WOMEN. By MARGARET LONSDALE.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ..... 642
XI. MACHIAVELLI. By P. F. WILLERT.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 647
XII. THE MILK IN THE COCO-NUT.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ..... 657
XIII. TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE. By STEPNIAK.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> .... 664
XIV. A SKETCH OF M. CLÉMENTEAU. By an Anglo-Parisian Friend.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ..... 676
XV. THE EARTHLY PARADISE.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> .... 679
XVI. MR. HAYWARD. By T. H. S. ESCOTT.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 689
XVII. PASSION.....	<i>The Spectator</i> ..... 697
XVIII. THE HARVEST OF DEMOCRACY. By SIR LEPEL GRIF-FIN.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 700
XIX. LITERARY NOTICES.....	710
Teachings of the Twelve Apostles, Recently Discovered and Published by Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia—Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia—The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop—Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself—Flowers and their Pedigrees—Bound Together: A Sheaf of Papers—Hand-Book of Tree Planting.	
XX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	715
XXI. MISCELLANY.....	716
The Migrations of the Springbok—"Children's Parties in Winter"—An Anecdote of Harriet Martineau—The Dukedom of Bronte—Algiers from the Sea—The Company of Authors—The English Knights Templar.	

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

We shall be glad if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly.

BINDING.—Green cloth covers for binding two volumes per year will be furnished at 50 cents each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.

Mr. J. Wallace Ainger is our general Business Agent.

**ESTERBROOK'S Pens are the Most Popular in Use.**

**No. 048**



**Falcon Pen.**

**The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,**

Works, Camden, N. J.

26 John Street, New York.



## ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of Scrofulous and Mercurial impurities and the pollution of Contagious Diseases. It also neutralizes the poisons left by Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever, and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

### Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veit-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, with- in their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

### Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price \$1,  
six bottles for \$5.

## THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

### HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

### HAIR RENEWER:

**Mrs. HUNTERET, 344 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.,** after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

**Mr. KESLING, an old farmer, near Warsaw, Ind.,** had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

**Mrs. A. T. WALL, Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.,** writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

**Dr. EMIL SEIP, Detroit, Mich.,** certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

**Mrs. S. E. ELLIOTT, Glenville, W. Va.,** says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

### Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE

### WHISKERS

Is, in four respects, superior to all others.

1st—It will produce a rich, natural color, brown or black, as desired.

2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.

3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.

4th—It contains no deleterious ingredients, as do many preparations offered for like use.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all dealers in medicines.

# W. A. S.

## WOLFE'S

### SCHIEDAM AROMATIC

# SCHNAPPS,

As a general beverage and necessary corrective of water rendered impure by vegetable decomposition or other causes, as Limestone, Sulphate of Copper, etc., the Aromatic Schnapps is superior to every other alcoholic preparation. A public trial of over thirty years' duration in every section of our country of UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, its unsolicited indorsement by the medical faculty, and a sale unequalled by any other alcoholic distillation, have secured for it the reputation for salubrity claimed for it.

*For sale by all Druggists and Grocers.*

### UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SON & CO.

79 Broad Street, New York.

## JAMES PYLE'S



## PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING

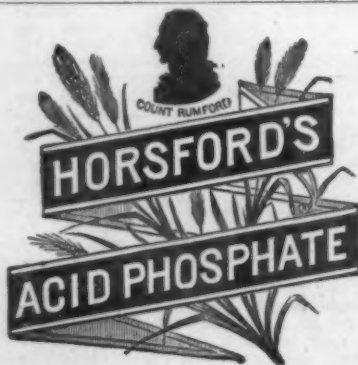
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

**SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY**, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the **ONLY SAFE** labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of **JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.**

### A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address **TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.**



(LIQUID.)

**For Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Diminished Vitality, etc.**

Prepared according to the directions of Prof. M. N. Horsford, of Cambridge.

A preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash, and iron with phosphoric acid in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system.

Universally used by physicians of all schools.

It is not nauseous, but agreeable to the taste.

No danger can attend its use.

Its action will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only.

Prices reasonable. Pamphlet giving further particulars mailed free. Manufactured by the

**RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.**



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXXIX., No. 5.

MAY, 1884.

Old Series complete in 63 vols.

## THE GHOST OF RELIGION.

BY FREDERICK HARRISON.

IN the January number of this Review is to be found an article on Religion which has justly awakened a profound and sustained interest. The creed of Agnosticism was there formulated anew by the acknowledged head of the Evolution philosophy, with a definiteness such as perhaps it never wore before. To my mind there is nothing in the whole range of modern religious discussion more cogent and more suggestive than the array of conclusions the final outcome of which is marshalled in those twelve pages. It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its long controversy with Theology. That word is decisive, and it is hard to conceive how Theology can rally for another bout from such a *sortes* of dilemma as is there presented. My own humble purpose is not to criticise this paper, but to point its practical moral, and, if I may, to add to it a rider of my own. As a summary of philosophical

conclusions on the theological problem, it seems to me frankly unanswerable. Speaking generally, I shall now dispute no part of it but one word, and that is the title. It is entitled "Religion." To me it is rather the Ghost of Religion. Religion as a living force lies in a different sphere.

The essay, which is packed with thought to a degree unusual even with Mr. Herbert Spencer, contains evidently three parts. The first (pp. 1-5) deals with the historical Evolution of Religion, of which Mr. Spencer traces the germs in the primitive belief in ghosts. The second (pp. 6-8) arrays the moral and intellectual dilemmas involved in all anthropomorphic theology into one long catena of difficulty, out of which it is hard to conceive any free mind emerging with success. The third part (pp. 8-12) deals with the evolution of Religion in the future, and formulates, more precise-

ly than has ever yet been effected, the positive creed of Agnostic philosophy.

Has, then, the Agnostic a positive creed? It would seem so; for Mr. Spencer brings us at last "to the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." But let no one suppose that this is merely a new name for the Great First Cause of so many theologies and metaphysics. In spite of the capital letters, and the use of theological terms as old as Isaiah or Athanasius, Mr. Spencer's Energy has no analogy with God. It is Eternal, Infinite, and Incomprehensible; but still it is not He, but It. It remains always Energy, Force, nothing anthropomorphic; such as electricity, or anything else that we might conceive as the ultimate basis of all the physical forces. None of the positive attributes which have ever been predicated of God can be used of this Energy. Neither goodness, nor wisdom, nor justice, nor consciousness, nor will, nor life, can be ascribed, even by analogy, to this Force. Now a force to which we cannot apply the ideas of goodness, wisdom, justice, consciousness, or life, any more than we can to a circle, is certainly not God, has no analogy with God, nor even with what Pope has called the "Great First Cause, least understood." It shares some of the negative attributes of God and First Cause, but no positive one. It is, in fact, only the Unknowable a little more defined; though I do not remember that Mr. Spencer, or any evolution philosopher, has ever formulated the Unknowable in terms with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase "Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

The terms do seem, perhaps, rather needlessly big and absolute. And fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be called an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinite" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and, for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy"—why *an* Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the pres-

ence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable: that it is homogeneous, and even identical, throughout the Universe. And then, "from which all things proceed" is perhaps a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, brings us "to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of *some energy or energies*, of which he knows nothing, and to which therefore he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions. This is, doubtless, what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part, I prefer his old term, the Unknowable. Though I have always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly "the unknown."

Thus viewed, the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the Unknowable is hardly worth the philosophical inaccuracy it involves; and such is the drawback to any use of picturesque language. So stated, the positive creed of Agnosticism still retains its negative character. It has a series of propositions and terms, every one of which is a negation. A friend of my own, who was much pressed to say how much of the Athanasian Creed he still accepted, once said that he clung to the idea "that there was a sort of a something." In homely words such as the unlearned can understand, that is precisely what the religion of the Agnostic comes to, "the belief that there is a sort of a something, about which we can know nothing."

Now let us profess that, as a philosophical answer to the theological problem, that is entirely our own position. The Positivist answer is of course the same as the Agnostic answer. Why, then, do we object to be called Agnostics? Simply because Agnostic is only dog-Greek for "don't know," and we have



no taste to be called "don't knows." The *Spectator* calls us Agnostics, but that is only by way of prejudice. Our religion does not consist in a comprehensive negation; we are not forever replying to the theological problem; we are quite unconcerned by the theological problem, and have something that we do care for, and do know. Englishmen are Europeans, and many of them are Christians, and they usually prefer to call themselves Englishmen, Christians, or the like, rather than non-Asiatics or anti-Mohammedans. Some people still prefer to call themselves Protestants rather than Christians, but the taste is dying out, except among Irish Orangemen, and even the Nonconformist newspaper has been induced by Mr. Matthew Arnold to drop its famous motto: "The dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." For a man to say that his religion is Agnosticism is simply the sceptical equivalent of saying that his religion is Protestantism. Both mean that his religion is to deny and to differ. But this is not religion. The business of religion is to affirm and to unite, and nothing can be religion but that which at once affirms truth and unites men.

The purpose of the present paper is to show that Agnosticism, though a valid and final answer to the theological or ontological problem—"what is the ultimate cause of the world and of man?"—is not a religion nor the shadow of a religion. It offers none of the rudiments or elements of religion, and religion is not to be found in that line at all. It is the mere disembodied spirit of dead religion: as we said at the outset, it is the ghost of religion. Agnosticism, perfectly legitimate as the true answer of science to an effete question, has shown us that religion is not to be found anywhere within the realm of Cause. Having brought us to the answer, "no cause that we know of," it is laughable to call that negation religion. Mr. Mark Pattison, one of the acutest minds of modern Oxford, rather oddly says that the idea of deity has now been "defecated to a pure transparency." The evolution philosophy goes a step further and defecates the idea of cause to a pure transparency. Theology and ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which

science confronts all their assertions. But how whimsical is it to tell us that religion, which cannot find any resting-place in theology or ontology, is to find its true home in the Everlasting No! That which is defecated to a pure transparency can never supply a religion to any human being but a philosopher constructing a system. It is quite conceivable that religion is to end with theology, and both might in the course of evolution become an anachronism. But if religion there is still to be, it cannot be found in this No-man's-land and Know-nothing creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in our dreams.

The true lesson is that we must hark back, and leave the realm of cause. The accident of religion has been mistaken for the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not to answer a question, but to govern and unite men and societies by giving them common beliefs and duties. Theologies tried to do this, and long did it, by resting on certain answers to certain questions. The progress of thought has upset one answer after another, and now the final verdict of philosophy is that all the answers are unmeaning, and that no rational answer can be given. It follows then that questions and answers, both but the accident of religion, must both be given up. A base of belief and duty must be looked for elsewhere, and when this has been found, then again religion will succeed in governing and uniting men. Where is this base to be found? Since the realm of Cause has failed to give us foothold, we must fall back upon the realm of Law—social, moral, and mental law, and not merely physical. Religion consists, not in answering certain questions, but in making men of a certain quality. And the law, moral, mental, social, is pre-eminently the field wherein men may be governed and united. Hence to the religion of Cause there succeeds the religion of Law. But the religion of Law or Science is Positivism.

It is no part of my purpose to criticise Mr. Spencer's memorable essay, except so far as it is necessary to show that that which is a sound philosophical conclusion is not religion, simply by reason that it relates to the subject-matter of theology. But a few words may be suffered as to the historical evolution of re-

ligion. To many persons it will sound rather whimsical, and possibly almost a sneer, to trace the germs of religion to the ghost-theory. Our friends of the *Psychical Research* will prick up their ears, and expect to be taken *au grand sérieux*. But the conception is a thoroughly solid one, and of most suggestive kind. Beyond all doubt, the hypothesis of quasi-human immaterial spirits working within and behind familiar phenomena did take its rise from the idea of the other self which the imagination continually presents to the early reflections of man. And, beyond all doubt, the phenomena of dreams, and the gradual construction of a theory of ghosts, is a very impressive and vivid form of the notion of the other self. It would, I think, be wrong to assert that it is the only form of the notion, and one can hardly suppose that Mr. Spencer would limit himself to that. But, in any case, the construction of a coherent theory of ghosts is a typical instance of a belief in a quasi-human spirit-world. Glorify and amplify this idea, and apply it to the whole of nature, and we get a god-world, a multitude of superhuman divine spirits.

That is the philosophical explanation of the rise of theology, of the peopling of Nature with divine spirits. But does it explain the rise of Religion? No, for theology and religion are not conterminous. Mr. Spencer has unwittingly conceded to the divines that which they assume so confidently—that theology is the same thing as religion, and that there was no religion at all until there was a belief in superhuman spirits within and behind Nature. This is obviously an oversight. We have to go very much farther back for the genesis of religion. There were countless centuries of time, and there were, and there are, countless millions of men for whom no doctrine of superhuman spirits ever took coherent form. In all these ages and races, probably by far the most numerous that our planet has witnessed, there was religion in all kinds of definite form. Comte calls it *Fetichism*—terms are not important: roughly, we may call it *Nature-worship*. The religion in all these types was the belief and worship not of spirits of any kind, not of any immaterial, imagined being *inside* things, but of the actual

visible things themselves—trees, stones, rivers, mountains, earth, fire, stars, sun, and sky. Some of the most abiding and powerful of all religions have consisted in elaborate worship of these physical objects treated frankly as physical objects, without trace of ghost, spirit, or god. To say nothing of fire-worship, river, and tree-worship, the venerable religion of China, far the most vast of all systematic religions, is wholly based on reverence for Earth, Sky, and ancestors treated objectively, and not as the abode of subjective immaterial spirits.

Hence the origin of religion is to be sought in the countless ages before the rise of theology; before spirits, ghosts, or gods ever took definite form in the human mind. The primitive uncultured man frankly worshipped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi human powers and feelings. All that we read about Animism, ghosts, spirits, and universal ideas of godhead in this truly primitive stage are metaphysical assumptions of men trying to read the ideas of later epochs into the facts of an earlier epoch. Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects. And the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisive. The religion of man in the vast cycles of primitive ages was reverence for Nature as influencing Man. The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature. The religion of man in the twenty or thirty centuries of Theology was reverence for the assumed authors or controllers of Nature. But, that assumption having broken up, religion does not break up with it. On the contrary, it enters on a far greater and more potent career, inasmuch as the natural emotions of the human heart are now combined with the certainty of scientific knowledge. The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature affecting Man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controlling and con-

trolled by nature according to natural law. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of Theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilogue. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion.

We have only to see what are the elements and ends of religion to recognize that we cannot find it in the negative and the unknown. In any reasonable use of language religion implies some kind of belief in a Power outside ourselves, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that Power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives. There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct. A religion which gives us nothing in particular to believe, nothing as an object of awe and gratitude, which has no special relation to human duty, is not a religion at all. It may be formula, a generalization, a logical postulate; but it is not a religion. The universal presence of the unknowable (or rather of the unknown) substratum is not a religion. It is a logical postulate. You may call it, if you please, the first axiom of science, a law of the human mind, or perhaps better the universal postulate of philosophy. But try it by every test which indicates religion and you will find it wanting.

The points which the Unknowable has in common with the object of any religion are very slight and superficial. As the universal substratum it has some analogy with other superhuman objects of worship. But Force, Gravitation, Atom, Undulation, Vibration, and other abstract notions have much the same kind of analogy, but nobody ever dreamed of a religion of gravitation, or the worship of molecules. The Unknowable has managed to get itself spelled with a capital *U*; but Carlyle taught us to spell the Everlasting No with capitals also. The Unknowable is no doubt mysterious, and Godhead is mysterious. It certainly appeals to the sense of wonder, and the Trinity appeals to the sense of wonder. It suggests vague and infinite extension, as does the idea of deity: but then Time and Space equally suggest vague and infinite extension. Yet no one but a delirious Kantist ever professed that Time and Space were his religion. These seem all

the qualities which the Unknowable has in common with objects of worship—ubiquity, mystery, and immensity. But these qualities it shares with some other postulates of thought.

But try it by all the other recognized tests of religion. Religion is not made up of wonder, or of a vague sense of immensity, unsatisfied yearning after infinity. Theology, seeking a refuge in the unintelligible, has no doubt accustomed this generation to imagine that a yearning after infinity is the sum and substance of religion. But that is a metaphysical disease of the age. And there is no reason that philosophers should accept this hysterical piece of transcendentalism, and assume that they have found the field of religion when they have found a field for unquenchable yearning after infinity. Wonder has its place in religion, and so has mystery; but it is a subordinate place. The roots and fibres of religion are to be found in love, awe, sympathy, gratitude, consciousness of inferiority and of dependence, community of will, acceptance of control, manifestation of purpose, reverence for majesty, goodness, creative energy, and life. Where these things are not, religion is not.

Let us take each one of these three elements of religion—belief, worship, conduct—and try them all in turn as applicable to the Unknowable. How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken! Imagine a religion which can have no believers, because, *ex hypothesi* its adepts are forbidden to believe anything about it. Imagine a religion which excludes the idea of worship, because its sole dogma is the infinity of Nothingness. Although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. Lastly, imagine a religion which can have no relation to conduct; for obviously the Unknowable can give us no intelligible help to conduct, and *ex vi termini* can have no bearing on conduct. A religion which could not make any one better, which would leave the human heart and human society just as it found them, which left no foothold for devotion, and none for faith; which could have no creed, no doctrines,

no temples, no priests, no teachers, no rites, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation; which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere, and Evolution is its prophet—this is indeed “to defecate religion to a pure transparency.”

The growing weakness of religion has long been that it is being thrust inch by inch off the platform of knowledge; and we watch with sympathy the desperate efforts of all religious spirits to maintain the relations between knowledge and religion. And now it hears the invitation of Evolution to abandon the domain of knowledge, and to migrate to the domain of no-knowledge. The true Rock of Ages, says the philosopher, is the Unknowable. To the eye of Faith all things are henceforth *ἀκατάληπτα*, as Cicero calls it. The paradox would hardly be greater if we were told that true religion consisted in unlimited Vice.

What is religion for? Why do we want it? And what do we expect it to do for us? If it can give us no sure ground for our minds to rest on, nothing to purify the heart, to exalt the sense of sympathy, to deepen our sense of beauty, to strengthen our resolves, to chasten us into resignation, and to kindle a spirit of self-sacrifice—what is the good of it? The Unknowable, *ex hypothesi*, can do none of these things. The object of all religion, in any known variety of religion, has invariably had some quasi-human and sympathetic relation to man and human life. It follows from the very meaning of religion that it could not effect any of its work without such quality or relation. It would be hardly sane to make a religion out of the Equator or the Binomial theorem. Whether it was the religion of the lowest savage, of the Polytheist, or of the Hegelian Theist; whether the object of the worship were a river, the Moon, the Sky, Apollo, Thor, God, or First Cause, there has always been some chain of sympathy—influence on the one side, and veneration on the other. However rudimentary, there must be a belief in some Power influencing the believer, and whose influence he repays with awe and gratitude and a desire to conform his life thereto. But to make a religion out of the Unknowable is far more extravagant than to make

it out of the Equator. We know something of the Equator; it influences seamen, equatorial peoples, and geographers not a little, and we all hesitate, as was once said, to speak disrespectfully of the Equator. But would it be blasphemy to speak disrespectfully of the Unknowable? Our minds are a blank about it. As to acknowledging the Unknowable, or trusting in it, or feeling its influence over us, or paying gratitude to it, or conforming our lives to it, or looking to it for help—the use of such words about it is unmeaning. We can wonder at it, as the child wonders at the “twinkling star,” and that is all. It is a religion only to stare at.

Religion is not a thing of star-gazing and staring, but of life and action. And the condition of any such effect on our lives and our hearts is some sort of vital quality in that which is the object of the religion. The mountains, sun, or sky which untutored man worships is thought to have some sort of vital quality, some potency of the kind possessed by organic beings. When mountain, sun, and sky cease to have this vital potency, educated man ceases to worship them. Of course all sorts and conditions of divine spirits are assumed in a pre-eminent degree to have this quality, and hence the tremendous force exerted by all religions of divine spirits. Philosophy and the euthanasia of theology have certainly reduced this vital quality to a minimum in our day, and I suppose Dean Mansel's Bampton Lectures touched the low-water mark of vitality as predicated of the Divine Being. Of all modern theologians, the Dean came the nearest to the Evolution negation. But there is a gulf which separates even his all-negative deity from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable Energy.

Knowledge is of course wholly within the sphere of the Known. Our moral and social science is, of course, within the sphere of knowledge. Moral and social well-being, moral and social education, progress, perfection naturally rest on moral and social science. Civilization rests on moral and social progress. And happiness can only be secured by both. But if religion has its sphere in the Unknown and Unknowable, it is thereby outside all this



field of the Known. In other words Religion (of the Unknowable type) is *ex hypothesi* outside the sphere of knowledge, of civilization, of social discipline, of morality, of progress, and of happiness. It has no part or parcel in human life. It fills a brief and mysterious chapter in a system of philosophy.

By their fruits you shall know them is true of all sorts of religion. And what are the fruits of the Unknowable but the Dead Sea apples? Obviously it can teach us nothing, influence us in nothing, for the absolutely incalculable and unintelligible can give us neither ground for action nor thought. Nor can it touch any one of our feelings but that of wonder, mystery, and sense of human helplessness. Helpless, objectless, apathetic wonder at an inscrutable infinity may be attractive to a metaphysical divine; but it does not sound like a working force in the world. Does the Evolutionist commune with the Unknowable in the secret silence of his chamber? Does he meditate on it, saying, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength? One would like to see the new *Imitatio Ignoti*. It was said of old, *Ignotum omne pro magnifico*. But the new version is to be *Ignotum omne pro divino*.

One would like to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness? and the microscopist, and the embryologist, and the vivisectionist? What do they learn about it, what strength or comfort does it give them? Nothing—nothing: it is an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up, and perpetually to be asked of one's self and one's neighbors, but without waiting for the answer. Tantalus and Sisyphus bore their insoluble tasks, and the Evolutionist carries about his riddle without an answer, his unquenchable thirst to know that which he only knows he can never know. *Quisque suos patimur Manes*. But Tantalus and Sisyphus called it Hell and the retribution of the Gods. The Evolutionist calls it Religion, and one might almost say Paradise.

A child comes up to our Evolutionist friend, looks up in his wise and medi-

tative face, and says, "Oh! wise and great Master, what is religion?" And he tells that child, It is the presence of the Unknowable. "But what," asks the child, "am I to believe about it?" "Believe that you can never know anything about it." But how am I to learn to do my duty?" "Oh! for duty you must turn to the known, to moral and social science." And a mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship—they come to our philosopher and they say, "Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?" And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them) and he says, "Think on the Unknowable."

And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein? Altars might be built to some Unknown God, conceived as a real being, knowing us, though not known by us yet. But altars to the unknowable infinity, even metaphorical altars, are impossible, for this unknown can never be known, and we have not the smallest reason to imagine that it either knew us, or affects us, or anybody, or anything. As the Unknowable cannot bring men together in a common belief, or for common purposes, or kindred feeling, it can no more unite men than the precession of the equinoxes can unite them. So there can never be congregations of Unknowable worshippers, nor churches dedicated to the Holy Unknowable, nor images nor symbols of the Unknowable mystery. Yes! there is one symbol of the Infinite Unknowable, and it is perhaps the most definite and ultimate word that can be said about it. The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is ( $x^\infty$ ), and here we

have the beginning and perhaps the end of a symbolism for the religion of the Infinite Unknowable. Schools, academies, temples of the Unknowable, there cannot be. But where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable, there the algebraic formula may suffice to give form to their emotions: they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in ( $x^n$ ), even if no weak brother with ritualist tendencies be heard to cry, "O  $x^n$ , love us, help us, make us one with thee!"

These things have their serious side, and suggest the real difficulties in the way of the theory. The alternative is this: Is religion a mode of answering a question in ontology, or is it an institution for affecting human life by acting on the human spirit? If it be the latter, then there can be no religion of the Unknowable, and the sphere of religion must be sought elsewhere in the Knowable. We may accept with the utmost confidence all that the evolution philosophy asserts and denies as to the perpetual indications of an ultimate energy, omnipresent and unlimited, and, so far as we can see, of inscrutable mysteriousness. That remains an ultimate scientific idea, one no doubt of profound importance. But why should this idea be dignified with the name of religion, when it has not one of the elements of religion, except infinity and mystery? The hallowed name of religion has meant, in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle. Why retain this magnificent word, rich with the associations of all that is great, pure, and lovely in human nature, if it is to be henceforth limited to an idea, that can only be expressed by the formula ( $x^n$ ); and which by the hypothesis can have nothing to do with either knowledge, belief, sympathy, hope, life, duty, or happiness? It is not religion, this. It is a logician's artifice to escape from an awkward dilemma.

One word in conclusion to those who would see religion a working reality, and not a logical artifice. The startling *reductio ad absurdum* of relegating religion

to the unknowable is only the last step in the process which has gradually reduced religion to an incomprehensible *minimum*. And this has been the work of theologians obstinately fighting a losing battle, and withdrawing at every defeat into a more impregnable and narrower fastness. They have thrown over one after another the claims of religion and the attributes of divinity. They are so hopeless of continuing the contest on the open field of the known that they more and more seek to withdraw to the cloud-world of the transcendental. They are so terribly afraid of an anthropomorphic God that they have sublimated him into a metaphorical expression—"defecated the idea to a pure transparency," as one of the most eminent of them puts it. Dean Mansel is separated from Mr. Spencer by degree, not in kind. And now they are pushed by Evolution into the abyss, and are solemnly assured that the reconciliation of Religion and Science is effected by this religion of the Unknowable—this *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. Their Infinites and their Incomprehensibles, their Absolute and their Unconditioned, have brought them to this. It is only one step from the sublime to the unknowable.

Practically, so far as it affects the lives of men and women in the battle of life, the Absolute and Unconditioned Godhead of learned divines is very much the same thing as the Absolute Unknowable. You may rout a logician by a "pure transparency," but you cannot check vice, crime, and war by it, nor train up men and women in holiness and truth. And the set of all modern theology is away from the anthropomorphic and into the Absolute. In trying to save a religion of the spirit-world theologians are abandoning all religion of the real world; they are turning religion into formulas and phrases, and are taking out of it all power over life, duty, and society.

I say, in a word, unless religion is to be anthropomorphic, there can be no working religion at all. How strange is this new cry, sprung up in our own generation, that religion is dishonored by being anthropomorphic! Fetichism, Polytheism, Confucianism, Mediæval Christianity, and Bible Puritanism have all been intensely anthropomorphic, and

all owed their strength and dominion to that fact. You can have no religion without kinship, sympathy, relation of some human kind between the believer, worshipper, servant, and the object of his belief, veneration, and service. The Neo-Theisms have all the same mortal weakness that the Unknowable has. They offer no kinship, sympathy, or relation whatever between worshipper and worshipped. They too are logical formulas begotten in controversy, dwelling apart from man and the world. If the formula of the Unknowable is ( $x^n$ ) or the Unknown raised to infinity, theirs is ( $nx$ ), some unknown expression of Infinity. Neither ( $x^n$ ) nor ( $nx$ ) will ever make good men and women.

If we leave the region of formulas and go back to the practical effect of religion on human conduct, we must be driven to the conclusion that the future of religion is to be, not only what every real religion has ever been, anthropomorphic—but frankly anthropic. The attempted religion of Spiritism has lost one after another every resource of a real religion, until *risu solvuntur tabule*, and it ends in a religion of Nothingism. It is the Nemesis of Faith in spiritual abstractions and figments. The hypothesis has burst, and leaves the Void. The future will have then to return to the Knowable

and the certainly known, to the religion of Realism. It must give up explaining the Universe, and content itself with explaining human life. Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known, Humanity with the World on which it rests as its base and environment. Religion, having failed in the superhuman world, returns to the human world. Here religion can find again all its certainty, all its depth of human sympathy, all its claim to command and reward the purest self-sacrifice and love. We can take our place again with all the great religious spirits who have ever moulded the faith and life of men, and we find ourselves in harmony with the devout of every faith who are manfully battling with sin and discord. The way for us is the clearer as we find the religion of Spiritism, in its long and restless evolution of thirty centuries, ending in the legitimate deduction, the religion of the Unknowable, a paradox as memorable as any in the history of the human mind. The alternative is very plain. Shall we cling to a religion of Spiritism when philosophy is whittling away spirit to Nothing? Or shall we accept a religion of Realism, where all the great traditions and functions of religion are retained unbroken?—*Nineteenth Century*.

---

#### THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—TWO RECENT JOURNALS.

BY M. A. W.

"For the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether, what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings to which I am too often lost? The man who appre-

hends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which we may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contra-

dictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and fervor, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move toward it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly reasserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitivity to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally distrustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any definite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix

in words a few more of those floating and impalpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and subtilize existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the Republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favorite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness—it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learned from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately in-



terested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavor to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind. As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strangenesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a

Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by Nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and subtleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed to itself. The modern poetry of nature is

one such form, with its two strains—the strain of hungry yearning—

... "The sounding cataract  
*Haunted me like a passion*; the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
*An appetite*"—

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying—

"A sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean, and the living air,  
 And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the sufficient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet, has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labor, instead of escaping from labor to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied him-

self a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself. Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognize that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the "Confessions" of Rousseau, they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy "inherent in the epoch," according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. "Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me—but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires without emotions, without aim."

And yet side by side with all the despair, and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: "To

consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give one's self over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honor. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthralls us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in *Obermann* leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardors of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the Romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in

the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind toward greater actuality and force, both of apprehension and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organized belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonizes so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of *Obermann*, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterize this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to

their lips some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem." "There is something in Nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, gray, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspondence with the soul of Nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb one's self in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclu-

sively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing one's self in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with Thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly, "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with *L'Avenir* and culminated in the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought—the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God—the thought of liberty." Such was the dream of his first months in Paris—a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon



upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. "O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amid all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand."

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. "I have broken the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?"

"And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillizing visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of

memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck. Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream."

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique, however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most important utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the "Autobiography." That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance among its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources

of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognized as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, "John Inglesant," there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the "Journal Intime" of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the

human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The "Journal Intime" belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The "Journal d'un Solitaire," by Xavier Thiriat, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unflinching literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralyzed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglicans, or with those living within the recognized circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending

French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody possessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this :

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's "Télémaque" among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechizing class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him, missed her footing, and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterward to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise* ; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active

employment would ever be possible to him, he learned how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pilloaged "Télémaque" that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an "Ancient Geography," and "An Abridgment of all the Sciences," a "History of Morocco," Young's "Night Thoughts" (of course in a French translation), the "Lives of the Saints" in twelve volumes, the "Book of Tobit," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," and the "Psalms." From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the "Abridgment of all the Sciences" which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labor enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colors and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his—no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighboring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoe and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern

herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lillie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seemed to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life, the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterward to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments in which voices, colors, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a

heavenly harmony: in the hours spent with my favorite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies—'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood—floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet—I saw it under my eyes in Nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naïve or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of Nature is open under my eyes, and it shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighborhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to



me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all, the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighborhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself devoted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighborhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalized by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognized

place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend, first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy, "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colors: *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from a "first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gayety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd descriptions of peasant character, show a sense of humor which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lamartine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or Nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavorable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large—in these, it

seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new

born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

---

"CHINESE GORDON."\*

THE author of this book—one of the most moving and heroic romances of real life ever given to the world—is specially qualified for his undertaking in that he is a kinsman of Gordon; and has, therefore, been able to command information not easily accessible to a writer less favorably placed. To a personal knowledge of Gordon's character and life, he has been able to add a close acquaintance with his private and official correspondence, and the disposal of a mass of documents of the highest significance. These are great advantages, and Mr. Hake has turned them to excellent account. But if in these respects his kinship was a benefit, in others it has been a drawback. For one thing it was a considerable curb to that freedom which as a man and a writer he must have felt to be appropriate to his great subject; with the result that many episodes in the drama of Gordon's career are treated with a reticence which we must both admire and regret. Further than this, he has been checked to some extent by respect for one of the strongest points in Gordon's character—his almost morbid modesty. Publicity he loathes; and Mr. Hake in his preface apologizes to him for giving his life to the world, not merely without his consent, but without his knowledge. To have asked his permission to publish, or

to have let him suspect that a volume was being written of which he was the subject, would have been to court a passionate veto which could not be gained; consequently the world must have remained in that state of mingled curiosity and misapprehension, which existed prior to the appearance of this book. The author's courage in this matter indeed claims our gratitude; and it is impossible not to feel that in thus risking Gordon's displeasure, both he and those other members of the family who share, in one way or another, the responsibility of the work, have done a wise and useful thing.

Two books, previously published, have partially acquainted a certain number of people with the greatness of Gordon's character, and with some of the astonishing events of his career—to wit, "The Ever-Victorious Army," by the late Andrew Wilson; and "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It was inevitable that the facts therein treated should be included in Mr. Hake's study; but in his hands they take clearer shape, fuller significance, and their proper places in the story of Gordon's life.

Much of Mr. Hake's material is new, and most of it bears very valuably on three of the most urgent matters now troubling the world. These are the war between France and China, the wild chaos in the Soudan, and the complicated dangers in South Africa. In this connection the book is full of teaching, and explains many things that, without it, were understood but dimly, if at all.

\* "The Story of Chinese Gordon," by A. Egmont Hake, author of "Paris Originals," "Flattering Tales," etc. With two portraits and two maps. London: Remington & Co., 1884.

And besides this it is particularly interesting because it contains a large number of Gordon's familiar letters. In the first half of the book, indeed, these and other documents are quoted at such length and so often, that in some degree they disturb the current of the narrative; and, from the literary point of view, this portion contrasts a little unfavorably with the rest. The second part, dealing chiefly with Gordon's work in Africa, is an excellent piece of writing, full of graphic vigor, and touched with something of the wonderful romance of Gordon's life. Criticism aside, however, the book is, for the vast majority, one of absorbing interest. While those who already know something of Gordon and his career will read it for the further light it gives them, and while many will read it for its teaching on current affairs, the mass of people will read it for its affecting and astonishing story, and for the sake of its hero, who, so simple, true, and strong, and so sincerely Christian, is one of the greatest men of any time.

Gordon's family has made a respectable figure in history. Ancestors of his fought on either side at Preston-Pans, and the son of one of them served in the Fortieth, Seventy-second, and Eleventh Regiments; fighting valiantly at Minorca and Louisburgh, and with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. This gentleman had three sons, who all entered the army. Two died in the service; the third, William Henry Gordon, who was born in 1786, entered the Royal Artillery, became a Lieutenant-General, and, by his marriage with a daughter of the late Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath, was the father of Chinese Gordon. Gordon's grandfather, on the mother's side, was a merchant and a shipowner of ability and enterprise. His ships took to Boston that unhappy tea, which, so to speak, fired the mine of the War of Independence. His boldness and tenacity largely aided the exploration and colonization of the Southern Hemisphere. He ballasted his whalers with convicts for Botany Bay, and carried the earliest settlers to Australia and New Zealand. His ships were the first to round Cape Horn and trade in the archipelagos of the Pacific; and they were his whalers who first fished in

Japanese waters, and did their best to build a commerce with the Middle Kingdom. Not every firm can show a record like to this.

Gordon's father was a man of memorable qualities. A good and cultivated soldier, he was firm and humorous, generous and robust. In his presence none could be dull, neither could the careless or neglectful escape his severity. His figure was striking; his individuality was strong; the twinkle of his clear blue eye was not to be forgotten. And Gordon's mother was no less remarkable in character and spirit. Cheerful under difficulties, which she conquered with no show of effort, she possessed a perfect temper, and a genius for making the best of everything.

Charles Gordon was educated at Taunton and at Woolwich. His early life presents little of note. Of no great physical strength, he appears to have done little either at school or at the Royal Military Academy. Still, we are told that in the record of these early years there was "always humor," and an occasional burst of fire and resolution. One incident only is given by Mr. Hake. Once during his cadetship he was told "he would never make an officer." He tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them at his superior's feet.

In 1854 he was gazetted an officer of Engineers; and, after a narrow escape from duty elsewhere, was ordered to the Crimea. Forced inaction at Balaclava gave place to arduous and dangerous work in the trenches at Sebastopol. Of this period we shall only say that it is figurative of his later career; that he was slightly wounded, and more than once all but killed; that he showed himself a fatalist; and that his intelligence and zeal won the admiration of his superiors. Colonel Chesney, indeed, affirms that his personal knowledge of the enemy's movements was such as no other officer attained. He had already made his mark.

The Taiping rebellion was a climax of discontent and religious fanaticism. The province of Kwang-tung had become a Tom Tiddler's Ground for every sort of blackguard and pirate; it was rotten with secret societies; its suffering and rebellious people had learned the use of

arms; the result was the worst of anarchy. Hereupon there came from enlightened Europe an individual who, possibly at risk of his head, preached the Gospel of Christ. He met an obscure schoolmaster, one Hung-tsu-Schuen, to whom he presented a choice collection of tracts, telling him, at the same time, that he, the obscure schoolmaster, would attain to the highest rank in the Celestial Empire. Schoolmasters, we know, occasionally cherish ambitions, and they are often very shrewd fellows indeed. But in these matters never did schoolmaster in any land equal Hung of China. He conceived a great scheme; he trusted to his ability to carry it out; time and people were ripe. Straightway he went forth, proclaiming that he had seen the Lord God Almighty, who had, he said, appealed to him as the Second Celestial Brother. The schoolmaster became the prophet—a prophet of freedom and vengeance, an agent of Divine wrath. Wise in his generation he stood forth in a land of poor and oppressed, as the champion of the oppressed and the poor. Superior persons—who, it seems, exist in the Flowery Land as elsewhere—said in their mild way that he was mad. His madness centred in a determination to usurp the Dragon Throne, to exterminate the hated Manchos, and to restore to power and glory the degraded Mings, and he very nearly succeeded. The people, filled with hope and fire by his propaganda, flocked to his standard, and in a little while he and twenty thousand followers were stalking through the land, breaking idols in the temples, and effacing Confucian texts from the schools. Open war with the authorities duly followed, and Hung, full of ability and resource, had pretty much his own way; defeat swelled his ranks and his influence equally with victory. At last he formally declared himself the Heavenly King, The Emperor of the Great Peace, and at the head of hundreds of thousands of barbaric desperadoes—women and men together—pirates from the coast, bandits from the mountains, with a vast horde of scum of the earth, armed with knife and cutlass, decked in tawdry dress, and maddened on by flutter of gaudy flags and banners, he passed from province to province, robbery and murder before him, and fire and famine

in his train. After a march of seven hundred miles he captured the city of Nanking, and there, under the shadow of the Porcelain Tower, set up a monstrous worship and tyrannic state, and made his kinsmen kings.

A conflict, desultory in its conduct, but unspeakably savage in its incidents, was waged between the Taipings and the Chinese authorities. The Pekin Government was powerful but supine, and hampered by interior politics and unfriendly relations with France and England. Its policy had been to drive the rebels toward the sea. The policy was bad, for the rebels had everything to gain from the cities of the coast—wealth, and munition, and arms. The Government discovered its folly, and with truly Celestial cunning, persevered in it. It saw that the foreign communities would defend themselves and their possessions, and thus the rebels would be caught between two fires. Shanghai, for long an asylum for the destitute and distracted fugitives from the stricken inlands, was soon attacked by the Faithful One himself; but he got a bad beating from the allied French and English troops. That was in 1860, in which year Gordon, after doing valuable service on the frontier commission in Bessarabia and Armenia, left home for China. He was present at the sack and burning of the Summer Palace at Pekin, and there or thereabouts he remained as Commanding Engineer till the spring of 1862, and gained great knowledge of the country and the people. When the Taipings grew troublesome at Shanghai, Gordon was appointed to the district command. He drove them from the neighborhood; and then—quiet for a few months—employed his time in surveying a thirty mile radius round the port. Every town and village in that radius, and we dare say every creek and path in that flat network of paths and creeks, became known to him, and the knowledge was presently of the utmost value.

The Shanghai traders had commissioned two American adventurers, Ward and Burgevine, to raise a foreign force for defence against the rebels. Ward was killed, and Burgevine being cashiered for corrupt practices, the British Governor was asked to provide a cap-



tain. The choice fell on Gordon. He did not rush upon his task, however, but asked that he might first finish his thirty mile survey, as it would be of the utmost service in the campaign. This granted, the temporary command was given to Captain Holland, of the Marines. This officer was over-confident and ill-informed; he was severely defeated in an attack on the rebel city of Taitsan. The Taipings triumphed over the "foreign devils," and Mr. Hake gives a curious account of the battle, written by one of the principal wangs or warrior-chiefs. The result was that Gordon left his survey unfinished, and hastened to the head of the Ever Victorious Army.

He determined to strike at the heart of the rebellion, and decided instantly upon a complete change of tactics. Petty operations, confined to a thirty mile radius gave place to a large strategic plan, which involved the capture of a great number of rebel posts, ending with the great city of Soochow, the fall of which would crush the Taipings and insure the ultimate surrender of Nanking. In a few days he moved (by two steamers) about one thousand men to Fushan, on the southern bank of the Yangtze estuary. He landed under cover of an imperial force intrenched near by, and, watched by a large body of Taipings, reached Fushan on April 3d 1863, and attacked forthwith. A smart action ended in evacuation by the rebels; thus Fushan was gained, and Chanzu, a loyal city hard pressed, ten miles inland was relieved. The mandarins at the latter city received Gordon and his officers in state. Leaving three hundred men in the stockade, the young commander returned to headquarters at Sung Kiang. Here he set to work to discipline his army, which was terribly disorganized and demoralized. Under Burgevine and Ward it was customary to bargain for the performance of special service, reward being full license to loot a fallen city. Gordon established regular pay on a liberal scale, and broke the habit of plunder. His force, three or four thousand strong, consisted of infantry and artillery; the infantry being armed with smooth-bore muskets, save a chosen few who were intrusted with Enfield rifles. The rank and file were

Chinese; the officers all foreign, and mostly adventurers—brave, reckless, quarrelsome. The artillery—siege and field alike—was good; the equipment of it, and transport, and general provision for rapid movement, were complete; wherein we see the brain of the true commander. His army organized, his steamers and gunboats ready, Gordon was prepared to take the field.

A line drawn on the map from Taitsan to Soochow will pass through Quinsan. These the three leading strongholds of the rebels, were connected by a road. Before the end of April, Gordon started with his little force to Quinsan, the centre of the three centres, and, therefore, the strategic key of the situation. On his way, however, he heard that the rebel commander at Taitsan had played a terrible trick on the Imperial forces. This treacherous rebel-chief made proposals of surrender to Governor Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of China, as he has been called, and accordingly a native force was sent to take over the place. That force was treacherously imprisoned, and two hundred men were beheaded. On hearing this, Gordon instantly changed his plan, and marched rapidly on Taitsan. The rebel force numbered ten thousand, of whom a fifth were picked warriors, with several English, French, and American renegades working the guns. Gordon's army numbered three thousand of all arms. He laid siege to the place at once. The outlying stockades fell immediately; he then seized the bridges of the main canal; and, working round out of gunshot, captured the forts protecting the Quinsan road, and so isolated the town. He opened fire at six hundred yards; in two hours the walls were breached; the moat was then bridged with gunboats, and the stormers under Captain Bannen crossed to the attack. A tremendous conflict ensued; fire-balls pelted the bridge, bullets the column, which, however, held its way into the breach, where it was met and repulsed. Then Gordon bombarded the breach for twenty minutes; once more the stormers charged, the breach was crowned, the city won; and in their hurry to escape the enemy trampled each other to death.

Gordon's troops had broken rule, and

plundered. He punished them by marching straight to the siege of Quinsan before they could sell their loot. At Quinsan Gordon ordered the mandarins to front the walls with strong stockades, and man them with their own troops, while he marched his own men back to headquarters to reorganize. There he complained, in a general order, of laxity among the officers; and to improve the force, filled vacancies with certain officers of the Ninety-ninth Regiment, who had been allowed to volunteer. But when starting again for Quinsan, his majors struck for increased pay. Gordon refused point-blank. They resigned, with a request that they should be allowed to serve on the pending expedition. Their resignations were accepted, their services declined. The majors, finding there was "only one commander in that army," submitted.

The story of the capture of Quinsan is a sort of wonder. The place, as we have said, was the key to the military situation; it was captured in the most brilliant and original manner—particulars of which, however, must be sought in Mr. Hake's pages. It became the headquarters of the Ever Victorious Army, a change which caused a mutiny; for at Quinsan the men could not do as they did at Sung Kiang—sell their loot. The artillery refused to fall in, and threatened to blow all the officers to pieces, of which Gordon was informed by written proclamation. The non-commissioned officers were the instigators; he called them up, and asked who wrote the proclamation. They professed entire ignorance. Gordon replied that one in every five would be shot. They groaned, and Gordon noticing a corporal who groaned louder and longer than the rest, with his own hand dragged him from the ranks, and ordered two soldiers standing by to shoot him on the spot. It was done. Gordon confined the rest for one hour, telling them that within that time if the men had not paraded, and if the writer's name were not given up, every fifth man among them would be shot. The men "fell in"; the writer of the proclamation was disclosed; he was the executed corporal.

Quinsan captured, it remained to invest Soochow, which means that a number of minor places clustering round it

had first to be carried. But Gordon was hampered and disheartened—even to the point of throwing up his command—by the bad faith of the Chinese authorities, who broke their promise to pay his troops regularly, and even fired on them occasionally by way of proving their sense of humor. But Gordon had barely reached Shanghai, full of his determination to resign, than he heard that Burgevine, whose intrigue and bluster never ceased, had collected a well-armed band of foreign rowdies, declared for the Taipings, and seized a Chinese war-steamer, in which he and his desperadoes made their way into Soochow. In this Gordon recognized the birth of another and more desperate phase of the campaign. To resign was to abandon a suffering people not merely to the Taipings, whose dominion was one of blight and murder, but to a most unscrupulous and violent filibuster. Moreover, Burgevine had commanded Gordon's own troops, had plundered treasuries and temples with them; and they, with present pay in arrear, and future prospect of unlimited loot, were ready to desert to the enemy. Under these conditions, Gordon was hard pressed by the rebels at Quinsan and Kahpoo. "I am," he writes, "in a very isolated position, and have to do most of the work myself." He was, in fact, in the hands of traitors, and could trust no one. Desperate fighting continued, and some neat negotiations with Burgevine's "scum of Shanghai," which ended in their defection from the rebel cause; and in the latter, Gordon's great character shines in a curious way. The chiefs in Soochow suspected Burgevine, and imprisoned him; whereupon Gordon wrote begging them to spare his life. Yet all this while Burgevine was planning to cut up Gordon, and would have succeeded but for a companion, not less desperate but infinitely more honest. In the multitudinous engagements, too, Gordon had always to be in the front, and often to lead in person. He would take one or other of his officers by the arm, and lead him into the thickest of the fire. He was never armed, and carried only a little cane, which the natives called "Gordon's magic wand of victory."

Two heroic attacks and some curious

negotiation ended in the capitulation of Soochow, whereupon occurred one of the most tremendous events in Gordon's career. The capture of Soochow, as we have explained, was the vital blow to the rebellion. The fighting which made it possible had all been planned by Gordon, and executed by Gordon's three or four thousand troops; yet no sooner was the end achieved than the Chinese authorities betrayed him. They refused to pay his troops; the rebel wangs, or warrior-kings, for whose lives he had pleaded, were treacherously murdered, and the fallen city was given over to be looted by the Imperial troops of Governor Li Hung Chang.

The murder of the five kings, with its accompaniments of treachery and cold-blooded horror, made a great impression in this country at the time. The faddists charged Gordon with the deed; but the faddists were confuted by the facts elicited in an official inquiry. Gordon, as we have said, pleaded for the lives of those men, and he was promised they should be honorably dealt with. We see him enter the fallen city of Soochow, alone, and innocent of what was being done; the gates are shut upon him by the Taipings; he is a prisoner for twenty-four hours among the thousands of men he had conquered. He escapes—to find the city sacked, and to weep over the mangled bodies of the kings for whose safety he had pledged himself. For the first time during the war he armed—armed and went forth to seek Li, the traitor. There is not the least doubt that if he had met his enemy he would have shot him on the spot. But Li had been informed of Gordon's terrible anger, and hid. For many days Gordon was "hot and instant in his trace"; but in vain. Back he came to Quinsan with his troops, whom he had ordered to assist in the pursuit, and there with deep emotion read to them an account of what had happened.

The massacre placed him in unparalleled difficulty. On the one hand the clamor of Europe to desist, on the other the call of his conscience and the mute appeal of the people to finish the work he had begun and so brilliantly carried on. "To waver was to fail." He ignored the world's opinion, and resumed

command. Some "final victories" crushed the rebellion forever; the provinces were restored to peace and prosperity; the empire was rescued from an age of civil war. The destiny of China had depended on him, and he saved it.

Even to this day China, the treacherous, the matter-of-fact, the mercenary, is grateful, as well she may be. The campaign against the Taipings is one of the great chapters in military history; the part that Gordon played in it is altogether singular and heroic.

In reading once again the story of the "Ever Victorious Army," we have been struck with the singular military capacity of its hero and its captain. It seems to us, moreover, that in a general way, but particularly in the recent voluminous remarks in the newspapers, to that capacity justice has not been done. People give to Gordon the credit of being a great administrator, a novel diplomatist, and the fortunate possessor of a strange and wondrous influence over the hearts of men; but his ability and achievements as a leader of armies and a master of campaigns seem to have been considerably, if not entirely, overlooked. Gordon the Christian governor, and Gordon the kindly helper of the poor, are realized in the popular mind, and loved: Gordon, the consummate strategist, is barely understood. And yet, as it seems to us, the military resource and audacity, the originality and keen perfectitude of plan, and the almost magic insight into an enemy's intention, which are visible throughout his career—in the Crimea, in China, in the Soudan—are points of character not less important nor less admirable than the qualities which have received a wider recognition because they appeal more directly to sentiment and imagination.

Rectitude, courage, simple trust in God—these qualities are great, and enable men to do great things; but in Gordon there is something more. He has the genius of a great general, a rapidity of thought, and energy of action which, if not entirely singular, perhaps, in themselves, become so in virtue of his peculiar personality, the daring of his invention, and often the humor of his methods. For Gordon, with all his earnestness and mysticism, with all his unsparing thoroughness in every department of action

assigned to him by others or selected by himself, is a humorist.

At the close of the Taiping Rebellion, Gordon returned to England with the one idea of enjoying well-earned quiet in the circle of his family. But "no sooner," writes Mr. Hake, "had he set foot in this country than invitations came in upon him from all quarters, and to have him for a guest was the season's ideal; friends and kinsmen were made the bearers of superb invitations, all of which he had the courage to decline." When he found himself pronounced a hero he ceased to listen, and even begged a fellow-officer who had written an account of the campaign to let the subject drop. "To push and intrigue was impossible;" and, at a moment when most men would have accepted with proud pleasure the courtesies of society and the praises of the great, he was content to resume his duty as a Royal Engineer. A striking instance of this exceptional modesty (or is it an exceptional and admirable vanity?) is related in connection with his *Journal of the Taiping War*. This valuable document was illustrated by himself, and he had sent it home from China on the understanding that it should be seen by none but his family. But one of Her Majesty's Ministers heard of the manuscript, borrowed it, and was so impressed that he had it printed for the benefit of his colleagues. Late one evening Gordon inquired about his journal, and being told what had happened, rose from table and sped in hot haste to the Minister's house. The Minister was not at home; Gordon hurried to the printers, demanded his ms., and ordered the printed copies to be destroyed and the type broken up. No one has seen the manuscript since, and Mr. Hake declares there is every probability of its having been destroyed.

In 1865, Gordon was appointed Commanding Engineer at Gravesend, and there for six years he remained, fulfilling his official duties in the construction of the Thames defences and devoting himself, in a manner almost unexampled, to the poor. "His house was school, hospital, and alms-house in turn," and his delight in children, and especially in boys working on the river or the sea, is one of the sunniest traits

in his character. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed and clothed, and fed, and kept them in his home for weeks until work and place were found for them. He called them his "kings," and marked their voyages with innumerable pins stuck in a map of the world that hung over his mantelpiece, and these pins he "moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced," and day by day prayed for them as they went. The lads loved him, and scribbled on the fences a touching legend of their own invention: "God bless the Kernel!"

Pleasant indeed it would be to linger over this chapter in the life of this wonderful man; but biography is long, and our pages are short. Let us pass at once to what, in our opinion, is by far the most romantic period in Gordon's career—the years that he spent in the Soudan, the land of the dry desert, and mighty rivers, and fiery sun; the remote unfriended country of the hunters of men and their victims, the suffering and human blacks.

Early in 1874 Gordon succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Tribes in Upper Egypt. The Khedive—Ismaïl—proposed to give him ten thousand pounds a year. He would not hear of it; he accepted two thousand pounds. This act was much discussed at the time, and the right interpretation was not always forthcoming. But it was entirely consistent with Gordon's conduct in similar affairs in China and elsewhere. At the conclusion of the campaign against the Taipings, the Chinese government presented the Captain of the Ever Victorious Army with a large fortune. He not only rejected it with contempt, but actually thrashed from his tent the messengers who brought it!

Egypt had made vast strides into the heart of Africa since 1853, and as its empire spread, so grew the slave-trade, and so, under the unscrupulous and terrible rule of the Pashas, deepened the misery of the people. The Arab captains, "the hunters of men," attained great political power, and their abominable traffic was the dominant interest of everybody in the land, from the little children of the blacks, who wanted freedom, to the Governor-General of the Soudan himself, who wanted coin. So



strong, indeed, did the slavers at last become that the government got at once ashamed and afraid. The mightiest and cleverest of them was one Sebehr Rahama, who, by the way, has lately come to the front again in a very remarkable and entirely Anglo-Egyptian fashion. This superior man-hunter was called the Black Pasha, and commanded thirty stations. Conscious of his power, he set up as the rival and equal of the Khedive himself, with a court of Arab ruffians and burlesque of princely state. The Khedive was considerably moved by the preposterous behavior of this upstart, and determined forthwith to humble him to the dust. An attempt to effect this object failed miserably; and the Khedive was weak enough, in his dilemma of fear and doubt, to make Sebehr a Bey, and to accept his services in the invasion of Darfur. Darfur being conquered, Sebehr was rewarded with the rank of Pasha. But, like Hung of China, he cherished vast ambitions. He would be content with nothing less than the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan. This pretension brought matters to a crisis. Hitherto, Ismail had encouraged slave-dealing, for it increased his revenue; but, the moment his personal supremacy was threatened by the man whose power he, by his own cupidity, had helped to make, he was converted into what Mr. Hake happily terms "active and sonorous philanthropy." Of a sudden, he began to regard the slave-trade with "holy horror," and determined to suppress it—at least, so he said. For this purpose he engaged Sir Samuel C. Baker; to this end he enlisted the genius of Gordon.

Gordon had not been at Cairo many days before he wrote: "I think I can see the true motive of the expedition, and believe it to be a straw to catch the attention of the English people." Nevertheless, he determined to go through with his undertaking; for he saw that he could help the suffering tribes. In his own words may be read the spirit in which he began and carried on this perilous task: "I will do it, for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

Gordon wished to proceed by ordinary steamer to Souakim, but Nubar

Pasha (the able minister who is once again in office, and who, Mr. Hake says, in many ways tried Gordon's patience) insisted upon his going in state. The special train was engaged, therefore; but the engine collapsed. Thus, in huge delight, Gordon wrote: "They had begun in glory, and ended in shame."

His first decree is as follows, and in the light of his new mission to the land of his old labors, it will be read with interest, particularly when it is considered that the circumstances differ in nothing but unessentials:

"By reason of the authority of the Governor of the Provinces of the Equatorial Lakes, with which His Highness the Khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which until now have been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the government.

"2. No person may enter these provinces without a 'teskere' from the Governor-General of Soudan, such 'teskere' being available only after it shall have received the visa of the competent authority at Gondokoro, or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organize armed bands within these provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigor of the military laws. GORDON."

This proclaimed, he sailed for Gondokoro—a strange river voyage, amid crocodiles that slumbered on the mud, and ponderous river-horses that splashed and blew in the stream, while little mobs of monkeys came down from the gum-trees to the margin to drink, and wild birds sailed in flocks overhead. One night, Gordon, thinking of home in the moonlight, was startled by loud laughing in a bush on the river's bank. "I felt put out, but the irony came from birds, that laughed at us. . . . for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything."

By a rare coincidence of favorable circumstances—such as rarely gladden the traveller in any land, least of all in

what is called Upper Egypt—and hastened by Gordon's invincible energy, the little band—consisting of Gordon, his staff, and escort—reached Khartoum in an incredibly short space of time. From that flat-roofed, mud-built city Gordon started, after a busy stay of eight days, for Gondokoro. The journey was accomplished by steamer, and was not without romantic incident. Once when cutting wood for the steamer's fires they surprised some Dinkas—a people who are black, and pastoral, and worshippers of wizards. The chief, in full dress (a necklace), was induced to come on board. He came and softly licked the back of Gordon's hand, and held his face to his own and "made as if he were spitting." At dinner he devoured his neighbor's portion as well as his own, after which he and his liege-men sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and proceeded to crawl to Gordon, that they might kiss his feet. That was denied them, but they were sent away rejoicing, under a splendid burden of beads.

At the junction of the Bahr-Gazelle with the Gondokoro River they found swarms of natives who had rubbed themselves with wood-ash until their complexions were "the color of slate pencil." These people were half-starved and in great suffering. "What," writes Gordon, "what a mystery, is it not, why they are created? A life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. Heat and mosquitos day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." At Bohr, a slavers' stronghold, the people were "anything but civil: they had heard of the Khartoum decree;" but at St. Croix, a mission-station, the steamer passed to the joyous sounds of dance and song.

Gondokoro was reached in twenty-four days, and once there, Gordon was at his seat of government, and in the very heart of his perilous task. So swift had been his journey that the townsmen had not heard even of his nomination. His advent amazed them. Gondokoro was a trysting-place for wretchedness and danger; the state of the people was

"as bad as it well could be;" and so terribly had they been treated that, half a mile from its walls, the Governor-General himself would have gone in peril of his life. But Gordon's spirit did not fail. He was confident that he could relieve the people of their sufferings, that he could build a better state of life for them if—there always is an "if"—if he could but win their confidence. To achieve that necessary consummation he passed hither and thither through the land, there giving grain, here employing the natives to plant their patches with maize. Why employ them to do that which is their normal occupation? Because before he came they had ceased to sow since they could never reap the fruits of their toil; they were systematically robbed of their little harvest. And so when the strange fame of this kingly white man spread among them, in their simple hearts they thought he could do all things, and flocked about him in great numbers, and begged that he would buy their children, whom they were too poor to feed themselves. Clearly their confidence was being surely won; and if one thing in this world is certain it is that, in those bare and burning lands, the name of Gordon is remembered to this day with gratitude.

This grand result was reached in great part by his uncompromising attitude toward the slavers. The slavers are, perhaps, as unequivocal a race of blackguards as ever existed; and they were in collusion with the government. "They stole the cattle and kidnapped their owners, and they shared the double booty with officials of a liberal turn of mind."

Here is a record of one exploit, typical of many, and showing how Gordon dealt with this state of things. By the timely interception of some letters, he discovered that two thousand stolen cows and a troop of kidnapped negroes were on their way from a gang of man-hunters to that estimable personage, the governor of Fashoda. The cavalcade was promptly stopped. The cows, since it was impossible to return them to their owners, were confiscated; the slaves he either sent home or bought himself, and they came about him, trying to touch his hand, or even the hem of his garment. In China, Gordon had con-

quered rebels to enlist them on his own side; and much the same happened here. The chief slavers he cast into prison, but after a while those who proved themselves possessed of useful qualities he released and employed. Equally with the great essential duties of his position, the most trivial matters received unremitting attention. He was never idle, even amusing himself in odd moments of leisure by "inventing traps for the huge rats that shared his cabin." And he writes of a poor, sick old woman whom he nursed and fed for weeks, but all in vain: "She had her tobacco up to the last. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth."

His work grew more dangerous and difficult. His native staff were useless from intrigue and treachery, and his Europeans to a man were down with ague and fever. Yet notwithstanding traitors in the camp, and enemies without, Gordon toiled on at his post, and, though worn to a shadow, was at once governor of the Provinces and nurse to his staff. His difficulties were increased by the real or feigned ineptitude of his subordinates. When the commandant he had left at Gondokoro was ordered to send up a mountain howitzer, he forwarded empty ammunition-tubes instead of full. Thus Gordon was left defenceless with ten men, in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred. And yet we find him always cheerful, and devoted to the people—teaching them, with novel methods, the use of money; while he delighted his ragamuffin soldiery with the wonders of a magic lantern, and by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a magnetic exploder! In truth, with Gordon, to be single-handed is to work marvels; and during this period he labored with astonishing energy and success. He converted Khartoum into a Botany Bay for do-nothing governors, the black-guard slavers whom he caught and punished, and the traitors of his own staff. To punish rebellious chiefs, he resorted, not to fire and sword, but to the razzia, or cattle-raid, a method much more humorous, and infinitely more final in its results.

Not, however, that he had no fighting. The wizard-worshippers gave him

much trouble, and many of the tribes would not be content until they had felt the might of his arm. Brisk battles were frequent, and in one of them the bulk of the force with him at the time was completely "eaten up," as our friends the Zulus pleasantly describe the process of annihilation. This engagement is in some ways typical of them all, and it is instructive. In travelling through a turbulent region of his kingdom, Gordon observed that the temper of the tribes was, to say the least, forbidding. Wizards gathered on the hills, and cursed their enemy—as they supposed Gordon to be—and waved him off the face of the earth; spies hung about the camp and in the long grass; altogether there was general warning of a storm. Gordon was joined about this time by his good Lieutenant Linant and his party, who came in from an outlying station. Gordon wished to find a steamer, which lay somewhere in the river, and for this purpose passed thirty men over to the east bank. The instant they landed, down came the natives; Gordon followed at once. The natives retorted by making a rush at his men. They were repulsed, and Gordon attempted to parley. They refused, and, knowing him for the chief, tried to surround him; he let them come near, and then drove them back with bullets. Linant proposed that he should burn their houses, and Gordon, fearing further mischief unless he effectually retaliated, agreed. One morning, therefore, he sent off a party of forty-one men. At mid-day he heard firing, and saw Linant in a red shirt he had given him, on a hill; the red shirt, and the party led by its wearer were visible for a couple of hours, when they disappeared. Later on thirty or forty blacks were seen running down to the river, and Gordon, concluding they had gone to his steamer, fired on them as they ran. Ten minutes afterward, one of his own detachment appeared on the opposite bank; he had been disarmed, and declared that all the others of the party were killed. The red shirt had maddened the natives; the party got scattered; spears did the rest. Gordon was left with only thirty men, and he decided to make a strategic movement to the rear. Wonderful to relate, the

tribesmen did not molest him—with the exception of a certain wizard who elected to survey the retreat from the top of a rock, whence he "grinned and jeered, and vaticinated," as Gordon was giving orders. The Governor took his rifle. "I don't think that's a healthy spot from which to deliver an address," he said, and the wizard prophesied no more.

After a brief holiday in London, Gordon returned to Egypt early in 1877. He was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, with Darfur and the provinces of the Equator—a district one thousand six hundred and forty miles long, and nearly seven hundred wide. Furthermore, he was deputed to look into Abyssinian affairs, and to negotiate with King John for a settlement of pending disputes. Into events Abyssinian, however, the space at our disposal does not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that they were every whit as full of romance and significance as anything else in Gordon's wonderful career.

His installation in the new position, so much more important and difficult than any he had yet held, took place at Khartoum on the 5th of May. The firman of the Khedive and an address were read by the Cadi, and a royal salute was fired. Gordon was expected to make a speech. He said: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." This brief and trenchant sentence delighted the people more, says Mr. Hake, than if he had talked for an hour. Afterward he ordered gratuities to be given to the deserving poor; in three days he had distributed upward of one thousand pounds of his own money. The formalities of his new state disgusted him; he was "guarded like an ingot of gold," and was given, it seems, in the midst of solemn ceremonies, to making irrelevant humorous remarks to the great chiefs—in English, which they did not understand.

Many things had happened in the Soudan since 1874. When he took up the reins of government in 1877, he found the country, as Mr. Hake says, "quick with war." The provincial governors were worthless, and often mutinous; the slavers were out in revolt; the six thousand Bashi-Bazouks who were used

as frontier-guards robbed on their own account, and winked at the doings of the slavers; savage and reckless tribes had to be subdued. "It was a stupendous task, to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world."

One of the most difficult and desperate of the tasks before Gordon, was the subjugation of the vast province of Bahr-Gazelle. This, itself a little continent, had been lashed to anarchy and wretchedness by Sebehr, the Black Pasha, already mentioned. It was necessary that he and his son Suleiman, with their army of man-hunters, should be subdued, and the land brought to rule and order. But, before that could be achieved, it was of the utmost urgency that Gordon should go to Darfur, where revolt was rampant, and the Khedive's garrisons were besieged in their barracks by the rebels. Here that splendid confidence in himself, which is one of his strongest characteristics, helped him in an extraordinary degree. His army was a useless mob of ragamuffins—"nondescripts," he called them; the tribes and the slavers he had to subdue were warlike and fierce; his nondescripts could be trusted only to run away from danger, or to plot the murder of himself. Most men would not have undertaken such work under such severely trying conditions; but Gordon never faltered.

The city of Dara plays a strong part in these chapters of Gordon's story. During the revolt caused by Haroun, the pretender to the throne of Darfur, its people were shut within its walls. They had heard nothing from without for six months, and when, one day, there was a sudden stir at the gate, and the Governor-General himself rode into their midst, they were dumbfounded. It was, says Gordon, in his trenchant graphic way—"It was like the relief of Lucknow." The illustration, so full of moving memories and great suggestions, was only just. As Gordon advanced, dangers gathered on every side, until,



as Mr. Hake happily puts it, he was "ringed about with perils." A crisis came, which needed all his energy and indomitable will to keep him master of the situation. His presence in the field against Haroun was urgent; on either hand he was menaced by powerful tribes; worse than all else, Suleiman, son of Sebehr, the Black Pasha, sat down with six thousand robbers before Dara, and ravaged the land around. In the midst of all this, his army was plotting his life; his secretary fell ill. The measure of his troubles was full indeed. But his spirit never quailed. So rapid were his movements now, that no idea of them can be conveyed in this place; Mr. Hake himself has perforce found it impossible to give more than a sketch of them. Brief and slight as that sketch is, it indicates with a sort of swift dramaticism the marvellous activity and resource of its hero.

While in the heart of all this battling and peril, he heard something which rendered all else as naught. Suleiman, with his six thousand, was on the eve of attacking Dara. Not an instant was lost. Ignoring nondescripts and allies alike, and, as usual, far in advance of his lagging escort of Bashi-Bazouks, Gordon mounted his camel and rode straight away to Dara. The distance was eighty-five miles; he did it in a day and a half, unarmed and alone. "A dirty, red-faced man," covered with flies, he burst upon his people as a thunderbolt; they could not believe their eyes. Next day, as dawn broke over the city, he put on the "golden armor" of his office, and rode to the camp of the robbers, three miles off. The chiefs were awestruck and startled. Gordon drank a glass of water, ordered Suleiman to follow with his people to his divan, and rode back to Dara. The son of Sebehr came with his chiefs, and they

sat in a circle in the Governor's divan. Then, in "choice Arabic," as Gordon humorously puts it, Gordon said to them: "You meditate revolt; I know it. You shall have my ultimatum now: I will disarm you and break you up." They listened in a dead silence, and went away to consider. At any moment they could have put Gordon and his "garrison of sheep soldiers" to the sword; amazed by his utter indifference to danger, and quelled, perhaps, by the magic of his eye, they submitted.

Of his further labors in the Soudan and Abyssinia—in the latter country he afterward had an adventure nearly as dramatic as that just related, and even more dangerous—we cannot now speak. What they were—how varied and difficult, how amusing, how pathetic, and how, after all, they were to be unrequited—all this is written in Mr. Hake's pages; to these the curious and sympathetic reader must turn for many a romance, many a piece of daring, many a touch of sincere and gentle charity, many an astounding proof of courage, that considerations of space prevent our dealing with here. With that rare modesty of his, and with an heroic and suggestive brevity like the diction of the Bible, Gordon has said: "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me." It is true. To this day the poor blacks of the Soudan beg the white traveller to send back to them the "good Pasha," and it is the knowledge of this, the certainty of his influence upon the people, of his personal magnetic power over the wild savages and pastoral blacks of the Soudan—these are the things which feed the hopes all of us cherish for the success of the mission upon which, after the eleventh hour has struck, he has been hurriedly despatched.—*All the Year Round.*

---

#### QUEER FISHES.

BY JOHN GIBSON.

THE typical fish is a creature of an elongated oval form, covered with scales, and having fins for limbs. Breathing by gills, it lives in the water and dies out of it, while its "fishy" eye

is suited for seeing through a watery medium. Such is the "generic image," which naturally rises in the mind when thinking of fishes. It would be difficult, however, to affirm anything whatever

of the typical fish which would not be belied in one or other of the many aberrant forms of those interesting animals. Few things are more generally true than that fishes can only live in water, "a fish out of the water" being synonymous with all that is incongruous and unnatural; yet there are dozens of fishes inhabiting different parts of the world that seem never to be happier than when thus out of their element. Some, indeed, there are that spend the greater part of their lives on land, while a few actually get drowned if prevented from rising to the surface to breathe.

Most people have heard of the climbing perch of the Indian region, which gained its name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmyra palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill-covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land, generally in the morning when the dew waters its path, although on one occasion Mr. E. L. Layard met a number of them journeying along a dusty road under a mid-day sun. They are said to form a favorite food of the boatmen on the Ganges, who have been known to keep them alive for five or six days without water, and to find them at the end of that time as lively as when first caught. The typical fish cannot breathe out of the water; but the climbing perch can, because above its gills, and in the same cavity with them, lies an organ, composed of a complicated system of thin bony plates, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately supposed to fill this cavity with water, and to make use of the latter from time to time in wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws upon its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory, however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it. Many fishes occur in the fresh waters of the Amazon basin which are thus truly am-

phibious. They all have gills by which they can breathe, like other fishes, in water; but they have also special contrivances for enabling them to respire atmospheric air as well. In some of these it is the intestinal tube that plays the part of lung; in others it is the air-bladder, the efficiency of the latter in this capacity being seen in the fact that it is only necessary to close the passage which connects it with the atmosphere in order to suffocate the fish. One of those amphibious fishes of South America is in the habit of travelling by night in great droves, moving as fast as a man can walk, its only locomotive organs being the spiny ray of its pectoral fins and its tail. Another, inhabiting the swamps of Carolina, travels by leaps, and always, it has been observed, in the direction of the nearest water. Most of these fishes live in ponds and marshes which are liable to disappear in the dry season, and it is in search of fresh waters that they undertake those migrations. There are many parts of the world, however, in which at such seasons this search would be hopeless, and in those cases the pond fishes aestivate, that is, bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pools, and there lie torpid till the advent of the rainy season sets them free. In Ceylon the natives, according to Tennent, are in the habit of digging for them, and a friend who had been present at one of those fish diggings, informed him that "the clay was firm but moist, and as the man flung out lumps of it with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank when exposed to the sunlight." The *Lepidosiren* or Mud-fish of tropical Africa similarly buries itself. Forming a hollow in the mud, and lining it with mucus, it there lies, like the kernel in a nutshell, till released by the rains. These clay-balls are often dug up by the natives, and if the inclosing shell be not broken, the fish can be safely transported in them to Europe, and there released by immersion in tepid water. How long this torpid condition may continue is not exactly known, but in India it is believed that they may thus survive for more than one season—tanks that have been dry for several years having been found to swarm with

fish as soon as a sufficiency of water had gathered in them to soften their hardened beds.

The habit of occasionally leaving their proper element is not confined to fresh-water fishes, it is also found in a few marine forms. There are several species of tropical gobies found very abundantly on the Indo-Pacific coasts, especially where mud and fucus abound. They skip about in the mud and seaweed close to the water-line, hunting for insects and mollusks, and so nimbly do they leap on land that it is difficult to catch them. With their great prominent eyes, which they have the power of thrusting far out of their sockets, and with the fore-part of the body raised on their limb-like pectoral fins, they present a somewhat frog-like appearance. In the water they prefer leaping along the surface to swimming beneath it. "I have chased one," says Professor Moseley, "in Trincomali harbor which skipped thus before me until it reached a rock, where it sat on a ledge out of the water in the sun and waited till I came up, when it skipped along to another rock."

The Flying Fishes of tropical seas, of which more than forty species are known, are further examples of fish that leave the water, although it is the bird or bat, and not the land-walking animals, that they seek to emulate. Their pectoral fins are enormously enlarged so as to resemble wings, and in some cases these extend from the gills to the tail. Whether they move their wings in flight or not is still an unsettled question, although the weight of opinion seems to favor the view that they do not. The result, however produced, is that they glide over the surface of the sea at the height of one or two feet above it, often rising and falling in the most graceful manner. They have been observed thus to glide over a distance of from 800 to 1200 feet in a period of about forty seconds, which is probably the longest time they have been seen "finning" it out of the water. That they can rise to a much greater height is proved by the fact that frequently at night they fall on the decks of passing ships. There are two widely different groups of flying fish, namely, the "Flying Herrings" and the "Flying Gurnards." The latter have the heavier

bodies, but probably also the largest expanse of wing; thus an example before the writer has each of its wing-like pectorals measuring 9 inches in length and 7.2 inches in breadth. Professor Moseley, when on board the Challenger, was convinced that he had seen flying gurnards move their wings rapidly during their flight. On one occasion he watched large numbers of a species with beautiful colored wings fly along before the boat in which he was collecting, at a height of about a foot above the water, and for distances of 15 to 20 yards; and as they thus flew they appeared to him to buzz their wings very rapidly, reminding him of the buzzing of the wings in the grasshopper.

Poverty, that ever-present factor in the struggle for existence, is said to make people acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and the same universal struggle has brought about some curious alliances among fishes. Although there are no true parasites among them, there are many forms which find it to their advantage to get attached to other animals. These either fix themselves to the outside of their host, or, passing within, occupy the mouth or intestinal tube—not, however, as parasites, but in the capacity of lodgers, or messmates, as Beneden calls them. Few sharks are caught in tropical seas that have not one or more sucking fish attached to them. These are feeble little fishes that owe their success in life—for they are found in every sea—to the powerful alliances they form. Unable of themselves to swim either quickly or far, they get attached, by means of a dorsal fin which has been modified into a sucker, to any swift-swimming creature, or even ship, that may come in their way. Thus relieved of the fatigue of swimming, and protected from their enemies by the close proximity of their *attached* host, they are free to devote their energies to the sole purpose of picking up such food as may come within their reach. According to Beneden, the fishermen of the Mozambique Channel utilize the Remora, as it is also called, as a live fishing-hook. Passing a ring to which a cord is attached through its tail, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle, and should it succeed in attaching itself by its sucker, few hooks are

more secure. It was of this fish that the strange delusion formerly prevailed that it was able to arrest the progress of any vessel to which it got fixed. Says Opian :

The Sucking Fish beneath, with secret chains,  
Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains.

The fishes that make their home in the interior of other animals are somewhat numerous. Considerable numbers of a small species habitually lodge in the ample mouth cavity of a Brazilian cat-fish, living on such crumbs as they can filch from the table of their host. A Mediterranean eel which dwells in the branchial sac of a devil-fish picks up its living in a somewhat similar fashion. The Sea-cucumbers or Holothurians, are the favorite home of a curious group of small eel-like fishes known as *Pieraster*. The commonest of the Mediterranean species measures about 7.2 inches in length, and Professor Emery has seen seven of these fishes enter, one after the other, the body of a large sea-cucumber. They use it, in his opinion, as a habitation or as a refuge from their enemies, getting their nourishment all the while from the sea by pushing their heads out of their Holothurian home. Sea-anemones are also known as fish-shelters. Dr. Collingwood, when sailing in the seas about Labuan, came upon an anemone which measured fully two feet in diameter when its tentacles were expanded. Seeing a small fish hovering over the anemone, and suspecting that there might be more of them within, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the creature, and succeeded in turning no fewer than six similar fishes out of its body cavity. The great sea-jellies, with their dome-like disks and fringe of stinging tentacles are somewhat suggestive of floating marine homes, and it is found that beneath those living umbrellas crowds of the smaller fishes habitually shelter. A. Agassiz counted no fewer than twenty of them swimming in safety within the fringed circle of a single medusa. Professor Sars, of Christiania, also found that, at an early stage of its growth, the cod in the neighborhood of the Loffoden Islands avails itself of a similar shelter. In this instance the alliance is supposed to be mutually beneficial ; the cod-fry sharing

in the minute food which the jelly-fish is able to stupefy by its stinging tentacles ; while it, in return, is supposed to relieve its host of certain minute parasites which infest it.

There is a fish often found in the abdominal cavity of other fishes which can neither be called a parasite nor a messmate. This is the Hag-fish or " Borer." With neither scales nor visible eyes, and with scarcely any appearance of a head, it looks more like a worm than a fish ; yet this lowly organized creature inflicts immense injury upon the Norwegian fisheries. It is no uncommon thing for the fishermen of the Loffodens to be compelled by stress of weather to leave their lines and nets in the water for several days, and in such cases they too often find that the majority of the fish caught are totally destroyed by hag-fish. Penetrating the skin of the captured cod or ling, the " borer," as it is appropriately called, devours the soft parts in an incredibly short time, leaving, says Sars, " nothing but skin and bone."

The typical fish has an unmistakable eye, but there are large numbers of species in which the organ of vision is distinctly abnormal. Agassiz, in his journey up the Brazilian river Para, found a fish which leaped about in the water like a frog, and which consequently had its eyes as often above the water as below it. It is known as the " four-eyed fish," because each eye is divided into an upper and a lower portion by an opaque horizontal line, which gives the effect of two pupils, the one suited for atmospheric and the other for aqueous vision. The eyes of the South American cat-fishes are found in almost every imaginable position in the creature's head, and of immense variety in size, the most curious being those in which the organs of vision—very small in this instance—are placed on the top of the head, so that their owners can only see what is going on above them. Others of the amphibious fishes can elevate and depress their eyes at will. Probably, however, there are no such " queer " eyes, or eyes with so queer a history, in the entire animal kingdom as those of flat-fishes. These creatures when they first emerge from the egg swim like their neighbors, that is, with



the back above and the belly beneath, and at this stage they further resemble other fishes in having an eye on each side of the head. So compressed, however, are their bodies laterally, that when only about a week old they seem no longer able to maintain themselves in the position of a coin standing on its edge. They consequently fall on their side, the side beneath becoming thereafter, to all intents and purposes the under surface of the fish, and the side above, its back. An eye beneath, however, would be useless or worse—consequently no sooner does the flat-fish take to swimming on its side than the lower eye begins to travel round, and does not cease moving until it has reached the upper surface in the vicinity of its neighbor. Thus both eyes come to be on the same side of the fish's head. In a few species the eye, instead of keeping at the surface while thus shifting its position, sinks into the tissues of the head, and so bores its way through to the other side, the creature appearing to have three eyes until the opening, on what then becomes known as the blind side, closes over.

Many species of fishes are totally blind; but, as these all live in the darkness of ocean depths or of subterranean caves, the presence of eyes in the absence of light could serve no useful purpose. In the limestone region of the United States there are thousands of miles of cavern, with rivers, lakes, and dry land, the inhabitants of which are for the most part blind. Among the most interesting of the curious forms found in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and also in the less known Wyandotte Cave of Indiana, are the blind fishes (*Amblyopsis*). Professor Cope, who recently observed them in the latter, says they came to the surface to feed, swimming in full sight like white aquatic ghosts. Provided the most perfect silence is preserved, there is no difficulty in catching them with the hand; but the faintest sound—such is the acuteness of their sense of hearing—causes them to dart downward and hide themselves beneath stones at the bottom. That this species was not always blind is proved by the fact that, although its individuals are destitute of external eyes, yet beneath the skin those organs are to be found in

a rudimentary state. It may therefore be regarded as tolerably certain that they are the descendants of a seeing fish, which, having by chance got conveyed into those subterranean waters, has gradually had its eyes obliterated through disuse, compensation being found for the loss in the greater development of the other sense organs. It is somewhat remarkable that side by side with those blind fishes there should be other species, living in the same utter darkness, with well-developed eyes. The evolutionist can offer no other explanation than that those seeing forms may be comparatively recent importations into the cave waters, whose eyes have not yet had time to get atrophied by disuse. The blind cave-fish being thus probably the descendants of species which once lived above ground, it might have been supposed that they would show affinity with forms now inhabiting the surrounding country. Such, however, is not the case with the fishes, although relationships of this sort have been shown to exist in certain other blind animals of those caves. Is it too much to suppose, as the writer has elsewhere stated, "that the ancestors of these fishes, having been beaten in the struggle for existence, died out, while those of their number which betook themselves to the caves have survived, owing to the less severe competition there encountered; just as the remnants of conquered nations have sometimes succeeded in maintaining their separate existence and independence by retiring to their mountain fastnesses?"

Recent deep-sea dredgings have also proved the existence of blind fishes in "the caves of ocean." The rays of the sun are not believed to penetrate beyond a depth of 200 fathoms, but fishes have been found living at a depth of more than two miles. The profound darkness of those abysmal depths is somewhat relieved, however, by the faintly diffused light of phosphorescence given off by countless multitudes of marine animals; and the deep-sea fish are either totally blind, or have huge eyes specially adapted for making the most of the light they have. Dr. Gunther, to whom the description of the Challenger deep-sea fish was intrusted, has found that, in certain of the blind forms, the organs of vision

appear to have been superseded by structures, in some cases very large, which he is inclined to regard as producers of light. In this view, these fishes carry phosphorescent lanterns on their heads, which may be used, as torches sometimes are, in attracting toward them the great-eyed species supposed to form their prey. Although the blind fishes cannot, it is true, see the approach of their living food, their snouts are liberally provided with long feelers and other delicate tentacular organs that no doubt keep them informed of all movements taking place over a considerable area. Other deep-sea fishes, some of them blind, others not, have rows of luminous spots running along the lower side of the body and tail, and sometimes also on the snout. Some of these spots, which differ structurally from the others, have been regarded as accessory eyes. Gunther, however, inclines to the view that they are all producers of light. Cut off, as deep-sea creatures thus are, from all participation in the beneficent rays of the sun, they would seem, under the influence no doubt of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, to have become a light unto themselves.

Venom is invariably associated in the human mind with snakes, and never with fishes; yet the circle of poisonous animals has lately been extended by the addition, not only of a hitherto unsuspected lizard, but also by several fishes. There is a fish found in Central America the operculum of which is armed with a spine closely resembling the fang of a venomous serpent. The spine is hollow, and communicates at its base with a poison-bag, the contents of which pass through the spine into the wound which it inflicts. The dorsal fin of the same fish is likewise provided with two spines, each of which is similar in structure and function to that already described, and, together, they form the most perfectly developed poison apparatus yet found in the class of fishes. More dangerous, because more common, are two species of fish found in the Indo-Pacific seas. Each of their very numerous dorsal spines is as good (or as bad) as a poison-fang, being provided in every case with poison-bag and grooves for the conveyance of the venom into the wound.

The fishermen of the Mauritian and other coasts on which they occur no more think of handling those creatures than they would the venomous sea-snakes of the same region. Sometimes, however, they are trodden upon unwittingly by people wading with naked feet, when they inflict a wound which not infrequently proves fatal. Other fish, as the sting-ray of the Indian Ocean, and even the sea-spiders or weevlers of British waters, inflict wounds, with stiletto-like spines, so severe as to raise the suspicion that the dart is in some sense a poisoned one. If a few fishes are thus venomous when living, a great many more are poisonous when dead. The typical fish is a more or less edible creature; the eating of the forms here referred to, however, frequently proves fatal. These include many of those curious balloon-shaped fish known as globe-fish and sea-porcupines, also trigger-fish and trunk-fish. These may be readily recognized by the peculiarity of their forms; but less recognizable, although equally poisonous, are certain tropical species of herrings and parrot-wrasses. Their deleterious properties are said to be due in most cases to the poisonous nature of their food.

Unfishlike as the possession of a poison apparatus undoubtedly is, it is nevertheless common enough outside of their class. There are at least a dozen species of fishes, however, which are alone among animals in the possession of electric organs—truly the most remarkable weapons in the entire animal armory. The application of electricity to the arts is one of the proudest achievements of nineteenth-century man; yet those fishes, there is little reason to doubt, applied their electric batteries to the art of capturing their prey long before man had come into existence. That those natural batteries exhibit true electrical phenomena is shown by their currents behaving in exactly the same way as those produced artificially; thus, says Gunther, "they render the needle magnetic, decompose chemical compounds, and emit the spark." To receive a shock, it is as necessary in the one apparatus as in the other that contact should be made at two points in order to complete the circuit. The various species of electrically armed fishes are

not, as might have been expected from the common possession of so unique a weapon, by any means all closely related. They belong to three widely different groups—namely, rays, eels, and sheath-fishes—which would seem to indicate that electric organs have originated independently in each group. The electric eel of South American rivers is the most powerful of those creatures, growing to a length of six feet, and provided with a pair of batteries containing some hundreds of minute cells copiously supplied with nerves. Although the story told by Humboldt of the Indian method of capturing those fishes by driving the wild horses of the plains into the streams, and keeping them there until the eels had exhausted their electricity upon them, is now discredited for want of subsequent corroboration, it is an undoubted fact that a vigorous *Gymnotus*, will paralyze the largest animals. The torpedoes are the best known of electric fishes, and, although much less powerful than the eel, they are a source of danger to bathers in the Mediterranean and other seas where they occur.

"As mute as a fish" has come to be proverbial, nevertheless there are many fishes which can and do utter sounds more or less musical. The gurnards, one of which is known as the lyre-fish, emit a grunting sound when being taken out of the water—due, it is said, to the escape of gas from the air-bladder; and the herring squeaks under similar circumstances. A fish resembling a sole, found in Siam, is said to attach itself to the bottom of boats, and there give out harmonious sounds. An English traveler, while lately surveying a piece of water in eastern Siam, watched the movements of certain fishes known as "Mahsir," and became aware of a peculiar click or percussive sound frequently repeated on all sides. This he soon found came from the mahsir, one of which passing close to him made several distinct sounds. The noise was loud enough, he says, to have been heard at a distance of forty feet. The Umbrinas of European seas are well known for the drumming sound they make, audible, it is said, from a depth of twenty fathoms. The fishermen of Rochelle, according to the Rev. Charles Kingsley assert that the males alone

make the noise during the spawning time; and that "it is possible by imitating it to take them without bait." If this be so, the noise must be regarded as the love-call of the male fish to its mate, and, as such, comparable to the singing of birds during the breeding season.

Like birds also, a few fishes are known to build nests. Most of these are mere hollows in the sand or mud, but, such as they are, they are jealously guarded by their builders—the males, who as soon as the nests are ready try every blandishment to induce the females to enter and spawn in them. A few species, however, build nests which will bear comparison in point of neatness and constructive skill with those of most birds. The fifteen-spined stickleback thus builds its nest of seaweed and corallines. With much skill and patience it weaves about its nest a silk-like elastic cord, spun from its own body, the whole when finished forming a compact pear-shaped structure, from five to six inches in length, in which the female deposits her spawn. In only two instances are female fishes known to take any care of their progeny. In all other cases where any heed is paid to the eggs and fry, it is upon the male that the labor devolves. That they are sometimes not far behind birds in what they will do and dare for their young, was seen lately in the case of a small perch-like fish inhabiting the streams of Trinidad. A gentleman watching one was astonished to find that on putting his hand into the water, this usually shy fish, instead of making off, made at his hand, striking it with all the might and main of a five-inch fish. He soon, however, discovered the cause of this unwonted boldness in the near proximity of its nest—a structure hollowed out in the sand, about the size of half an egg, and crowded with little fish not bigger than house-flies. On returning next day, he found that the parent fish, taking alarm at his intrusion of the previous day, had made another nest some distance off, and had conveyed thither its numerous offspring. Nest-building among fishes is probably not nearly so rare as has hitherto been supposed, the keeping of fish in aquaria having proved the existence of this habit where it had

not been previously suspected. While the majority of fishes shed their spawn broadcast on the waters, there are some, not nest-builders, which take other means of protecting their eggs and young. Thus in the two instances above referred to the females attach the eggs to the under surfaces of their bodies; in other two, the males actually carry the eggs in their mouths until they are hatched; while in a whole group of fishes, of which the sea-horse is the best known example, the males receive the eggs into

an abdominal pouch, where they are hatched, and, as some maintain, nourished also during their early fryhood.

Widely different as most of the forms here referred to undoubtedly are from the typical fish, a study of their life history and habits shows that their peculiarities in structure and mode of life, if not in every case the direct outcome of their environment, at least harmonize with it, and thus enable them to hold their own in the great battle of life.—*Longman's Magazine.*

—•••—  
SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

I. WHAT THE FATHERS FOUND.

A HAND that shaped the plastic stuff of things,  
With more than all we know of craftsman's skill;  
A mind that ruled the fingers' fashionings  
With more than we can dream of prescient Will;  
Contrivance superhuman, yet which brings  
Its elder-brother-hood with human shift  
Writ on the face of its perfected plan;  
Economy beyond a housewife's thrift  
In world-material, from the simplest flower,  
The tiniest herb and insect up to man.—  
All these our fathers found—transcendent Power,  
Unerring Art and unhorizoned Love  
In nature—with some puzzles, which an hour  
Of sound apologetics would remove.

II. WHAT THE SONS FIND.

A struggling herd, of whom some fight their way  
To the perfected type by slow degrees,  
Through countless forms of death and of decay,  
And (possibly) a Being, watching these;  
Whose attributes we know not, save to say  
That none in full infinitude he hath.  
Not Power—or else Omnipotence laid by;  
Not Skill—his blunders strew creation's path;  
Not Thrift—the world stands shuddering at its waste;  
"Not Love!" the unselected millions cry.  
Naught infinite; unless it there be traced,  
Where the grim Humor of his work appears  
Seasoning the scheme for mortals, with a taste  
As sharp as anguish and as salt as tears.

III. ACCORDING TO ARMINIUS.

Choose ye between the logic that arraigns  
Jehovah at the bar of human woe,  
And that which pleads, Our God not fore-ordains  
The eternal pangs he cannot but foreknow.



Choose ye! Our choice is made: the soul constrains  
 The mind; the reasoning, pious in its flaws,  
 Lax but endurable, contents us well;  
 Nor need we, zealous for symmetric laws  
 To bind the earth about the Eternal's throne,  
 Round off his scheme with a predestined hell.  
 Meanwhile, though everlasting pain foreknown,  
 And while foreknown permitted in man's lot,  
 Resembles evil fore-ordained, we own,  
 Our watchword still shall be: "God wills it not."

## IV. ACCORDING TO CALVIN.

Foreknown is fore-ordained: He knoweth all;  
 There is no life His purpose runs not through.  
 He planned to damn the many by the Fall,  
 And by the Sacrifice to save the few.  
 It helps not fictions, that the facts appall.  
 Free Will? How could He other than decree  
 The act Who made the doer what he is?  
 Free Will! His saving Grace alone is free:  
 To whom He wills 'tis given or denied.  
 Believe it—though thy spirit mutinies;  
 Believe it—though thy riven heart have cried,  
 "Lord! see my tender child! Be these thy ways,  
 That it should lisp 'Our Father' at my side,  
 And ripen for damnation as it prays?"

## V. THEISM.

The Being immanent in things, the Thought  
 Incarnate in the world, the Absolute,  
 The Unconditioned—dost thou give us naught  
 But husks like these, Philosophy, for fruit?  
 What room or reason for "I love," "I ought,"  
 In mouths of men who stand in barren awe  
 Before—nay *in*—this vast and shadowy All,  
 Worshipers and self-worshipt? Guiding law,  
 Protection, love, communion, where are these?  
 How for this limitless Impersonal,  
 Resign that wealth of tender images,  
 The Father with the father's eye and hand,  
 The Shepherd with the sheep about his knees,  
 The Great Rock-shadow in the weary land?

## VI. PANTHEISM.

Worship the man-made god that pleaseth you,  
 Good Theists! So the mediæval heart,  
 Adored undoubtingly the robed-in-blue  
 Cloud-straddling gray-beard of monastic art;  
 And so Xenophanes his oxen, too,  
 Constructed *their* ideal. But for me  
 Spinoza's creed shall serve; my feet must stray  
 Unguided, to the end, ere I shall see  
 A Shepherd-God to guide them. Yet my soul  
 Goes not unfortified upon its way;  
 For—once vain yearnings brought beneath control—  
 The Infinite, in whom, by whom we live,  
 Shall breathe from solemn sea and starry pole,  
 A deeper peace than even prayer can give.

—Fortnightly Review.

## ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS.

BY KARL HILLEBRAND.

THIS essay—the scanty fruit of a long leisure, shortened only by light reading and reflection on it—was originally to be entitled, “Why are old novels so entertaining and modern ones so tedious?” Fortunately for him, the author met in time a highly cultured, and, on the whole, unprejudiced English lady who confessed to him that she had never been able to read “Tom Jones” to the end, while a young diplomat of literary pretensions assured him that “The Nabob” was infinitely more entertaining than “Don Quixote.” Then only the author began to understand how relative an idea is attached to the word “entertaining,” and that perhaps the modern reader is quite as accountable as the modern novelist, if the novel of to-day is so—well, so different from the old. Let us then speak only of this difference. For why establish supervision, distribute praise and blame, by which nobody learns anything, when it is so much more instructive to investigate the what and the why of certain phenomena, and to leave every one to be judge of his pleasure and displeasure.

As, however, there has been a question of entertaining reading, be it understood from the beginning that the amusement novel, properly so called—*i.e.*, that which has no other aim but amusement, and which the French have brought to perfection in our century, shall be at present excluded from consideration, although it often shows more talent and artistic instinct than more pretentious work of the *genre*. If we thus exclude such novels it is because we wish to limit ourselves to those productions of literature which give themselves out as works of art, and which realize as well as explain to us the mode of thinking of the different periods. Let us not forget either that in all such historical comparisons dates must not be taken too literally, and that exceptions are not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Manzoni, Jeremiah Gotthoff, Gottfried Keller have written between 1820 and 1860, and

have even given a voice to certain currents of the century, does not make it the less true, that, considered as artists—*i.e.*, in their way of seeing and treating their subject, they do not belong to the time which has seen the *floraison* of George Sand and Dickens, still less to the time which has produced a Freytag, George Eliot, and Octave Feuillet.\* For whatever one may think of the fact, it would be difficult to deny it; the whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms, men, authors as well as readers, for three thousand years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last hundred years.

Strangely enough, the novelists of the younger generation, who, like E. Zola, Spielhagen, Henry James, and W. D. Howells, are never weary of treating their own art in a theoretico-critical way, which would probably never have occurred to a Charles Dickens—seem to have no consciousness whatever of this difference of periods. No doubt all the theories of those practitioners rest upon the tacit, sometimes also the outspoken, supposition of the superiority of the novel of to-day over that of former times, or at least of a progress in the development of this *genre*. To this there would be little to object, if the writers in question were awake to the fact that such a progress can only concern what is technical, and consequently is of very little artistic value. The progress in technique from Benozzi Sozzoli to the Caracci is very considerable; nobody would admit as a consequence that the artistic value of the Farnese gallery is, in spite of its cleverest *raccourcis*, greater than that

\* Bjørnsen too might be numbered among those few artists whom chance has allowed to be born in this unartistic time, were it not that he has so often, particularly in later times, let himself be carried away by the example of his contemporaries.

of a fresco in the Campo Santo, with all its defects in drawing and perspective. Now it is difficult not to feel in these disquisitions of the specialists a consciousness of having also realized a progress. The new novel is "finer" than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly, while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, etc., but also a more careful study of feelings and passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their knowledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of "wise omission."

It is characteristic that this ignoring of the past and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the North Americans, for whom even Dickens and Thackeray belong already to the antique. Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of "Tom Jones" proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for. Besides, there are people enough in the Old World also, who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides, whom they ought to have had more opportunity to read than their American co-religionists. It is not uncommon to hear such *naïveté* praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment; but this rests on a thorough confusion of ideas. Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to Nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from Nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Numa

Roumestan" in the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage. The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown-up, has been born into the modern civilization, while we older ones have at least slowly grown into it, and have consequently some inkling of the fact that under the clothes there is also something like a body. Now, the clothing of our century—*i.e.*, our civilization, is perhaps more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details which characterizes our literature and corresponds at the same time to our scientific habits. A microscopic anatomy of human nature—now in its coarser manifestations, as with M. Zola or Guy de Maupassant, now in its nobler organs, as with George Eliot and Ivan Turgenieff, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. The style has become more complicated; all sciences, every technic, are forced into service, all archaisms and neologisms gathered together in the dictionaries, unusual and surprising juxtaposition of words are used to make the descriptions more effective without, however, attaining the wished-for effect. It is particularly the native country of taste, the home of measure and "sobriety," which pleases itself with these exercises; and on the one hand, persons with no other talent than that of corrupting language, taste and morals, weary themselves—*cauta Minerva*—with manufacturing so-called *tableaux de mœurs*, while, on the other hand, richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market and to suffocate the readers under the weight of their ad-

jectives. But "when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed," says Walter Scott, "it is long ere a nation recovers it." It is perhaps worth while to investigate more clearly than has been hitherto done, the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste.

## I.

The whole intellectual life of our century, and especially of the second half of it, is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution, and which since the definitive defeat of romanticism toward the middle of our century, have attained almost absolute power. Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment—they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than any other. No doubt there lived before the Revolution individual men who carried the scientific and moral standard into regions where they have no right nor currency; but they were isolated instances; nowadays, this double point of view dominates the whole of literature, and—as our culture has become exclusively book-culture—of culture also. No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its causal connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws—*i.e.*, what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests it-

self only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is, that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories. When however M. Zola, for instance, declines the honor of having constructed works of art, the men of science will not therefore be much disposed to ascribe to him merits in science. For his works, whatever else they may be, are productions of the imagination, and consequently utterly useless to science, which reckons only on realities and can found no laws on such phantasms. Besides, all scientific labor is collective and progressive; artistic work is individual and self-inclusive. Each new work of science supersedes its predecessor, at least in part, until it is entirely antiquated. The scientific achievement remains immortal, the scientific work must perish. Would M. Zola resign himself to that, and does he seriously imagine that "Nana" and "Potbouilli" are scientific achievements—*i.e.*, rings in the infinite chain of science? Certainly not. At bottom, however, these gentlemen of the scientific school make their scientific pretensions in no such strict sense. What they aspire to is to create works of art by the instrument of science, and to treat of objects, which are the results of science, while they have only the instrument of art, as well as the standard for judging the artistic value of objects; and here arises the question whether such an enterprise is not from the beginning sure to be a failure.

The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim, is understanding; that of art intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole:



often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician—we Germans call him the "artist," *Arzt*—seizes first the total impression of his patient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the *coup d'œil*. Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the *coup d'œil*. The latter see only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. But what is the consequence of the whole proceeding?

An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world. He is to fulfil the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description. Now, in reality those psychological qualities have no existence whatever; they are an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest enumeration can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to reconstruct a unity out of such plurality; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to evoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious intellect never seizes the cohesion; unconscious intuition alone seizes it; and to render this with conviction is art—i.e., reproduc-

tion of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader.

Art is more economical than science; and the lavishness of authors who believe they proceed scientifically when they omit nothing of what a careful examination of an object or an action and its motives has revealed to them, is nothing but the profitless expenditure of the prodigal. Art shows us Philina, in the general confusion and despair, sitting quietly and rattling with her keys on the saved trunk, and the irresistible stands more vividly before our eyes than would have been possible by a long enumeration of her charms, or a detailed description of the means by which she has succeeded in getting off so cheaply, and a modern writer would certainly not have let pass the opportunity of both without taking advantage of it; for second to description, explanation is his principal pleasure. It is not to be denied that in these modern novels there is a more minute observation of social and psychological facts, a closer exposition of all laws of feeling and thought, a more conscientious watching over their growth, and a more laborious analysis of the passions and their motives, than are to be found in the older novels of this, and apparently of the past, century. The whole development of a man is gone through; and if possible even that of his parents and grandparents—for this, too, passes for an application of scientific results—until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is. True art cares little about the genesis of character; it intro-

duces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakespeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is contented to do so.

"Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène, Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portrait?"

asks Musset: Is it not precisely because she is not described, analyzed and explained, but simply appears and acts? because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced? We never see persons and actions in fiction; we feel the impression they exercise; this is convincing; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever; it produces knowledge.

Let nobody say that the older writers contented themselves with sketches and gave only the outlines. It is by no means so. What the narrator gives are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person. The truth and liveliness with which he gives the particulars that contain the whole *in nuce*, awake the image of that whole with its antecedents, its consequences, its secondary circumstances—*i.e.*, the cohesion. His process is similar to that of the sculptor, who renders only the plastic elements of his object; of the painter, who renders only the picturesque elements of it, and makes an abstraction of all the rest. He takes only those traits which are fitted to produce a literary effect. Now, as I just said, it is with actions as with men. A minute and methodical enumeration of all the movements of the different regiments, accurately ascertained, which have taken part in a battle, such as we have it in the history of the war by the great General Huff, may have a scientific value; from an artistic point of view, it is without any effect, for it leaves us no intuitive image of the total action; while the description of the battle of Zutphen from the pen of "the poor

man of Tockenburg," or that of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "*Chartreuse de Parme*," are works of art, because they render faithfully the impression of such mass movements on the individual. If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientific-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the "*Assommoir*," which fills I don't know how many pages, and with nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgettable by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, while there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it; Fielding, as the artist, who seeks and reproduces unity, not to speak of the art with which he renders the repulsive object attractive by irony, which alone gives such objects the passport to literature, drawing them out of common reality. This observation, however, would lead us to a controversy with the verists, realists, naturalists, or whatever their name, and I should like to defer this disquisition to another opportunity.

## II.

Equally with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come into prominence; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former. All modern morals aim at making men better—*i.e.*, other—than they are. Art takes them as they are; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground of literature. It is so with society; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions. These of course are Utopian views, which have little or no influence on the course of life: no moral system changes the nature of men, as no socialism is able to change the inequality of property; but they have an

influence on the way of judging things ; and, as judgment plays so large a part with modern writers, so it does also on literature.

Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept Nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naïvely, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, his strength of mind and will—*i.e.*, his individuality—and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as "man." What he became, he became

"Et par droit de conquête et pas droit de naissance."

His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which nowadays every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has "sicklied o'er" our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so-called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people's steads, not by a direct intuition, but according to an all-levelling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality. Every man feels differently, and *grosso modo* one might say that every nation and every class feels differently. This ignoring of natural limits has led in political life to pretending to and granting rights which those whom they concern do not know how to use ; in social life, to a dislocating of fixed relations and wandering from the natural atmosphere, which must always be a painful sensation ; in

literature, to lending to their *dramatis personæ* thoughts and feelings which they cannot have, but especially to requiring them to be something different from what they really are, since they must correspond to the abstract moral type which we have constructed. Completely isolated are the writers who know how to divine to the reader the sensations of uncultivated people—as *e.g.*, Jeremiah Gottholf ; the large majority of readers properly so-called, prefer ideal figures in George Sand's style, which have nothing of the present but the certain.

In political and social life such aspirations do mischief enough, without, however, being able to change the essence of either State or society. In literature, where we treat not with live people on actual ground but with the docile creations of our imagination on much-enduring paper, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution. It is true that the pretensions of rationalism to regulate legislation according to preconceived ideas of equality and justice have not remained without influence ; on the whole, however, States have continued in our century, as in all former ones, to register and codify existing customs and to regulate newly formed interests and relations. It is true that in most countries each citizen has been recognized as of equal right and equal value, but in fact power has remained in the hands of the man of culture and property. It is true that people have tried to bestow on Egypt and Turkey the blessing of Western constitutions ; but not a year was required to show that one thing does not suit all. The same is the case in society. It never enters the heads of children to find social order, in so far as they know it, unjust or even unnatural. We have seen the mason join his bricks, the peasant mow his grass, the woodcutter saw our wood, without even asking ourselves why our father had nothing of that kind to do. In this sense, almost all men before the revolution remained children, as nine tenths of them remain children to this day. And it is good that it should be so ; for the whole machine of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others and to

endeavor to insure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So in consequence we stop short at good wishes, sufficient to make men, who formerly were quite happy in this limited existence, and reflected but little upon it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. "For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet. When man ceases thinking on what he has to do in order to think that he has to do it, good-by to all content. Now, this is the clearest result of principle which underlies modern philanthropy as opposed to Christian charity, although it has called into existence many things which have alleviated and improved the life of the working classes within their station, helping them in illness, old age and want of work, without spoiling their normal existence by illusive pictures of a better condition. Besides, the positive wrong is, I repeat, much less than one might suppose, precisely because the mass of mankind continues taking the world as it is and does not demand that the sun should henceforth rise in the west.

In fact, it is only with men of letters, who are in quite a different relation with the world from other people, that the new way of thinking has become predominant; but then their number has wonderfully increased in the last three hundred years. As the whole of our culture has become a literary one, a book culture, all we who call ourselves cultured (*Gebildete*) are at bottom men of letters. The cultivated man of former times, who had been formed by commerce with men, for whom a book had interest, not as a book but only in so far as it reflected life, becomes rarer and rarer. Our whole civilization is influenced by literature; readers and authors live in the same atmosphere of unreality, or, to speak more accurately, they divide life into two halves, that of practical activity—the bookmaking of the author is also a practical activity—and that of intellectual activity, two spheres which touch each other nowhere, not even where the intellectual one borrows its object from the practical one; for it divests them immediately of their reality and shapes them only after having falsified them.

Tocqueville has a chapter headed: "How the men of letters became, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal politicians." This is now universally the case in one sense; for even in England political life has been infected with the spirit of the men of letters, through the advance of the Radical on the one hand, and the reform of Toryism by Disraeli on the other; the fact remains, however, particularly true of France, where the whole polity suffers cruelly under it. Nevertheless, art and literature are always the two activities most affected by it, and it is with them that we are here concerned.

### III.

The novels of our time in which the moral point of view does not absolutely predominate may be counted on the fingers. Even where unveiled immorality, or at least indecency, displays itself, there is from beginning to end, with or without the author's consciousness, a certain didactic tendency. In the apparently most objectionable of all modern works of fiction, in "*Madame Bovary*," one feels that the writer has an intention which is not purely artistic, the intention to warn us against certain modes of education and kinds of readings. In M. Zola it is clear that his workmen and workwomen who perish in the mud are to serve as deterrent instances. Neither do so. The German novelists conceal the moral standard which they use in their novels, the English and North-Americans even boast of it. Certainly morals, as well as any other human interest, have their right of citizenship in art. Only it is important to know what is understood by morals: the natural and sound ones which culminate in the worship of truth, or the artificial, made up, unhealthy ones, whose mother is human vanity, whose godmother is falsehood. It is sound morals when Prince Hal leaves his pet favorite in the lurch as soon as, with the responsibility of the crown, the earnest of life begins for him; it is unhealthy morals when Victor Hugo disturbs the ideas of right and wrong by glorifying a galley-slave who has become the victim of an error of justice. This is not the place to examine at length what were the instinctive morals of men before the



victory of rationalism, nor to recall to mind how Kant has scientifically established these unconscious ethics by his doctrine of the intelligible character, and Schopenhauer by his theory of compassion; suffice it to state that the morals of our authors have another origin and another aim, and that these are as incompatible with art as the older ones are fitted to accommodate themselves to it. Now, modern morals may apparently differ as much from one another as Zola's from Howell's; but they have the same family feature—discontent with this world as it is; and the direct consequence of it is the sombre tone of all this literature.

"Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst,"

thought Schiller; to-day, art is to be earnest, a species of worship for Richard Wagner, a moral or political lesson for Gustav Freytag. And how could it be otherwise? If one compares unceasingly this world and human nature with a high, arbitrary, self-created *ideal*, void of all reality, they must appear very insufficient, and may well lead to bitter judgments. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their key-note; how bitter Charlotte Brontë's, how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's "Among the Hills"—to instance a little-known masterpiece of this sombre moralo-psychological art. All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good humor; even the tragic muse has always known how to translate

"Das düstre Spiel  
Der Wahrheit in das heitere Reich der Kunst."

Here, on the contrary, we always feel oppressed by the long face and the lugubrious tone which our authors take when they relate things our ancestors were prone to laugh over. Sensuality even, which formerly used to present itself with ingenuousness, healthy and naked, or forced its entrance into literature by a smile, is now grave, reflective, a product of corrupt intelligence rather than of overstreaming force and fulness. In deference to truth it must, however, be said that the modern novel has on the whole kept itself freer than poetry from this unwholesome and over-refined sen-

suality. On the other hand, it has become more sentimentally charitable toward all those phenomena and types which were formerly the object of mirth. Who would dare nowadays to treat comically poor stammering Bridgson? Compassion for his infirmity would get the better of us; full of human tenderness, we should "put ourselves in his stead," and forthwith make a tragical figure of him. The dry *savant* whom the world has laughed at for centuries as an awkward or vain bookworm, becomes in George Eliot's hands an unfortunate, who sighing for a false ideal, is on the other hand seen by the noblest of women herself as an ideal. For whatever is comical objectively becomes tragical when it is taken subjectively: our tender little self suffers, and no wonder it pities itself.

How rudely would all the serene figures which live in our imagination be destroyed, if we were to put them under the discipline of our conscientious authors! Only fancy poor Manon under the birch-rod of Jane Eyre, the school-mistress! Imagine Squire Western in M. Zola's *clinique*: "If you continue getting drunk every night, while your daughter is playing the harpsichord, a terrible end is awaiting you, Mr. Western. Shall I describe it to you? I have accurately studied several cases of *delirium tremens potatorum*, the punishment which is in store for all alcoholized persons as you are." And our old friend Falstaff, whom that losel Shakespeare treated so indulgently, what lessons George Eliot would have read to him; "for really, Sir John, you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes; but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life! Are you not born of a good family? have you not had, at Oxford, the best education England is able to give to her children? have you not had the highest connections? And, nevertheless, how low you are fallen! Do you know why? I have warned my Tito over and over against it: because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant." "And you, Miss Phillis," Mr. Howells would say, "if

you go on being naughty I shall write a writ against you, as I did against my hero Bartley, who, too, won everybody's heart, but at bottom was a very frivolous fellow; or I shall deliver you up to my friend James, who will analyze you until nobody knows you again. That will teach you to enter into yourself and to become another." "Become another," is that not the first requirement of a novel hero of our days? Fielding would have rather expected that the adder should lose her venom, than that Blifil should cease to be a scoundrel.

I spoke of Howells taking part against his own hero in the most perfect of his works. You will find something similar in almost every novel of our time. It seems as if the authors could not refrain from persecuting in an odious type certain persons whom they have learned to know and to hate in life—a disposition of mind which is the most contrary to the artist's disposition which could be thought out; for he neither hates nor loves his objects personally, and to him Richard III. is as interesting as Antonio, "one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." Remember only George Eliot's character, Rosamond, and with what really feminine perfidy she tries to discredit her. How differently Abbé Prévost treats his Manon! Even if Richardson, and, in our time, Jer. Gottschalk, do take a moralizing tone, and begin with ever so many preachments and good lessons, the artist runs away with them; they forget that they wanted to teach and paint their objects with artistic indifference: *sine ira nec studio*, not to speak of their morals being of a kind which has nothing in them rebellious to art. With George Eliot and W. D. Howells it is the contrary: they want to be objective, but the moralist soon gets the better of the artist.

I hope the reader has observed that I choose only novels and novelists of first rank, in order to compare them with those of former times, such indeed as might, perhaps, come out victoriously from such a comparison, if they were not infected by the moral epidemic of our time. How deeply our generation is steeped in it we generally forget, because habit makes appear as nature what

is only a moral convention. Other times have advocated more severe conventions, but they remained on the surface; ours seem lighter, more accommodating, but they penetrate to our marrow. It is incredible how great a mass of artificial feelings, interests, and duties we carry about, how our language and our actions are dominated by them. Fine scenery, fine arts, philanthropy, etc., without any inner want, fill our intellectual life; we believe in the reality of sensations we never experienced; or we drive out Nature by culture. Shakespeare would not be able nowadays to create an Othello who would listen to Iago's insinuations, because no gentleman nowadays would allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man. Language has suffered so much under this rule of conventionalism, that to the cultivated it has become quite insufficient for the direct translation of sensation. Let a lady to-day speak like the Queen of Cortanza or Margaret of Anjou, and how the public would protest against the coarseness of her language and feeling. This, by the way, is also the real reason why all our dramas are and must be so lifeless, as well as of the striking fact that all the more important works of fiction of our time move, with few exceptions, among the lower spheres of the people, where alone there still survives a direct relation between language and sensation. Even in America, which is always lauded as the virgin soil of a society without an inheritance, convention rules unconditionally, particularly in moral views; for this society has not yet even known how to free itself from the absurdest and most tyrannical of religions—puritanism, on whose inheritance it has grown and developed. Only a remnant of puritanism can give the key to the stilted tune of Hawthorne's adumbration, or explain how a writer of the taste and talent of Mr. W. D. Howells, who besides does not lack a keen sense of humor, has been able to create a comical figure like that of Ben Hallack, without as much as an inkling of the comicality of it.

People are never weary of inveighing against the prosaicism of our time—the yelling whistle of the locomotive, which has superseded the musical post-horn,

the ungraceful chimney-pot, etc. : nobody thinks of the unnaturalness of our sensations. Where, however, is the source of all poetry, in the truth of our sensations or in the decoration of the stage on which we move? In the cut of our coat or in the heart which beats beneath it? Let us only learn again how to feel naturally, to think naturally, above all, to see naturally, and art will not fail to reappear. But "the spirit of history" takes good care that we

should no more learn it, carrying us off irresistibly, and for a long while, I am afraid, in totally different tracks. And, who would demur against it? Only we must not imagine that art, too, can meet us on these tracks. The novel of the future will remain what the novel of the present is : a work of edification, of instruction, of amusement—perhaps, also, of the contrary ; it will be long before it becomes a work of art.—*Contemporary Review*.

---

### A SURPRISING NARRATIVE.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

I OFFER this story without comment. It was told me by an old comrade of the Nicaraguan Gold Fields, known to us under the nickname of Barbachella, who called on his way to retirement in Alsace.

Besides his mine at Libertad, this good fellow owned a cattle farm on the Massaya road, outside the village. When he was there one night a peon told him that a foreign priest asked shelter. Forthwith Barbachella ran out, drove away the dogs, and brought his visitor to the hearth—it is chilly at evening on those uplands. After a rough meal the priest accepted a big china pipe and tobacco, home-grown and home-cured after an heroic recipe. Then he gave his name—Jean Lequeu.

Diggers had heard of this ecclesiastic and his mission. For some months past he had been living at Massaya, studying the tongue of the Woolwa Indians. It was said that he cherished an idea of settling among that people, whose frontier—a vague expression—lies but a few miles beyond Libertad. Some happy conceits this rumor had suggested among the diggers.

Barbachella, therefore, recognized his guest, and, after learning that the reports were true, he told some Indian stories to cheer him up. Few equals has my old friend at this pastime, but he saw with mortification that his awful fancies did not alarm. Higher and higher he pitched the key—in vain. Lequeu showed a lively interest, but he passed by marvels and horrors to inquire

calmly about the everyday life of the Woolwas.

Barbachella said at length, "You don't believe what I am telling you, padre?"

"So far as you speak from your own experience, sir," answered Lequeu, distressed, "I believe you implicitly. What you repeat from hearsay I don't discredit, but it comes on much weaker authority."

"But you think these stories may be true? And still you mean to risk your life among such brutes!"

"Every one to his *métier*, sir!" the priest replied. "That is mine. What you recount of these Indians is not quite new to me, for I have passed three years on the Lacandon. There, sir, I have been exposed to more terrible dangers, and I have seen sights far more strange."

Barbachella answered sharply, for he was not used to a challenge, "Oh, if you're going to talk of the Itzimaya, I give in, of course! But I should not have expected such *histoires* from a priest."

The other colored, but his reply was gentle. "Personal experiences are not properly described as *histoires*, I think."

"What! you've seen the Itzimaya?"

"I have seen an Indian town that answers the legendary description."

Barbachella took out his pipe to stare, laughed abruptly, resumed it, and blew a cloud. "Let's talk of something else," he said.

"Pray tell me more of your interesting anecdotes."

"Not I, after this! Now, I understand that you, a Frenchman, a priest, declare you have seen the Itzimaya?"

"I declared that I had seen a place that resembled it—and that is true!"

"Hearken to him, mon Dieu! When?—how?—where?—what are you going to do about it?"

"I do not know, Heaven help me! For twelve months nearly I have been waiting the answer of the Propaganda to my report. I have come to do what I can among the Mosquito Indians, to distract most painful thoughts. My dear brother is still in Cosigalpa, sir, if he survive."

"The man talks sense in a way!—I should think if the Itzimaya answers to description, ten thousand scamps would be delighted to rescue your brother in passing."

"Ay, and to renew the horrors of the Conquest. Not even for Antoine's sake."

"Well now, padre, I throw up. Tell us all about it."

And the priest did so, making reservations evidently. Most of these, I fancy, regarded his brother's conduct. Motives were not quite coherent in the story as outlined, but by assuming that Antoine's character, not rare or unamiable, was such as is suggested in the pages following, difficulties are reconciled.

Jean Lequeu was despatched from Europe as pioneer of a mission to be founded among the free heathen Indians of Lacandon—called Bravos. The Archbishop of Guatemala recommended him to the priest of a small settlement deep in the woods beyond Lake Peten. There, among the semi-civilized Indians, he might study the language, which is almost identical with that of the Bravos. A dreary, sordid, uninteresting existence the young man led for two years. The white population consisted of half a dozen families, who bred cattle in a small way, and traded with the Indians for jungle produce. They did not welcome a foreigner. The priest to whom Lequeu was recommended could hardly read. His soul was given to fees, crops, pigs, cards, women, and, above all, drink. So gross was the public scandal of his life that the visitor expostulated

within forty-eight hours. So their friendship ended abruptly, and Lequeu engaged Indians to run him up a house, in their sketchy fashion.

The attitude of natives toward the Church perplexed him sorely. They showed the zeal of fanatics in claiming its ministrations at baptism, marriage, or death. But they would hold no dealing with the priest. In a few rare moments of conversation with the men—women visited the hamlet only for religious ceremonies—Lequeu discovered that they knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, nor cared to know. At length it was borne into him that the sentiments of the Indian toward the Church exactly resemble those of a negro toward the "white man's fetish"—a mystery he does not try to understand, but horribly fears and assiduously courts. He has also a fetish of his own, or many, in whose propitiation devilleries are played on high bare peaks or in murkiest recesses of the woods. Those ceremonies the Indians so eagerly demanded at church were prefaced doubtless or followed by mysterious rites which formed the real bond on conscience.

This was a painful discovery. But when Lequeu observed the kind of priest who, even in this nineteenth century, was stationed among them, he could not feel surprise. It became his earnest endeavor to show that this sot and libertine was no representative of Christianity. He visited the Indians, undertaking journeys toilsome and not unperilous through the woods or on the river. He built a school, and offered money for attendance. His efforts came to nothing apparently. The Indians looked askance. When they saw him coming, they left the hut. If he caught them by chance, they stood respectful, answered in monosyllables, and tired him out. Sick people whom he nursed and cured made no sign of gratitude. Silent they lay under his hands, and silent they withdrew. The settlers warned Lequeu that if he persevered, quite quietly and methodically the Indians would kill him when they wearied of exhortation.

He was almost disheartened by the prospect, when the bravo Lacandones came down. This, I gather, was the disastrous irruption of 1880; Barbachella



heard the story in September or October, 1882. All the white inhabitants fled, with their priest and his large family. The garrison of twenty soldiers fell back on Flores. Some of the tame Indians roamed away, as one might properly describe the movement; others prepared to defend themselves. Nobody paid attention to Lequeu. Utterly alone, he commended himself to Heaven. To him one day, digging in his little garden, came three Indians. The hedge of cactus was still so young that they could look over it, and they stood by the roadside, mute as usual. Lequeu asked them into the house, but they gave no heed. Said one at length, "The bravos will be here to-morrow, padre! Why don't you save yourself?"

It is needless to repeat a conversation the purport of which is understood. When the visitors learned that it was not ignorance of danger which caused the priest to stay, they took grave counsel among themselves. And then the spokesman invited him to seek refuge in their camp.

It was a great opportunity—providential as Lequeu hoped. There and then he marched away with them. Several thousand males had assembled, with their old people, women, and children. For the first time he had a real opportunity of influencing that sex through whom all national conversions have been effected. A hut was built for him of boughs before nightfall; Lequeu consecrated it as a church. Presently a red glow in the sky told that the Lacandones had reached the village.

They did not turn aside to assault the camp, and those within it never thought of molesting them. They communicated freely with the invader. Every day Lequeu heard news. The enemy swept over a large space, looting and burning, converging on Flores. Thither all the troops of the province had retired, with guns. The Lacandones encamped within their sight, rested a day, and leisurely set back, heavy with plunder and captives. A month elapsed between the passage and the return.

The fighting instinct ran strong in Lequeu's blood, and it was stirred by awful narratives reported with Indian composure, by scouts who followed the

march. He worked upon his hosts with judgment, appealing not to abstract or chivalrous ideas, but to the selfishness and superstition of a savage peasantry. The retiring invader had destroyed all the harvest which they had not cut before it was ripe. He had burned their fruit trees and their huts, killed their friends; and now he was retiring in their sight with the plunder of church and village. Should they be called warriors who allowed him to go by triumphant? These remarks were heard without impatience, but no reply came. The Lacandones drew nearer and nearer, until scouts declared that on the morrow they would pass. In the evening came the head cacique; for Lequeu discovered that these people had their chiefs and dignities and government outside the Guatemalan law. He asked Lequeu to pray—in fact, as he meant it, to propitiate the white man's fetish in the action of the next day. Lequeu was overjoyed. Those holy ornaments of the church might be recovered. But he suddenly remembered the horrors of Indian warfare, the bloody rites which he had so much reason to suspect. He would not consent to pray unless the caciques solemnly swore that all prisoners should be delivered up to him alive. That condition roused such stubborn resistance that Lequeu saw how necessary it had been. Finding him resolute, they gave way. And then—I have not to judge whether he acted rightly—he implored victory for their arms. They sallied forth next day, fought from dawn to sunset, lost many, killed many, took much spoil, and brought three prisoners home. All the other vanquished, as they gravely swore, rejected quarter.

An old man, a youth, and a boy were the three Lacandones, all badly hurt. They recovered with that promptitude the savage displays when his ailments are of the surgical order. The camp broke up, and Lequeu set the captives to rebuild his house. Neither gratitude nor impatience did they show; their manners were quiet and passive as those of other Indians. After a few days Lequeu could make himself understood, but whatever subject he chose they listened with brow inscrutable and eyes askance. A direct question was an-

swered in few words, but frankly, as it seemed. The veteran and the youth were unconsidered people; the lad was son to a cacique of consequence. If his father knew him to be living he would send ransom. This expectation, Lequeu thought, prevented any effort at escape.

The boy's appearance was unlike that of his comrades, his features of higher type, his complexion fairer. He did not speak the common dialect easily. Lequeu gathered that his home lay beyond that of the others, toward the frontier of Chiapas; and that his people were richer than theirs. It was all very vague, but certain hints aroused the priest's curiosity. Learning that his prisoner had marched twenty days before joining the host of the Lacandones, he asked who lived beyond his father's kingdom. Indians. Rich Indians, or poor, like those of Peten? Rich, very rich, living in houses of stone. Had he visited them? No; the peoples were not friendly. Did hostilities occur? Not now; those rich Indians sent men every year, who robbed his father. How were they called? Their land was named Cosigalpa. They had no guns; his father had a few very old, which nobody understood, but no powder. Some other details were gradually and painfully drawn out. Lequeu could no longer disbelieve that somewhere to the north lay an Indian kingdom which was, at least, much more civilized than the clans round Peten. At his instance the cacique sent messengers to assure the lad's father of his safety. They started without alarm, apparently, on promise of reward.

The settlers began to come back, and they were astonished to find Lequeu alive. His death had been reported in Guatemala. The second party brought interesting news. A ship of war, in which Antoine Lequeu was lieutenant, had put into Istapa. The young man heard of his brother's fate with deep concern, obtained leave to satisfy himself, and was preparing to start when the refugees left. Lequeu rode into Flores and met him. Antoine, who had a month to spare, proposed to visit the settlement. But before leaving Flores, they explored its massive ruins, overgrown now with forest, plundered to build houses. Here, not two centuries ago,

stood temples and palaces. From this lake-city issued a "countless multitude of warriors" to resist Mazariegos, his guns and brigantines. The land, now a waste of swamp and jungle, was cultivated to sustain a dense population, which disappeared after the final overthrow, leaving not a child behind, nor plunder sufficient to repay the Guatemalan adventurers—only dead men and those great buildings which Mazariegos laboriously blew up. What an incredibly true report is his for the date, comparatively modern, 1695 A.D. For Cortes and Pizarro we can make some allowance, but the doings of those Christian savages, complacently related by the Royal Secretary, Valanzuela, who was eyewitness, read like mischievous tricks of apes possessed. When Lequeu fancied that it might be his glorious task to rediscover the fugitives of Peten in their new home, his heart glowed with holy zeal. And Antoine listened with kindling spirits.

When they regained the settlement, events had happened. Lequeu had left his prisoners with the cacique, who told him that envoys had arrived with ransom. They would not see the white men, fearing enchantment, but they offered a bag of gold, and fifty skins of the *quetzal* bird, the insignia of native royalty. Antoine was disgusted on weighing the gold, which hardly reached ten pounds. Lequeu demanded speech of the strangers, and it was granted after much parley, and much incantation doubtless. They resembled the boy in looks and color, were plainly but completely clothed. Some forty or fifty Indians of lower type formed their train.

Lequeu offered to release his slaves unransomed if he were allowed to accompany them back. This proposition, received in silence, deeply moved the emissaries. They withdrew to deliberate, possibly to refer, since the negotiations lingered week after week. Finally they put forward an ultimatum. If he would supply fifty guns, and ammunition in proper quantity, they would take him; if not, they abandoned the young chief, who was not his father's heir. It was a terrible temptation, but Lequeu rejected it. He lodged the boy in the guard-house, for on him all his hopes rested.

Antoine at this time took a holiday to Flores. Three days after his return, the cacique arrived. He said, "The envoys want to go home, if you are ready."

Lequeu's astonishment and triumph were the keener in proportion to his late despair. He bade Antoine farewell with deep emotion; but that mariner replied, "No nonsense between us, Jean! I am going with you!" His brother argued, entreated, then pointed out that he himself only had been named in the negotiation. That did not move Antoine, and they started with the prisoners for the cacique's hut. A number of Guatemalan soldiery stood about it; fifty stand of arms were piled in the midst of them, and fifty boxes of ammunition lay round.

"What is this?" exclaimed Lequeu aghast.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" Antoine replied. "I have played the devil for you Jean!" And forthwith he busied himself, giving the sergeant his discharge, with a sealed letter for the commandant at Flores, and distributing cash among the men. They filed away, well pleased; Indians of the strangers' retinue quietly loaded up; the boy dressed himself in clean garments, distinguished by embroidery. And before the priest exactly realized how matters stood, he was marching with his brother at the head of the procession.

At the first halting-place Antoine drilled his men; "for," said he, "we are carrying through a land of bandits treasure worth a thousand times its weight in gold." It was a sound precaution. Every day the scouts reported a tumultuous assembly of Lacandones upon the road, but at sight of Antoine's company, awkward squad though it were, they silently opened their ranks. The villages offered ostentatious welcome, but it was refused; throughout their long and toilsome journey the strangers ate no provisions but their own, or animals they bought and killed themselves. After a fortnight's slow travel, signs of better cultivation and more civilized habits began to appear, slight at first, but daily growing in number. The screen of bush which edged the track, hiding maize-fields and vege-

table patches from the lawless passer-by, thinned until it vanished. Population, traffic, visibly increased. The huts of the common people, their scanty dress, differed no way from those of the Peten Indian. Their features were scarcely more regular. But the dwellings of the chiefs showed greater and greater pretension. From the mere hut, unlike others only in size, they gradually improved into wooden houses, ornamental, surrounded by a wall, filled with slaves more or less clothed. The cacique had his dependants who began to show airs. Then buildings with a stone under-course appeared.

One evening came messengers in robes of silky tree-cotton, embroidered round the edge. They brought a hammock for the prince, slaves and presents. It was announced that next day they would pass the frontier. At that point a large body of armed men was waiting, several caciques among them, distinguished by feathers and gold ornaments and gems—emerald and opal. They descended from their hammocks, of which the gay fringe and tassels swept the ground, to prostrate themselves. At night the Frenchmen lay in a house, all stone, rudely built, but spacious, having three courtyards. Beside it rose a little pyramid with a broad stone altar at the top, which Lequeu shuddered to observe. From the moment of starting he had assiduously labored to convert the chiefs, who listened without reply. At this halting-place a certain etiquette was observed. The Frenchmen received separate quarters, and it was conveyed to them somehow that they ought to stay there. As soon as dark set in, above the walls of their courtyard they saw a glare of illumination, and a great drum boomed solemnly. When that finished, a rustle of many feet, a murmur of many voices speaking low passed their abode. Presently arose a drunken clamor which did not cease till after midnight. Decidedly these Indians differed from their tame brethren in habit as in externals. But in one respect they showed a likeness. Never were the strangers plagued by public curiosity. Thousands of eyes fixed on them when they appeared, but no one moved, and no one made remarks in their hearing.

A few days afterward they reached the capital, their train swollen by every chief dwelling on that line of route. This town resembled others on a larger scale. It had several temples and other edifices that rose above the huts. Every point of sight was crammed with silent, staring people. On the outer steps of a huge rough pyramid, altar-crowned, stood many priests and noble virgins in white dress. Quarters were assigned in the palace close by, a building of curious architecture, raised by several steps above its courtyards, and cloistered all round. In one of the small courts they found a meal provided on dishes of gold and silver very rudely fashioned, baths, slaves, and all they could want. At night there was a tremendous revelry.

The king received his guests in state next day. Lequeu could speak the dialect with ease by this time, and Antoine seems to have made himself understood somehow. After a gracious welcome, his majesty asked point-blank why they had been anxious to visit him, and Lequeu as frankly proclaimed his mission. The harangue was heard in silence; when he finished the king said: "If you bring a message from foreign gods, address yourself to our priests." To Antoine his majesty was more gracious, appointed him officers and quarters, and begged him to instruct the troops in his system of drill. No restrictions were placed upon the guests, and each in his own way rejoiced at the prospect of affairs. Jean attacked the high priest, whose manner was encouraging, and in hopes of this decisive conquest he abstained from public disputation. Antoine became a most important personage. Fifty picked warriors received the guns, and they drilled with stolid enthusiasm. The king was often present, the princes always, and great caciques attended by command, but evidently with reluctance. Occasionally a group of girls stood watching in the cloister. Antoine was constantly summoned to entertain the king with descriptions of European war. From all these incidents he guessed that schemes of conquest were afoot, but he breathed no word of this suspicion to Jean, who interpreted guilelessly.

One day, passing the main street, the

brothers saw that something new had happened. A certain excitement possessed the crowd. As they approached the palace, a procession issued from it -- priests in grand array, their heads new shaven, and their leopard-skins trailing. Behind these marched a company of the palace guard, surrounding four prisoners, whose hands were tied. They wore a plume of *quetzal* feathers, which signified, as the Frenchmen knew, that they were representatives of a king. No need to ask the doom of those who are delivered, bound, to Indian priests.

Jean lost all prudence at the sight. Regardless of Antoine's entreaty, he forced his way to the king, who sat in grand council. Nobody stopped him, but every eye gleamed with stern rebuke. Breathlessly he made his appeal, urging the sovereign by every nobler impulse of humanity to abolish human sacrifice. Horror and rage visibly thrilled the council, but none interrupted until Lequeu choked with the deep emotion that could not vent itself in an unfamiliar tongue. Then, at a motion of the king, guards closed on him and led him out, not too roughly. Antoine pushed to his aid, but the Indians seized him also and carried both to their quarters, where they were confined. Toward evening arose that horrid booming of the drums, and then, after dark, the bustle of a feast, outbreaks of shouting and singing, and the clash of arms.

Near midnight, Antoine was summoned. He found the royal court ablaze with torches, littered with drunken men, asleep or roaring. The king sat in the midst, heavy-eyed, mad, not stupid, with liquor. His pages, male and female, stood around, and the high caciques crouched at his feet.

A dozen of the noble youths who attended drill seized their captain uproariously, gave him to drink the purple, fermented juice called *boca* by tame Indians, and carried him to the edge of the sacred platform. There Antoine bowed and heard a brief harangue. But of the king's drink-thickened utterance he could not understand a word, and he begged that Jean might be sent for. Lequeu came, and translated with gathering dismay. Those four men, "who had just testified to the might and majesty of the gods," were envoys from



Cosigalfa, who had presumed to threaten the king. Therefore he had designed war upon Cosigalfa, and he offered the command of his armies to Antoine.

Speaking for his brother, Lequeu refused at once. "This," he said passionately, turning to Antoine, "is what I foresaw when they asked for guns!"

"So did I," Antoine replied, coolly laughing. "Each to his business. It is mine to fight! King, show me tomorrow your power and the enemy's, name the reward, and I will answer."

"That is just and prudent," said the king. "I drink a farewell draught to you." And he did. The cup-bearer handed him a great golden bowl, and every chief fell flat, his forehead to the earth. After draining it, his majesty glared round, but no one moved. Then the royal eyes closed, the royal head fell forward with a jerk. Girl slaves caught him hurriedly, and with the neatness of long practice each unrolled her scarf, swathed it round the king's body from the shoulder down, and handed the free ends to a page on either side. By these soft bandages the sovereign was lifted shoulder high and carried in, girls supporting his head.

"You would do murder at the bidding of a sot like that?" cried Lequeu, pointing to the group.

"If war is murder, I am pledged to commit it for the Republic. And that noble savage is not more drunk than she!" For all argument and threat and passionate appeal, Lequeu did not shake his brother's resolve. On the following day he attended a great council, where it was explained that the armies of the king were numberless, while Cosigalfa had not a man worth counting. But historical facts that leaked out did not confirm this cheerful prospect. The people of Cosigalfa came from the south some generations ago. By magic art they subdued this country and others. After some time they pushed farther, leaving their conquests tributary. Several times had this kingdom rebelled unsuccessfully. Those four men "who had testified to the might and majesty of the gods"—this was evidently formula—had come to demand an explanation of the Frenchmen's presence. Cosigalfa would exact vengeance; but the king hoped to be first in the field,

and with the white man's fetish, the white man's lightning, success was assured. Antoine thought so. A levy *en masse* would certainly return many thousand warriors of a sort.

And Cosigalfa, as all declared, was rich in gold and arts beyond computation. No town in the world, they said, approached its capital for grandeur. Though Antoine recollected that the knowledge of the world possessed by his informants was quite curiously limited, the statement had its relative value. He asked what would be his reward, and the king bade him name his terms. He pointed out, with a sailor's frankness, that his majesty had valued his son at 10 lbs. of gold, say £400, and some *quetzal* skins for which a European has no use. This sort of thing would not do. He proposed a speculative bargain—his share of plunder should be one half the valuables of every kind discovered in the palace of Cosigalfa. The king accepted eagerly, but his caciques looked black. Antoine pointed out that guns fall out of order, that ammunition is fast exhausted; mishaps he only could repair. But the council did not seem content. Stimulated by the danger and difficulty of the situation, Antoine seized another idea. He begged private speech with his majesty, and forthwith the court was cleared, the guards stood back.

This young man was too typically French to have kept his eyes at attention when a bevy of ladies stood in view. Pretty faces and neat shapes he had remarked among those who watched his drill from the cloister. Two young girls especially charmed his sailor's eye, not too exacting. It was Antoine's hope and vague belief that they had rank as well as comeliness, and, if so, policy might be combined with love. He told the king that in Europe—a geographical expression which had, of course, no meaning whatsoever for his majesty—an honored general was always bound to the royal interest by alliance. Forthwith the monarch gave an order; two pages vanished indoors. "I grant you my eldest daughter," said the king. "You may choose the others." "The others! *Et Jean donc!*" murmured Antoine to himself.

The pages came back; nobles and

chiefs resumed their places on the ground; and then a group of girls issued from the palace. First in the rank were those Antoine had noticed; they all stood in line before the king, that one he most admired to the left. "These are my daughters unmarried. I give them all to you," said his majesty. Antoine, in his way, had romance to spare. This wholesale dealing with the sex shocked him, when his heart, or his eye, had made a choice and it was granted. Said he, after fitting thanks and declarations: "In my country, king, a soldier takes but one wife until his sovereign and the army have pronounced him brave. If you permit, I will abide by the customs of my forefathers."

His majesty was pleased to think this an excellent idea, and commended it to his nobles. The girls stood looking down, and nobody consulted them. Not unkindly, the king motioned them to withdraw. "You shall be married tomorrow," he told Antoine, without reference to the lady. "And on the next day my army will march."

"Oh, king!" Antoine exclaimed. "Suffer me to follow the habits of my country in this matter also. A soldier may not marry until the campaign is finished and victory won. He sees the lady daily, and talks with her. But our fathers thought it unwise to distract a young man's mind on the eve of battle."

The monarch was entranced with admiration for an instant. He rose. "You have heard, caciques and captains, what this wise young man has told me. I adopt the white man's law. Stop every marriage in the realm! Henceforth no man shall take a wife without my permission."

The caciques prostrated themselves; criers started at a run, their clapper-bearers after them, to proclaim the edict.

"Your majesty is gracious," said Antoine. "We are allowed, as I stated, to talk privately with our brides."

"The customs of your people cannot be wrong. You will be admitted at all hours to the princesses' chamber."

Antoine did not dare tell his brother all that had passed. To learn he had accepted the command was distress

enough. Artful traps for an enthusiastic priest the sailor laid. When he himself ruled supreme in Cosigalpa, Jean should be apostle and archbishop. They would open a road to Mexico; restore this strange and interesting people to communication with the world. Jean should be a new and happier Las Casas, saving while evangelizing these millions of human creatures threatened by the Spaniard and oppressed by their own hideous superstition. Jean thrilled at the prospect. But that was a chance, and the horrors necessary to realize it were certain.

Antoine had enough to do, learning routes, gathering his motley host, making himself master of arrangements that had been long maturing. But he made time daily to visit the princess, who proved to be all he had imagined—or near enough. Though shy and timid, quite unused to such chivalrous dealing on a suitor's part, she had no little dignity. In short, Antoine really fell in love after two interviews, and so probably did the princess. The white man's customs appealed to her woman's instinct, no doubt, and he reaped the benefit of his shrewd invention.

The expedition started, after much booming of those drums which distracted Jean with helpless indignation. The king did not wish him to accompany the force, but Antoine insisted. Danger there was for both, he knew, from nobles jealous or ill-disposed; but the priest had foes more subtle and more powerful than warriors. Since that outbreak in the royal court, neither king nor chiefs noticed him; and if they had resolved to break faith with their guest, no considerations of prudence would make them hesitate after Antoine's departure. For the brother's had prudently suppressed all hints of European power and European activity. When describing battles and marvels to amuse the court, they took pains to convey that these were legends belonging to another sphere, as one might say, with which the Indians could not possibly have direct concern. As for the Spanish colonists, these secluded people expressed neither fear nor curiosity about them. As I understand it, they have dwelt unmolested from all time within their memory. That white-skinned peo-

ple dwelt about Peten, they knew of course, and that these had terrible instruments of warfare. But of any other superiority enjoyed by them the Indians had no idea. And this, when one thinks of it, is quite natural, for the Guatemalan country harried by bravo Lacandones is certainly more barbarous than that we speak of.

So the brothers started, Jean riding a horse scarcely broken, while the sailor preferred a hammock. Horses are common there, and chiefs keep them for show, but they are very seldom ridden. The army made slow progress, converging by three rough roads on the enemy's frontier. It was crossed on the seventh day of march, and the scene changed instantly. As far as one could see, the land was cultivated, though its harvests had been cut or wasted. The road straightened. In a country where vehicles are unused and horses rare, highways must always be narrow, and here the rich earth is so soft that every season they are deeper cut, and the banks rise steeper. Antoine was gravely perplexed how to march his army along by a fourfoot road, but it solved the problem by dispersing in search of plunder. In each burnt village there were ruins of a temple, and generally of a chief's house. The first halt was made at a large town, of which the embers still smoked. A guard-room stood by the roadside, which the caciques explained in terms only fitting for a custom-house. A pyramid temple and a palace, gutted and scorched, rose among the ashes. With mingled grief, astonishment, and delight, Jean observed the gardens and artificial watercourses. Next day they reached a town very similar, and others appeared at a distance on the line of march. Not a living soul they beheld; but the scouts ahead sent news that a vast army had collected to dispute the passage of a river.

Antoine paused some miles from it to collect his troops; meanwhile, against strictest orders, the advance engaged and were badly beaten. Survivors came racing back; Antoine hung every one. They said nothing as they suffered, and the bystanders said nothing, save Jean, whom his brother silenced impressively. "It's life and death for us now!" he said. "There's mutiny in this force!

Stick to your prayers and leave me to my business!"

Next day the great caciques advanced. Both sides of the ford were held by the enemy, who had raised no works. They used arrows and spears, tipped with flakes of obsidian, clubs set with spikes of the same, wooden swords ingeniously edged with it, that cut like glass. Chiefs carried weapons of hardened bronze, but these were probably valued for appearance, since they did not compare with swords of stone for utility.

When the invaders came within reach, the enemy charged under shelter of a cloud of arrows. It was a great fight, hand to hand, but at length the former gave way, and in a moment they were routed. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, vanquished and victor came tearing from the field. Antoine stood with his company about a mile behind. Vainly the caciques urged him to advance, and then they began to steal away. The small group of musketeers remained alone; many of the pursuers passed them, and arrows whistled by their ears. "Attention!" Antoine roared. "Fire a volley!"

At the sound and the flash enemies dropped, killed, wounded, and unhurt all together. The company doubled forward, crossed the stream without another shot, and pressed on. Neither foe nor friend they saw after ten minutes hurried marching—the former had vanished, the latter was collecting the spoil, and killing, performing, possibly, some awful rite. Antoine did not pause. He rode and tied with Jean, his soldiers shuffled through the dust in unwearying trot. After twenty miles of march they halted two hours in an empty town, and started once more. The guides declared that Cosigalpa lay but ten miles on, when they stopped for the night. At dawn came a deputation in humble dress; but superb coronets of plumes proclaimed their rank. Antoine replied he had no authority to treat. If the city surrendered, he would not harm it; that was all. Jean protested, but his brother shook him off. The embassy went back in haste, the pursuers close behind.

They saw Cosigalpa in the dewy light of morning, encircled by gardens and fields and orchards, brown villages

nestling under shade of palms and forest trees, white walls and buildings gleaming. The city covered a large space. Many great edifices overtopped its roofs, pyramids and terraced colonnades and long façades. High above all towered the *teocalli*, the polished slab upon its top glittering like a star. Lequeu remembered the description of Peten, as Valanzuela gives it. His heart ached to think that such destruction as befell the latter city might be repeated here, and through his means. But as he rode and sadly thought, figures appeared on the crown of the grand temple, surrounding the altar. Jean knew what rites they were going to perform and he urged on the march.

No one greeted the invaders as they swiftly neared the town. All the wide expanse about it was dense with hurrying groups who drove cattle or transported loads upon their heads in panic-struck confusion. The street they entered was desert. But on the distant housetops, down every byway, they saw thousands clustered watching the *teocalli*. It rose before them, alongside a vast palace. All the lower terraces were occupied, and at the top three or four white-robed priests were busy. Antoine held the horses' bridle as he ran; the Indians followed with but half a heart. At a turn of the street they reached the great square filled with an enormous throng of people, mostly armed, sitting on the earth. At that sight Antoine loosed his hold, to put his men in order. And Jean spurred forward, reached the foot of the steps, threw himself off his plunging horse, and ran up.

At that instant, huge drums tolled, whistles screamed, rasping the very ear. A priest whose white hair hung in a narrow circlet round his shaven tonsure stood on the edge of the altar platform and shrieked to the populace. Then broke out a roar of vengeful triumph. Arrows flew thick around Lequeu, some piercing his flesh. He bounded upward, and gained the lowest terrace. Here, on the left, stood a score of men, all decorated with the *quetzal* feathers. They surrounded a figure like a mummy, so wrinkled and dry its skin, so lifeless its eyes. Many strange trappings swathed it, all sewn with crests of humming-birds

that flashed brighter than jewels. It sat cross-legged upon a throne built of sculptured skulls, overshadowed by a grotesque panther, wide-eyed, wide-mouthed, an embodiment in stone of cruelty. The royal caciques feebly resisted, but Lequeu struck them down, upset their withered monarch, and dashed for the second flight of steps. The whizzing of arrows from below recommenced. And the weak old priests up above hurled their stone weapons of sacrifice, which gashed like razors though they could not stay. Lequeu was dyed in rushing blood as he gained the top, where a little throng of fanatics, screaming and tumultuous, opposed him. With a feint and a bound he escaped their senile grasp, sprang upward still, and stood upon the bloody platform. None occupied it but those awful things upon the altar, and the old priest who lay prostrate at the foot of a great idol. Unheeding him, Lequeu pushed the god with all his strength—as well might he have set his shoulder at the pyramid itself. His foot slipped on an object lying in the pools of blood—the sacrificial knife of obsidian, heavy as an axe. With that he struck the idol in its lolling tongue red with gore; a little chip flew off, and the knife shivered in a thousand pieces.

Bullets were already flying in the crowd below, but it seemed that they were waiting this supreme trial. The roar of horror and bewilderment mounted to Lequeu above like a strong wind. Headlong then the Indians fled, all who could run. And Lequeu, clinging to the idol for support, saw people drop from housetops, pour through the lanes, joining that multitude of rustic folk who had already taken flight. So their ancestors left Peten, near two hundred years ago—and his toils, his dangers, perhaps, as he feared, his sins, were wasted! He sank on the terrace, fainting with loss of blood.

What took place afterward Lequeu cannot tell from eyewitness. On recovery he found himself alone, in a bare chamber roofed with beams and slabs of stone. Food and *tisté* lay beside him. Presently Antoine arrived, but, finding his brother conscious, he was eager to be gone. The caciques declared that he had left them unsupported in the battle,



and if they could corrupt the little band of musketeers he and his brother were doomed. Antoine had sent trusty messengers to the king begging him to come. He dared not stay to talk; changed the bandages, renewed the store of victuals, and hurriedly departed. Such anxious, hasty interviews they had every day. Then Antoine announced that the king had started; but at the same time he gave his brother arms to meet a sudden attack. His own quarters were close by; at the sound of a pistol shot he would fly to the rescue, if it lay in his power. Meantime Lequeu did his utmost to gain strength, walking up and down his long chamber; at Antoine's pressing request he did not show outside. He gathered that the people of Cosigalpa had all left;—those too old or sick to move lay dead in their houses. The town had many fine buildings, and abundant evidence of those arts which we call civilized. But the plunder was not great, and, as he thought upon the matter, Antoine was keenly vexed to have forgotten common-sense under the fascination of weird stories. This part of the country does not furnish gold, so far as is known.

One day Antoine appeared with a coronet of *quetzal* feathers. The king had come and instantly had done him justice. But his air was sad and constrained. Taking his brother's hand, he said, "They will not let you stay, Jean, and they will not let me go. That is the price I pay for the good-will of the priests. I have struggled to the utmost, and it is of no use. I thought to make a fortune here and escape with you; or to found a kingdom, as many brave adventurers have done. In that I may still succeed; but we must part, brother. You will reach the frontier safely, for the officer of the escort is charged to bring me back a letter. Have no fear for yourself nor for me."

When Jean heard all the circumstances, he saw that he must leave, for a time. An expedition for rescue would be easily raised. But Antoine pointed out the perils and mischief of bringing wild hordes of Guatemalans into a country semi-civilized. They are still as barbarous as their forefathers who blew up Peten. He suggested another course. Jean might report to the Propaganda, might attend the council if he

could gain leave. And that august body would send a mission of devoted priests, with just guard enough to meet the dangers of the way. He would prepare the king's mind to receive them.

Next day Jean started in a hammock, reached his home in due course, and sent back word. Thence he proceeded to the capital, and drew up his report for the Propaganda. The archbishop relieved him from duty pending a reply, which did not arrive. I should think it probable the despatch lies unopened now. Next day, after telling Barbachella his story, Lequeu rode into Mosquito, and no more have I heard of him. But a prudent man is safe enough along the frontier, and he did not intend to venture far.

As for the truth of the tale I must say only this: the tradition of a civilized brave kingdom in Guatemala runs without a break from the seventeenth century to our time. Hundreds of matter-of-fact people dwelling in Chiapas, Vera Paz, and neighboring districts have noted incidents that support the legend. No man can authoritatively deny it. When Mazariegos discovered Peten, now called Flores, he did not doubt that this city was the Itzimaya. His official report is published. It did not strike him as wonderful when every inhabitant disappeared, not from the town only, but from the cultivated lands about. Mazariegos supposed they had fled into the neighboring woods, and he did not remain long enough to perceive that this was certainly not the explanation. We know now the Indians must have retired much farther. They went beyond any districts of which we have even report in detail. It is to the last degree improbable that a race so advanced could have fallen back into barbarism within the space of one generation. The popular notion is that somewhere in the remoter wilds betwixt Peten and Mexico the Indians whom Mazariegos conquered rebuilt their city and re-established their civilization. No man can contradict the wildest story whereof the scene is laid in those parts. Lequeu's report of the traditions lingering among those tribes the Indians must have passed through from Peten makes it at least consistent with probability that he has rediscovered the inhabitants of the famous inland city.—*Belgravia*.

## BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME.

BY A. LANG.

TO C. I. E. AND M. A. E.

THE painted Briton built his mound  
 And left his weary clay  
 On yonder slope of sunny ground,  
 That fronts your garden gay.  
 The Roman came, he seized the sway,  
 He bullied, bought, and sold;  
 The fountain sweeps his works away,  
 Within your manor old!

But still his worn old coins are found  
 Within the window-bay,  
 Where once he listened to the sound  
 That lulls you day by day;  
 The sound of summer winds at play,  
 The sound of waters cold,  
 To Yarty wand'ring on their way,  
 Within your manor old.

The Roman passed: his firm-set bound  
 Became the Saxon's stay,  
 Church bells made music all around,  
 For monks in cloisters gray;  
 Till fled the monks in disarray,  
 From their warm chantry's fold;  
 Old abbots slumber as they may,  
 Within your manor old!

## ENVOY.

Creeds, empires, peoples—all decay,  
 Down into darkness rolled;  
 May life that's fleet be sweet, I pray,  
 Within your manor old.

—*Longman's Magazine.*

## ITALIAN STUDIES.

## THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.

THE first sight of an Italian Carnival is generally disappointing to all but the very young. In many of the larger towns all that the stranger sees of the celebrated festival are a few groups of shabby maskers, whose purpose is evidently profit rather than pleasure, and who endeavor to extract soldi from the pockets of the simple foreigner by the repetition of obsolete jokes and mechanical antics. In Rome and Naples, it is

true, the processions are occasionally even more splendid than they used to be. Both cities depend to a large extent on their English, American, and Russian visitors. An unusual influx of these is what a remarkable vintage or olive harvest is to a country district; their rarity is dearth, their absence famine. As with the grape and olive, too, their quality is of greater importance than their quantity, and the innkeepers declare that the for-

mer has deteriorated of late. This is chiefly due to the increased ease of travelling. Formerly a journey to Italy was the great event in the lives of many men. It was the conclusion of a young noble's education, the cherished purpose for which poor scholars hoarded their scanty savings. And Rome was the place in which both were anxious to appear at their best. Did not the good, frugal wife of Herder insist that her husband ought to procure a violet silk coat—at Dalberg's expense, of course—in order that he might represent the Protestant Church of Weimar with fitting dignity in the city of the Popes? It may well be believed that whole batches of Gaze's tourists do not leave so much money behind them as one of the old "Milordi" who used to take princely apartments for the winter and surround themselves with large retinues. But, besides this, the Romans had a special cause of complaint. After the fall of the temporal power of the Popes, the splendor of the great religious functions of the Holy Week was overclouded. Believers who had no special business at the Papal Court shrank from visiting the scene of what they considered a great desecration; while one of its chief attractions for the mere sightseer was removed. Under these circumstances, great efforts were made to increase the glory of the carnival; large sums of money were subscribed, and to take a conspicuous part in it was considered a sign of attachment to the new dynasty. Naples, the shrewd and somewhat envious rival of Rome for the affections of the moneyed foreigner, soon followed the example of the capital. Ever since the system of short Italian tours began, the innkeepers of each city have been able to assure their guests that a dreadful fever is ravaging the other. They are subtle and persuasive reasoners, and possess a medical and geological knowledge which is rather surprising to find in a class which is not usually numbered among the learned professions. But like other great authorities they are unfortunately apt to disagree. While the Neapolitans have excellent grounds for asserting that an eruption of Vesuvius may take place at any moment and cannot possibly be delayed beyond a certain number of weeks, the Romans can

prove by equally weighty arguments that, under the well-known and carefully ascertained conditions of the time, such an event is clearly impossible. Scientific differences of this kind frequently lead to social emulation, as we know by the sad fate of Heine's hero who was obliged to fight a duel to establish the fundamental doctrine of all theology. So as soon as Rome had a successful Carnival, it was clear that Naples must have one too; since then her efforts have been great, though somewhat spasmodic, and once at least the southern city bore away the palm. The procession that moved through her streets during Victor Emmanuel's visit was probably the most magnificent that ever graced such a festival.

Though the most striking feature of the Roman Carnival, the race of the wild unriden horses from one end of the town to the other, has been abolished in consequence of an accident that happened a few years ago, the traveller who desires nothing but a spectacle will therefore find enough to satisfy him in either of the cities we have mentioned, if the weather be fine and the year favorable. Both on the Corso and the Toledo he may see masks as quaint and groups as varied as those that Goethe figured and described; the flowers and the sugar-plums fall as thickly as ever, and the plaster pellets sting as sharply as heretofore; and yet to many of us something seems wanting which the old poets and novelists taught us to expect. It is not merely that the glamor of romance is gone, that no queenly form beckons to the moody stranger, that no elfish dwarf thrusts a love-letter into his hand; nor is it that we are old and lonely, and therefore find the bright scene wearisome, as Goethe told Crabb Robinson he himself had done. It is in the Italian groups that we look for something that is not there. Their costumes are far more costly than we had imagined they would be; but where is the thoughtless and innocent mirth, where are the wild outbursts of perfectly harmless fun? The form of the Carnival is with us still, has the spirit flown forever? The only persons in whom it still seems to live are the youths and maidens of England and America, who pelt and chase each other wildly for an hour

or two, and then go home to write rapturous letters to distant friends about the light-heartedness of the Italians. Why is this? Many explanations have been given; some say the people are ground down with taxes till all the old merriment is crushed out of them, and others that they were formerly children, but that politics have made men of them, and they have cast away childish things. Others again argue that the sight of foreign luxury has robbed them of their old capacity to enjoy simple mirth and inexpensive fun. You are so wearied and dispirited that you scarcely care; you get out of the crowd as quickly as you can, and wend your way to the "Wapping of Rome," where you know a little tavern in which a sound old wine may be had. There you cast aside your domino and mask. At the other end of the high damp vaulted room, or rather cellar, a number of respectable shopkeepers are seated round an oil lamp. They are celebrating their Carnival with an extra *fiasco* or two of the right sort. You will follow their example, only you do not want the light; it is pleasant to sit in darkness and moralize of the dreariness of all official holidays. You have hardly drunk your second glass, however, when a sound of suppressed tittering is heard at the door, and an old woman enters in her everyday costume followed by a bevy of masked girls. Their dresses have evidently been patched together out of old odds and ends, but they have the true old Roman grace and bearing, and you can see at a glance that the true spirit of the carnival is alive in every pulse. They can hardly restrain their laughter while their venerable leader demands the best and oldest wine, and they turn to drink it so that no one may recognize them when they lift the dark veil which hangs from their half masks and hides the lower part of their face. When they have finished, the old lady advances to the table and says to one of those who are seated there: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that you have been selected to pay for our wine. And, oh!" she adds, in a very audible whisper, "if you only knew who drank it, you would consider this the happiest day in all your life." A shout of laughter arises, and everybody wants to know the secret name. After a long apparent

hesitation, during which all the girls have escaped, the crone reveals the Christian name of somebody whom the victim is supposed to affect, or, failing this, she boldly cites one of the greatest and most beautiful ladies in the noble families of Rome. It is characteristic of the Italians that this joke is never played off upon a stranger or a poor man, unless a priest happen to be seated among the rest, when he is selected as a matter of course; but in that case it is understood that the whole company pays the very inconsiderable tax.

But, if you have any of the electricity of the time about you, you have not waited to watch this scene, but have put on your cloak and mask and quickly followed the girls. If you find them laughingly crouching in some byway, do not seem to notice them, but keep them carefully in sight. After indulging in a good many jests, they will probably pass through a low archway, and, when you attempt to follow them, a porter will demand your ticket or your name. You answer, you are a poor brother of the Carnival—too poor, in fact, to possess either. In that case, he will tell you there is dancing in such or such a place, to which you will doubtless be welcome, but this is a private society. In the mean time two or three of the young men who manage the affair will probably have made their appearance. You single out the most forbidding of them, and, turning to him, you say: "Sir, I have a secret to impart; if you knew it, I think you would sympathize with me." He steps forward; and you continue, in a whisper as audible as you can make it: "Pity me; I have fallen in love with a lady whose name and address I have no means of finding out, but who has just entered this gate. I only wish to speak to her for a moment. You would not like to be obliged to step over my corpse on leaving your ball—at least I think you would not." "But what kind of a lady is it?" he will probably ask, suspiciously. "An unmasked lady, who entered with a number of masked attendants a few minutes ago"; and here you must describe the duenna as graphically and satirically as you can, always adding when you have dwelt on her game eye, her hunchback, or her wry leg, that there is an indescribable



charm in this which has captivated your heart. Some such jest is almost sure to secure your admission to any popular Carnival dance that is worth the visiting, at least in Rome. But you must keep up your part for the evening, and be prodigal and extravagant in your admiration of your partner, who will in all probability play the prude, the coy, the tender, and the offended maiden, by turns, with no inconsiderable skill. When you enter all the male part of the company will crowd round you with their glasses, and you must take a sip from each—not to do so would be an offence—then you must order wine and offer your own full glass to each in turn. That is the only expense you need incur; but it may be well to slip out in an hour or two and purchase as many sweetmeats as you can carry. The landlord will lend you a tray, and you and the lady of your adoration may carry them round and request the other ladies to partake of them in honor of your betrothal. A bottle or two of wine at the same time for the male part of the assembly would not be out of place; but, above all things, take care not to be ostentatious.

What renders such evenings possible is the extraordinary tact of the lower-class Italians. The old woman with whom you have carried on your mock flirtation may perhaps unexpectedly turn out to be your own washerwoman, but she will never refer to the subject unless you do so, nor will any of the merry company bow to you in the street unless you encourage them. But to continue the description. The ball-room is probably large and high, but it is furnished only with chairs hired for the occasion from some neighboring church; the music is somewhat worse than middling, but the fun grows heartier and the dancing wilder from hour to hour. If you wish to take part in the latter, you must ask the dame of your choice to stand up with you. After she has hobbled a few paces and returned to her seat, girl after girl will ask her permission to dance with you, and you too are free to choose what partner you will. At last the moment for unmasking comes, and now you may admire not only the stately forms and graceful movements, but the dark, passionate, unfathomable eyes. Take care, however, not to look too

deeply into any single pair of them; the youths around you, for all their soft manners and careless gayety, have sharp knives in their pockets, and there are many dark corners between here and your lodgings.

#### VENDETTA IN NAPLES.

A foreign visitor to Naples who glances through the police reports in one of the local papers will probably form but a poor opinion of the security of the city. He will read, among other things, that from four to five persons are on an average daily found stabbed in the streets, and that those of the victims who are still living almost without exception declare that they are unable to supply any information with respect to their assailants. This in itself is startling; but when he learns that neither the killed nor the wounded have been robbed of a penny, his surprise will increase, and he will not improbably arrive at the conclusion that the town is infested by a band of miscreants who take a disinterested pleasure in murder, and look upon stabbing as a legitimate form of sport. The fact is that these crimes have all their origin in the vendetta, and that the lips of the sufferers are sealed by a sense of honor not more perverse than that which would prevent any gentleman from reporting the name of an opponent by whom he had been wounded in a duel. Both the vendetta and the duel are unquestionably barbarous and immoral; but to take an unfair advantage in either is base, and this is a baseness of which the lowest of the *lazzaroni*, to do him justice, is rarely guilty, even in his death agony.

The Neapolitans boast that they are not a revengeful people; and this is true if we compare them only with the Corsicans and the Calabrese. They stand too fully under the impression of the moment; they are too light-hearted and also too good-natured to hoard up the memory of an insult as if it were a secret treasure, and to wait and watch patiently for years for an opportunity of wiping it out in blood. Hence family feuds are almost unknown among them, though family is constantly quarrelling with family. Almost as soon as the traveller southward passes Salerno, he finds himself among a different race.

The forms are taller and sturdier, the features more strongly marked, and the movements heavier, but at the same time more decisive; energy is no longer expended in constant gesticulation; the faces of men and women alike are stern, almost forbidding, in their aspect, though he can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that there is more physical beauty here than in the region he has just left. The population seems to be wanting in the imagination, the spontaneity, the quick responsiveness, the poetry, the wit, and the humor of the Neapolitans, though their unintelligible dialect renders it impossible for him to be quite certain that he may not be mistaken on any of these points; but he feels that the persons whom he meets, though less amiable, are men on whose friendship he could rely more firmly, and whose enmity he would have more reason to dread. He has entered the country of the true vendetta.

Yet in Naples, too, as we have seen, it exists, though in a far milder form, and it is easier there to obtain trustworthy information about it. It is not the wild and reckless vengeance which foreigners usually suppose, but vengeance reduced to rule and recognized by public opinion. It is only in the most highly-civilized societies that men are content to intrust the defence of their honor to the law. Indeed, England is almost the only country in Europe in which the upper classes do so frankly. Everywhere else it is felt that there are personal wrongs which must be personally avenged, and any attempt to bring these before the public tribunals is considered an act of cowardice. What constitutes a technical insult of this kind is a question on which we cannot enter here, as the details of the code differ in different countries, and even in different classes; but it is perfectly well known to all whom it concerns. Now the *lazzaroni* entertain these feelings as strongly as the most chivalrous nobles; the vendetta is their duel, and any peasant or fisherman who shrinks from entering upon one when due cause is given is treated with as much contempt by his equals as a German officer would be if he refused a challenge. This explains a fact that has often puzzled strangers. When a man has been stabbed the sym-

pathy of the populace is almost invariably on the side of the assailant, whom they consider the probable victim of an unjust and cruel law. The act of which he has been guilty is no crime in their eyes. They know that his life would have been rendered intolerable if he had not committed it, and that now the only prospect before him, if he be discovered, is death or a lifelong ignominy. In the old days the brigands were constantly recruited by men who had had such a "misfortune," and who fled to the mountains to escape the galleys.

Vendetta may be incurred in a number of different ways. When a man has been slain or a woman seduced, the duty of revenging the act falls upon the nearest male relative, though if he be advanced in years it will probably be undertaken by a younger kinsman. In these cases punishment follows as a matter of course, and no warning need be given. The worst of personal insults is a remark casting direct obloquy on a parent, especially a dead mother. Merely to curse her soul is comparatively harmless, and even an allusion to her past life need not be taken amiss. There are a number of Neapolitan expressions which a stranger rarely hears, as they are only used for purposes of provocation, and which, with a very different meaning, have the same weight which such terms as *liar* or *coward* would have if addressed to a Continental officer. A blow from a master or an acknowledged superior is rarely seriously resented; from an equal it is said that one given with a stick may be forgiven, while one with the hand must be avenged. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate information as to this and several other points in the *lazzaroni's* code of honor.

As soon as a man feels himself aggrieved he must give fair notice to his enemy; even if he intends to avenge the insult on the spot, he must allow his opponent time to unclasp his knife. Nor is this all. There is a strange courtesy and consideration for others in these hot-blooded Neapolitan beggars. A crime of violence is very rarely committed in the house of a friend or in a tavern, as this would cause the host unpleasantness. When young men quarrel over their wine, they do not fly at once at each other's throats; they talk and

gesticulate fiercely, so that the stranger thinks a free fight may begin at any moment. While the noise lasts there is no danger; as soon as the matter grows serious those concerned become quiet and drop away in groups to settle their differences where nobody but themselves will have to bear the consequences.

A warning of vendetta may be given in so many words; but this is rarely done except in private, as, if the threat were known, the danger of the victor would be increased. The language of signs which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows is generally made use of, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and forefinger together in such a way as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sampson and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war. This gesture, however, has fallen a good deal out of use of late, as it is apt to attract attention, and it is said to be discouraged by the Camorra.

When the warning has once been given and understood, the claims of honor are satisfied. From thenceforth each opponent is free to guard his own life and attempt that of his adversary as best he can. He may lurk in dark and lonely corners, and stab him in the back without shame. This, which seems to an Englishman the foulest spot in the vendetta, has certainly been spreading of late years, since the vigilance of the police have rendered a fair combat almost impossible, and cunning and secrecy are the only arts by which the victor can hope to escape. In the old days, when an offence was slight, a fair combat with knives which ended in a scratch is said to have been thought as satisfactory by the *lazzaroni* as it still is by the journalists of Paris, though the fiercer kind of vendetta has always existed in the south. Yet, even when it assumes its wildest form, there are considerations that will stay the hand of the avenger. We have the following story on what seems to us good authority. A Calabrese who had incurred vendetta fled to the neighborhood of Naples, and

remained there between five and six years. A marriage then took place in his family; it was desirable that he should be present, and he thought the interval was long enough to permit him to visit his home in safety. He invited one of his new friends to accompany him. They met his old opponent in the street, and he passed them without notice; but, on meeting the Neapolitan alone one evening in the tavern, he treated him with very marked, though not effusive, courtesy. The two acquaintances returned to Naples without the slightest unpleasantness. A year or so later, the Calabrese, thinking that the affair had blown over, resolved to settle once more in his native place. In a very few days he was found stabbed to death. After some years the Neapolitan once more accepted an invitation to the village, and when there spoke about the murder of his friend to the tavern-keeper. "It was the old vendetta, of course." "Yes, but — had several opportunities during the wedding; why did not he take advantage of any of them?" "That would have been painful to you, and no Calabrese would willingly be rude to a foreign guest." There was a good deal of provincial bravado in the reply, no doubt; but the sentiment that prompted it was real. That was what the innkeeper thought it would be truly noble to do; perhaps, after all, it was what — did.

To return to Naples. Men will often speak in the heat of a moment words which they regret when they are cool. A vendetta seldom arises out of these, unless the two opponents are alone and draw their knives almost at once. If they have companions, two parties are immediately formed by a common understanding, and each of the adversaries is accompanied home by his supporters on roundabout ways which prevent the chance of a meeting. One friend has cigars to buy at a particular shop, another must pay a little account, a third is obliged to speak a word or two with his cousin. The rage of both the adversaries has generally cooled down considerably before they reach their own doors, and in an hour or so afterward they are ready to listen to reason. If the case be a difficult one, a Camorrist is called in as umpire to decide who has

been technically in the wrong, and the man against whom judgment is given is expected not only to make an apology to his opponent, but to invite him, the friends who prevented the fray, and above all the Camorrist, to a sumptuous dinner. It may be remarked here that the Camorra undertakes the task of avenging the wrongs done to its own members. If any one of them be killed or wounded, his kinsmen are informed that they have neither the duty nor the right to undertake the vendetta; vengeance in such a case belongs to the association alone, and it rarely fails in inflicting it.

Old men among the Lazzaroni assert that the vendetta has been demoralized of late. Thirty years ago the offences that must be answered by the knife were clearly known. Now, men stab each other in a passing fit of passion, or, what is worse, from rivalry in business, and the populace which would formerly

have torn such a culprit to pieces is now eager to screen him. They complain that in momentary encounters the due notice is not always fairly given, but that a man often draws his own knife from his pocket and even unclasp it before he speaks a word of warning, and that such an act of murder, not vendetta, is not sufficiently resented. Whether these things are so or not we cannot say, and we have no desire either to contribute to the re-establishment of the vendetta in Italy or to acclimatize it in England. If we have thought it worth while to give this rough sketch of its character, it is because it is the last poor and degraded survival of a condition of things through which every civilized country in Europe has passed, and which, when it was in the ascendent, formed the theme of a thousand romances, some of which are not yet forgotten.—*Saturday Review*.

---

#### PLATFORM WOMEN.

BY MARGARET LONSDALE.

O it is not loud tones and mouthiness,  
'Tis not the arms akimbo and large strides,  
That make a woman's force. The tiniest birds  
With softest downy breasts have passions in  
them,  
And are brave with love.

THERE is no doubt a general tendency among women, both in our own country and in America toward public speaking. Why is there this tendency, and what is at the bottom of it? for it is not only that women for the most part aspire toward a religious ministry in their generation (which would be an ambition both intelligible and laudable), but that on questions of reform, social as well as moral, in political and philanthropic matters, they insist on being seen as well as heard.

We women seem to be specially fitted for the work of teaching; we bring to bear upon it great patience, power of entering into minute detail, and, above all, imagination, which enables us to put ourselves into the mental condition of our pupils. Although there are objections to women as teachers of men, yet there are instances in which they have been specially successful. Hypatia, the Alexandrian, taught and lectured to

men, so did a few noble and highly cultivated dames in Italian cities during mediæval times. The distinction between teaching and speaking is not easy to define, and yet there does exist a very marked line of distinction. A teacher does not put himself forward, but rather the matter which he has to impart, and although his own personality does, and indeed must, pervade his teaching if it is to be in any degree instinct with life, it is not the main part of his business to insist upon it. If he be really a first-rate teacher, he keeps himself in the background as much as is consistent with making his subject acceptable and intelligible to his pupils.

The reverse is, and must be, the case in public speaking of any kind. The fact of being raised upon a platform, either actual or implied, in order to deliver yourself of your opinion on a question, political, moral, or religious, demands that your individuality shall be brought into the foreground, and shall be made, of necessity, to play a large part in the effect produced upon your audience.

Now, is it intended, or is it desirable,



that the personal influence of a woman should be employed in this direction? Her beauty or her ugliness, her grace or her awkwardness, her charm of voice and manner, or her brusqueness of speech and address, is it well that all these things should be brought to bear upon her audience, and displayed to the aid or to the detriment of the cause she advocates?

It seems to me that the personal attributes which play a secondary part in teaching, are, in speaking, of primary importance. Here may therefore be drawn a true, though by no means the only, line between woman as a teacher and woman as a public speaker. Teaching is suitable to women because it can be done only on certain subjects and within certain limits, and because it implies superiority in the teacher over the persons taught, and again, submission on the part of the pupil.

Yet the question of how far women may go in teaching on religious subjects opens so wide a door, and so nearly suggests preaching, which, in spite of good and learned opinion to the contrary, appears to an unprejudiced mind to be distinctly forbidden to women by the inspired St. Paul, that great caution is needed, if women are to instruct other grown men and women in religion, that it does not become preaching.

The teaching of spiritual and religious truths to children of both sexes is so distinctly a woman's work that no comment upon it can be necessary beyond the obvious remark that it would be well if more educated women would employ themselves, their high cultivation, and their imaginative faculties more largely in this direction. I am not now speaking so much of their home duties, because the instruction of her own children in religion is understood to be incumbent on every mother, but rather of the children of the lower orders, who are left to be educated (for that is the much-abused word which is employed) by crammed machines, who are only capable of making other machines of their pupils. And when the mechanical principle comes to be applied to religious teaching, in which, if ever, appeal should be made through the teacher's noble faculties of imagination and feeling to those of the child, the results are in a

high degree unsatisfactory. So that here, alone a field of wide and vast usefulness, of which the end even cannot be foreseen, is open to the cultivated woman.

Again, the woman who makes literature her occupation, and who tries to influence or to teach the world by means of her written thoughts, and gives it in this way the benefit of her imaginative faculties, is a public character only in so far as she chooses; her private personal feelings may be unknown and even unguessed at; she may remain a wholly fictitious personage in the eyes of the world. In a word, the natural right of privacy of the literary man or woman is uninvaded, and yet they may influence, have influenced, and will still influence, the whole civilized world. Witness, shades of Sir Walter Scott, of George Eliot, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (for whose life among them the Florentines have inscribed their gratitude upon the walls of her house), nay, the great master and depicter of human nature itself, to the truth of my assertion. The distinction, therefore, which I have drawn between teaching and public speaking exists equally between writers and speakers.

But teaching and literature are quiet fields of usefulness in these days of excitement, and they are hardly enough to satisfy the cravings of ambition. A desire to be a *visible* power in the world around us, to exercise a conscious and widely-felt influence on our equals of both sexes, to make our opinions on questions, social, moral, and religious, heard, and, if possible, entertained by certain sections of the public, if not by the world at large, to leave a mark which shall be seen by all, and a gap which shall be felt by the many instead of the few; this is woman's ambition and aim in these latter days.

And surely a righteous aim, a most worthy ambition! Let women only be sure that they are pursuing the right road to their attainment, that they are not eating ashes for bread, taking bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness, that they are really gainers, and are not letting what is valuable slip from their hold, while they are grasping at what may after all hardly prove to be a substance worth possessing.

It is nothing new, this desire to play a public part in the life of the world ; educated women of all ages have felt it, and it is only, I believe, put prominently forward just now because more women are in a position to feel their intellectual power than was formerly the case.

Names like those of Hypatia, Catherine of Siena, Vittoria Colonna, Elizabeth of Hungary, and, nearer our own time, Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Nassau Senior, rise to our recollection as among those who, in their separate ways, tried to benefit their generation by putting themselves personally forward either as public teachers, speakers, or leaders of a movement in a new and sometimes startling direction. But of all these women, as of one or two still living whose names will readily occur, it may be said that they were exceptions, single instances perhaps, or nearly single, in their own century. They had followers, but scarcely imitators. What they spoke came out as it were in spite of themselves ; they were enthusiasts pure and simple in the different causes of morality, religion, ethics, philanthropy. Some of these women moved the world at large, not so much because they stood upon a platform themselves, but because they were enthusiasts, and were therefore able to make their subject assume large proportions and fill a platform. And enthusiasm is still, as it always has been, one of the very few levers by which this world can be raised. Thus carried out of and beyond themselves, a few women have moved that portion of the world which they desired to lift, and have left great names behind them. Were it possible to imitate them successfully, even once a century, the world might be the better for it. Meanwhile we are surely in danger of confounding real enthusiasm with restless craving for excitement, and absorption in a vital question affecting the world at large with the desire for a platform on which to exhibit our dissatisfied restlessness.

How will the world be the better for the public-speaking women of our own day is the question before us, for of course the bettering of society at large is universally acknowledged to be the object of all public speaking and teaching on whatever subject. That immediate good results may be traced to women's work

in this direction, among educated men and women, as well as among men and women the very lowest of the low and most corrupt of the corrupt, no reasonable person can doubt. A woman's powers of persuasion are great, her personal attractiveness, be she young or old, is often greater still ; she possesses, as a rule, a larger share of energy and perseverance than men, she has an unmistakable gift of speech, she can be eloquent and heart-stirring in her appeals to the imagination of her hearers, even addresses to their sense and reason are not wanting. If she be not always as logical as she is heart-stirring, logic is not what is mainly wanted in speakers, though it may be granted that some very few women (and only some few men !) have strictly logical minds.

I would admit all this fully and heartily, and yet I must also declare that there are serious intellectual drawbacks (apart from any others) to women as public orators. We commonly allow ourselves (and this I regard as part of our physical constitution, and dependent upon it), when we feel strongly on any subject, to become mentally warped in that direction. We are no longer able to see it in its true bearings as it stands in relation to other things, it fills our whole horizon (justly it may be, and even necessarily), and therefore we see no reason why it should not fill the horizon of every one else, to the exclusion and almost to the extinction of matters which are in themselves perhaps equally important, and which may be to other people of greater significance than what we have in hand. When, therefore, we force our particular subject, as likewise our own special view of it, on the minds of others (it may be, less educated minds than our own, and therefore in our power as regards the immediate impression to be produced upon them), we do certainly achieve our object, we oblige our hearers to take our view of the matter, but if it be a warped or a one-sided view, how do we thereby contribute to the improvement of the world ? All teaching is of course open to this objection, since a man may be narrow-minded and warped as well as a woman, but I believe that we women have this one-sided tendency to such a marked degree that we are usually unable to control it.

Education only increases our unfitness as public teachers and speakers, since with education our power of using influence fairly or unfairly also increases.

Further, not only is the calm judicial quality usually absent from our natures, but common fairness under argument or opposition of any kind is apt to desert us. We are ready to measure ourselves with men, and yet we require of them that they shall treat us with the courtesy and consideration which used to be accorded to old-fashioned weak-minded women, and we lose our self-possession, if not exactly our temper, because we have deliberately put ourselves outside the pale by our own act and by the declaration of our ability to stand alone.

Here it becomes desirable to notice, though for a moment only in passing, the physical disqualifications of women for any sustained or prolonged public effort. Our conditions of being are against us, and let those who have made such efforts say whether they have not paid either in the quality of their work, or in the health of their bodies, and through these, in their tempers, ay, and in their intellects too, for the strain which they have put upon themselves in order to sustain their parts. This, however, is hardly a part of our subject, and is only a digression, because it applies to actresses, to public singers and readers, to medical women, women artists and others, of whom we are not speaking, because the following of their professions implies no *personal* display whatever, and may be consistent with the utmost actual privacy.

But admitting all that has been said, and that it cannot be denied that, with many drawbacks, the immediate results produced by women speakers are great, the question reduces itself to a simple one. Is the game worth the candle? Let us weigh the results against the grave difficulties to which the present condition of women's minds on this subject is likely in the long run to give rise. Already unpleasant consequences are apparent. The attitude of some of the best men and women toward women who present themselves upon platforms verges upon repulsion. These are the beginnings of sorrows; and, alas, we women are not far-sighted. We commonly act upon impulse, and by this I

do not mean that we immediately follow an impulse, but that on the whole we are governed by impulse. Nay, we care often only for results which we can measure, and which we can see are pretty certain to follow closely upon our actions. We fail to grasp that, in the long run, we may risk the loss of what is more really valuable than any new possession; we may forfeit what has been ours by right of inheritance by long centuries of possession, what might have been ours, or, better still, the world's, for centuries to come.

In self-assertion we lose respect. By insisting upon our own opinion on subjects of which, owing to our condition as well as our education, we cannot see or understand all the bearings, we let go the justly and righteously high honor in which on certain points the instincts of a woman have always been held. By demanding as our right (what can be accorded only to our pertinacity) power in political and social affairs, we are losing insensibly and gradually it may be, but still losing, the natural influence which belongs to every woman more or less, according to her own force of character, over the men and women who come within her private circle, and who are therefore naturally under the dominion of her personal attractiveness. Women who are exhibiting themselves, their persons, talents, and opinions, upon platforms (for exhibiting is often the only word to use), these also, although they may perhaps be doing a certain amount of immediate good in their own line, are unconsciously helping to lower the standard of womanhood in the eyes of the world at large. They are descending from their firm pedestal hewn from the solid rock of the honor and glory, ay, and the heroism of their sex in ages past, and are anxiously engaged in scrambling up a ladder, each treading upon the other's heels, and trying to get to the top first in spite of broken steps. It will be well if the ladder itself be not destined soon to give way under the unnatural pressure, long before the wished-for platform of the house-top is reached. They are bartering the acknowledged sovereignty and boundless influence of gentleness, softness, and quiet dignity, which once belonged to them as an undisputed right, for an un-

certain kingdom, held by declamation and opinionativeness and by determined meddling with legislation, the very drift of some of which they are unable to appreciate. It is just possible that occasionally a man's vanity may lead him to allow his wife to distinguish herself upon a platform, even though at the same time the display may lower herself in his eyes, but what is to become of all the finer delicacy of feeling, and of the quiet, almost nameless, intangible quality which we call influence? For a platform woman *must* strive, she must oppose herself to those who differ from her; she may have to suffer rudeness and contempt at their hands, she must assert herself, and make herself a very different creature from that which we should wish our children to possess as a recollection of their mothers, or our brothers of their sisters.

To rub off the bloom, to blow away the aroma, so soon alas! got rid of that we appear hardly to be aware any longer of its existence, to banish good taste, the appreciation for what is refined and retiring and fitting in a woman's nature, and to do all this in the name of religion or philanthropy, is this to improve the world at large? We present ourselves before our children or our younger sisters as talking machines, too often one-sided, with only one idea, as specimens of what they too may become when by aid of our example they shall have rid themselves of all latent feelings of retirement, and quietness, and dislike of being stared at bodily and spiritually by the multitude, and shall have put on, like their elders, a panoply of self-assertion which gradually thickens and becomes a brazen front upon which nothing short of an arrow or a sword-thrust can make a mark or leave an impression.

It will be objected that these are hard words, that they do not adequately describe many of the cultivated women who speak in public, and who are yet gentle and quiet in their homes, and temperate even in their mental attitude toward others. That such women exist, I am well aware, but they are found now chiefly among the old-fashioned leaders of what used to be called the "blue-stockings," and they are fast giving way to the more pushing and ex-

aggerated sort of woman. These kindly ladies still get up, spectacled and scientific-looking, and read papers at Social Science Congresses, or mildly address young women on abstruse and purely intellectual subjects, but they are not to be spoken of in the same breath with their more advanced sisters.

The mental and moral condition which the modern platform woman herself exhibits is the surest proof of the mischief which public speaking is working by her agency on the community at large—the gradual hardening of the countenance and of the external manner and address, indicating too surely the real repression going on within of much that is lovable and admirable in a woman. No repose, outwardly or mentally, is to be found in her society, she produces a strong impression of unnaturalness, and of living in antagonism with the world around her; an unfortunate frame of mind which has to be fostered, since her position is not yet, thank heaven, by any means an assured one, and must be struggled for and pursued under protest from a large section of both sexes. Who does not know the shudder with which a sensitive, highly wrought, fastidious man or woman speaks of those whose persons are continually before the world, whose names are bandied about, whose principles are discussed in half the drawing-rooms of London? "That dreadful woman" is the mildest time applied to them. Even the harder-natured part of the community receives shocks from its public-speaking sisters occasionally with a shrug of the shoulders, and makes jokes at their expense. And the meaning of it all is that the women who take up a personally prominent position in the world are distasteful to the good sense and refined feeling of the majority, and therefore that female influence in the world is degenerating. Their power may be increasing (but that I take leave still to doubt), but in their proper sphere, a small, it may be only a home circle, their once all-powerful influence is waning. Would not true width of intellect, true largeness of heart and soul, be shown by submitting to live in what seems a small space—by seeking to influence what appear to be few men and women, to bring up a few children faith-



fully—by realizing that a narrow sphere does not imply narrow sympathy—that in fact “the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you

and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs?”—*Nineteenth Century*.

---

MACHIAVELLI.

BY P. F. WILLERT.

IN our own, as in other European languages, the name of Machiavelli is a household word, and has supplied a term of reproach loosely given to all dishonest and unscrupulous policy. Yet probably to the majority of educated men, even “The Prince,”\* the most famous, if not the best, of his works, is known only by reputation, and a scholarly translation of that renowned treatise is therefore neither inopportune nor superfluous. Mr. C. Detmold has undertaken a more ambitious task. He has published in four handsome volumes a translation of the collected historical and political works of the Florentine statesman.† Mr. Detmold has done his work with care and ability, and it is perhaps hypercritical to remark that he has not reproduced the admirable lucidity and terse vigor of Machiavelli’s style, and that a careful comparison of his translation with the original discloses here and there trifling inaccuracies.

The appearance of these translations permits an English reader to form his own judgment on Machiavelli’s writings: but such a judgment must be erroneous, or at best imperfect, unless the student of Machiavelli has a sufficient knowledge of the conditions under which he wrote, the circumstances which inspired him, the age which he addressed. Such knowledge is amply supplied by Professor Villari’s life of Machiavelli, the English version of which ‡ has just been

completed. After marvelling at the ingenious perversity of so many of his predecessors, we are disposed to rate the acuteness and sobriety of judgment, shown by Signor Villari, even more highly than the thorough knowledge of his subject which we expected as a matter of course from an historian whose intimate acquaintance with the Italy of the fifteenth century needed no further proof.

Machiavelli is far from being one of the most attractive in that brilliant series of great men who, during three centuries, maintained the supremacy of Italy in every province of literature and art. The circumstances of his life were neither romantic nor striking. He served his country with a loyal and unwearying devotion, but the part he played was obscure, and the stage narrow. The misfortunes of his later days touch us, not because they extend beyond our experience, but rather because we find in them so much of the common lot of humanity, disappointed ambition, capacities, real or fancied, which are denied the opportunities of action, ideal aspirations obscured by the sordid realities of poverty. Machiavelli meanly dressed, drinking and wrangling with boors in a wayside pot-house, is a striking instance of fortune’s irony; but we miss the tragic grandeur of that nobler Florentine, walking with unimpaired dignity through the antechambers of the Scala, or pointed at with awe in the streets of Ravenna. Nor are the qualities of Machiavelli’s writings, however eminent, those which command general popularity and widespread fame.

It may, therefore, appear remarkable that, after being the subject of uninterrupted literary controversy during three centuries, no other Italian author should in our own time have attracted so much of the attention of his country-

\* “The Prince.” By Niccolò Machiavelli, Citizen and Secretary of Florence. Translated from the Italian by N. H. J. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1882.

† “The Historical, Political, and Diplomatic Writings of Niccolò Machiavelli.” Translated by C. Detmold. 4 vols. Trübner & Co., 1883.

‡ “Niccolò Machiavelli and his Times.” By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 4 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.)

men. Yet the reason is not far to seek. The theme on which Machiavelli insisted, and to which he constantly returned, the object and the excuse of his statecraft, was twofold—the expulsion of the barbarians and the establishment of an Italian kingdom as the necessary condition of national unity and regeneration. It is therefore natural that an age which, after sharing in these hopes, has seen their realization, should revere in him a prophet and a guide. Another great people has in this century attained to unity and freedom from foreign interference, and we are not surprised to find the Machiavelli has been studied as carefully and sympathetically by Germans as by his own countrymen. Too many, no doubt, of the measures he recommends, may be, as he himself allows, opposed not only to the precepts of our religion, but even to the plain dictates of humanity; yet we cannot deny that if Germany has become great and Italy free, it has been by following a policy which the Florentine secretary would not have disavowed. It may therefore not be without interest shortly to recapitulate the most important facts of Machiavelli's life, and to offer such considerations as may enable the reader to decide for himself the few and simple issues which can be raised about the character and objects of the political treatises of the Florentine secretary.

Machiavelli was born in May, 1469, of an old Florentine family, not noble, but reckoned among the notable plebeian houses of the Guelf faction. In 1494, when Piero de' Medici fled, and Charles VIII. of France entered Florence, the future secretary was in his twenty-sixth year. Like all Italians he sought the ideal of the future in the past, but Tacitus taught him to hate the Empire; Caesar to him was but a more fortunate Catiline; and in Livy he learned to revere the Roman Republic as the model of all political wisdom. An ardent admirer of pagan antiquity, he was likely to feel but little interest in the theocratic Republic with which Savonarola sought to replace the tyranny of the Medici.

It was not till after the friar's death that he began to take an active part in public life. In 1498 he was appointed Chancellor of the Second Chancery, or

public office of the Florentine government. It was his duty to act as secretary of the "Ten of War and Liberty," or commissioners for war and home affairs. From this time onward we find Machiavelli busily engaged in the government of Florence; as the permanent secretary of a changing board he would naturally influence their decisions, while the execution of their measures seems to have been left to his discretion.

The new secretary was in his thirtieth year. He is said to have been of moderate height, thin, with dark hair, aquiline nose, quick, peering eyes, firmly compressed lips, sometimes unbending into a sarcastic smile. He was a born diplomatist, an accurate observer, possessed of perfect self-command, and able to hide his thoughts under a not wholly assumed character of levity and good-fellowship. Indeed, a taste for dissipation, neither creditable nor refined, was a salient feature in his character. For fourteen years he was the devoted servant of the Florentine Republic. No patriotism was ever more disinterested, he was content that others should enjoy the credit of the measures he suggested and promoted; far from enriching himself, he was impoverished in the service of his country. Yet political action was probably not less pleasing to him as an artist than as a patriot, and had the Medici continued to employ him, he would have been scarcely less zealous. These fourteen years must have been the happiest of Machiavelli's life. His duties were congenial, he was brought into contact with the leading men, and initiated into the political movement and intrigues of the time. Yet he was afterward able to illustrate the errors which a ruler should most strive to avoid by the policy of Florence, and he must often have experienced how bitter a thing it is—in the words of Herodotus—to abound in knowledge and wisdom, yet to have little control over action.

When Machiavelli entered upon the duties of his office, Florence had begun that long struggle to reconquer Pisa, in which the patient resolution shown by the conquerors and the obstinate heroism of the conquered proved that some, at least, of the qualities which fit men to be citizens of a free state survived in Italy. The Secretary of the Ten was at

once plunged into preparations for the war, and into the confused negotiations which it occasioned. He witnessed the treachery of the Italian mercenaries, the insubordination and ill-will of the French allies of the Florentine government, and it became an axiom of his policy that no state can be powerful which relies on other arms than those which are in the hands of its own citizens.

His embassies in 1502 to the Court of Cæsar Borgia, mark what was perhaps the most important epoch in Machiavelli's political experience. He was in the Romagna with the Duke of Valentinois at a juncture when his boldness, his unscrupulous statecraft, the undeviating pertinacity with which he followed out the line of action on which he had determined were most conspicuous; qualities, the absence of which Machiavelli most lamented in the rulers of Florence, and which were most opposed to the policy of compromise and of timid intrigue which he deprecated.

In 1503 he had an opportunity of witnessing the election of a successor to St. Peter and Alexander VI., and of watching the intrigues of the Roman Court, at a time when its vice and corruption were most shamelessly paraded. Machiavelli's political education was now far advanced. In superintending the preparations for the war against Pisa, he had studied the causes of the military weakness of the Italian States. His embassy to France had taught him the humiliation of their dependence on foreigners; his conversations with Cæsar Borgia, what he had seen of the success of his government in the Romagna, convinced him that even Italian anarchy might be overcome by a vigorous prince, whose policy should be wholly directed by considerations of utility. In Rome he had learned to know those "rascally priests," to whose evil example he attributed the ruin of religion and morality in Italy, while her political disunion was the result of their selfish intrigues.\*

The year 1512, which opened so favorably for the French and their allies, with the short and brilliant campaign of Gaston de Foix, saw the total overthrow

of their influence in Italy, the flight of the Gonfaloniere Soderini from Florence, the advance of the Spaniards, and the restoration of the Medici. Torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, accustomed for many years to a monarchical or oligarchical government, Florence had not been in a position to carry the experiment of a Republican constitution to a successful issue. It might have been possible to substitute the rule of the Soderini for that of the Medici, but the desire of Soderini to act as a republican magistrate, to conform strictly to the laws, made his overthrow inevitable. Such absolute devotion to legality and to one form of government seemed folly to Machiavelli. Hence the severity of the judgment which he passed on his friend's political capacity. Soderini was, we are told ("Discourses," Book II. chap. iii.), a memorable example of the truth of the saying that the work of the founder of a Republic who hesitates to slay the sons of Brutus will not long endure. He thought that by his patience and goodness he would overcome the regret of his opponents for the former government, and in this he was deceived: besides, he shrank from breaking the Constitution as from an evil precedent, not sufficiently considering that *the means must be judged by the ends for which they are employed*: so, too, elsewhere, we are assured that Savonarola and Soderini both failed, because they did not destroy their enemies when in their power. Savonarola was disarmed by his profession and position, Soderini by his humanity ("Discourses," Book III. chap. ix.).

Machiavelli at once submitted to the new government. He seems to have considered that it is the duty of a good citizen to make the best of the Constitution under which he lives, and to refrain from conspiring against it; but if it come to be overthrown, then to obey the *de facto* ruler. Machiavelli trusted to be allowed to serve the Medici, if not with as much pleasure, at any rate as faithfully as he had served Soderini and the Republic. But he had taken too prominent a part in the late administration for the Medicean faction to permit him to retain his office. The power of the Medici after the withdrawal of the Spanish troops was but ill-established.

\* "Discourses," Book I. ch. xii.

Conspiracies were feared, Machiavelli, with other friends of the late government, was imprisoned and tortured on scanty evidence, and he was only set at liberty when the elevation of Leo X., made the Pope's family strong enough to be clement.

Despairing of employment for the present, Machiavelli retired to a little property he possessed near Florence, and to this retirement we owe his most celebrated works—"The Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," "The Prince," "The Discourse on the Art of War," and his "Comedies." The life he led, and the objects of his literary activity, are described in a well-known letter to his friend Vettori. "Since the last events I have remained at my farm, and have not spent in all twenty days at Florence. . . . In the morning I go to a coppice which I am having felled, and spend a couple of hours with the wood-cutters, looking at what they have done the day before, and listening to the disputes which constantly arise between them and their neighbors. Then I sit down by a spring or visit my decoy, a book under my arm, Dante or Petrarch, or one of the less renowned poets, such as Ovid or Tibullus. I read of their loves and tender passions and recall my own. In these thoughts some time slips pleasantly away. Then I walk on to the inn by the wayside; enter into conversation with any travellers who pass and learn their news. Thus I hear something new, and observe the various opinions and fancies of men. So dinner time comes, and with my family I sit down to such cheer as my poor farm and slender patrimony can afford. After dinner I return to the inn; there I find the host, a butcher, a miller, and a couple of charcoal-burners—in their company I besot myself while day lasts over some game of chance, the source of endless quarrels and of much gross and unmannerly abuse—generally it is all about a farthing, but we scream loud enough to be heard at S. Casciano.

"Thus I plunge and wallow in the base lot which fortune has reserved for me; if so, perchance, she may feel some shame for her cruelty in thus trampling me under her feet. When evening comes, I return home and enter my study; but before I cross the thresh-

old I throw off my filthy, mud-stained peasant's dress and put on fair and courtly garments, in order that I may enter into the presence of the great men of antiquity reverently and decently clad. They receive me lovingly, and I am allowed to satiate myself with the only food which suits me, and for which I was born. I do not hesitate to converse with them, and to ask them the motives and objects of their actions. They, in their courtesy, answer me, and I spend four hours without cares and without weariness. I forget my misfortunes, I fear neither poverty nor death, I lose myself entirely. But, as Dante says, there is no profit in learning unless we remember what we have heard; and I have, therefore, noted down all that has seemed to me most profitable in these conversations, and I have composed a treatise, 'De Principatibus,' in which I have gone as deeply into the subject as I am able. I have inquired into the definition of a monarchy, into its varieties, how it can be acquired, how maintained, how lost. If anything I ever scribbled pleased you, this ought not to displease you. It should be acceptable to a prince, and especially to one who is new to power. I have, therefore, dedicated it to the magnificence of Juliano. . . . I wish my lords the Medici would set me to work, were it only to roll a stone; for if I did not then win their favor I should blame none but myself."

Juliano de' Medici read "The Prince," but Machiavelli was disappointed in his hopes of employment. It was not till after the death of Lorenzo, in 1519, that Leo X. began to consult him and to send him on trifling missions. Guicciardini compares his friend to Lysander superintending the rations of the soldiers he had used to lead to victory. Once Machiavelli had been an ambassador to princes and kings, now he was sent to negotiate with the Franciscan friars of Carpi. The ill-advised conspiracy of Soderini aggravated the tyranny of the Medici and threw increased suspicion on Machiavelli: he was not again employed. He died in June, 1527, in his fifty-ninth year, a month after the expulsion of Ippolito and Alessandro de' Medici and the restoration of Florentine liberty had opened to him a new prospect of public activity.



Even such a slight sketch as I have been able to give may show that Machiavelli's political life was perfectly simple and straightforward. He was a Republican by conviction, but not unwilling to serve his country under another form of government. This may not be the conduct of an ideal patriot, but it has at all times been that of many useful and not dishonorable public servants. How many men in France held office with little blame or loss of credit under Louis-Philippe, the Republic of '48, and the Second Empire? Nor because we excuse Machiavelli, and the more readily when we take into account the time and the place of his life, does it follow that we must approve him. M. Sismondi, and other writers, have endeavored to show that unbridled ferocity, shameless perfidy, and cynical hypocrisy were not less rife in other parts of Europe at this period than in Italy. It is easy to point to the unscrupulous statecraft of the princes of the House of York, of Louis XI., of Ferdinand the Catholic; to the sensuality, grovelling superstition, and hardly more enlightened infidelity prevalent among the clergy; to the absence of any higher aims and aspirations which characterized all classes; to the fact that even the renewed interest in ancient culture seemed at first only to introduce an additional element of corruption, and produce monsters such as Tiptoft, the butcher Earl of Worcester, or that Marshal de Retz who, after murdering two or three thousand children with circumstances of nameless infamy, was tardily overtaken by reluctant justice. But what is proved by these facts? That morality, both public and private, had sunk to a very low ebb during the century which preceded the Reformation—not that there were no degrees in that corruption, not that the Italians might not be worse than their neighbors. But, says M. Sismondi, the social life of the Italians in the little states which then composed Italy was all public, and their private sufferings were often historical. Each individual was in immediate contact with the government, his intrigues, his passions, his crimes, were intimately connected with the revolutions and the history of the state. In the great monarchies of Europe we hear little of the sufferings of the mass of the

people, of the oppression of subordinate officials, of the injustice and cruelty of the nobles, and of other petty tyrants. If we would compare the condition of the French people during the fifteenth century with that of the Italians, we ought to be intimately acquainted with the daily history of the citizens of Blois, Angers, Rouen, and other great towns, with the private crimes and tragedies of many hundred families. This, no doubt, is true, yet we may prefer to believe the concurrent testimony of natives and foreigners, and the proofs which constantly meet us in her literature, that Italy was pre-eminently corrupt. The courts of France and England and Spain were assuredly no schools of virtue, their royal families were stained with fratricide or its suspicion; but nowhere, except in Italy, can we find such long records of crime as are presented by annals of the Scalas, the Viscontis, the Malatestas, the Estes, or the Baglioni of Perugia.

There are, moreover, so many reasons why the Italians should have been more vicious than men of other nations, that if there were no other evidence we should be almost justified in concluding that such must have been the case. Machiavelli is never tired of insisting on the evil influence of the Church and of the Papal Court. The Papacy had rapidly descended to the lowest depths of infamy. The fiercely avaricious and cruel Paul II. had been succeeded by Sixtus IV., who was steeped in bloodshed and diabolic lust; under Innocent VIII., more contemptible and scarcely less guilty, the imperial city became once more the asylum of murderers and robbers, till finally, in Alexander VI. the Christian nations saw a monster who excelled in depravity the most hated names of the pagan empire seated on the throne of St. Peter and presented to their adoration as the Vicar of God. Such religion as the Italians still possessed was almost purely formal; there was a complete separation between religion and morality. Benvenuto Cellini in this as in many other things, is the type of his countrymen. He believed himself to have been allowed to communicate directly with the Deity; he possessed an outward sign of the divine favor in the halo which surrounded his

head, and which under favorable atmospheric conditions was, he assures us, distinctly visible. Yet he seems to have felt no scruple in assassinating his enemies, or in dragging round his studio by her hair the wretched woman who was his model and his mistress. No wonder that many of the nobler spirits, who rose to virtue through philosophy, looked upon such Christianity with contempt; but they could offer no popular doctrine capable of regenerating the multitude.

Nor did the sense of honor serve the Italians as a restraining principle and substitute for conscience. Their idea of honor seems to have been entirely different from that of the Western nations. A man's honor forbids him to do that which would forfeit his self-respect; courage, and all the virtues which imply courage, were most highly respected in feudal Europe, and these a man would wish to convince himself that he possessed. The Italian especially admired that versatile, unscrupulous, and audacious cleverness which Machiavelli calls "virtù." They could, therefore, retain their self-respect and commit the basest crimes; especially if prepared, "*vitam impendere falso*," to stake their life on the success of their treachery. The sense of honor is purely subjective, it may be rooted in dishonor, it may even assume the form of pride in bolder and more cynical wickedness than that of others, it may lead us to say, "evil, be thou my good."

The very circumstances and qualities which have been so favorable to the progress of Italy in the arts and humanities of life had been hostile to moral growth. Over great subtlety of intellect, and a tendency to analyze motives and conduct, are always fatal to delicacy of moral fibre. Whatever the origin of conscience may be, it does not bear arguing with; the devil still proves the better logician. The numerous little courts of the despots were centres of culture, they vied in encouraging artists and men of letters, but they were also centres of a corruption brought close to the door of every citizen. All the demoralizing effects of despotism were intensified tenfold by the narrowness of the dominions, and also by the skill and vigor of many of these petty tyrants. The only public life open in most cases

to an Italian was to enter the service of some despot, the only object of his ambition to win his master's favor, or perhaps to supplant him; and it was obvious what the means were by which alone these ends could be attained.

Machiavelli's writings were, perhaps, more influenced by the evil atmosphere in which he lived than his actions; yet if it be allowed that Machiavelli's political career was straightforward and comprehensible, neither do I believe that an unprejudiced reader will find in his books that strange confusion of good and evil which Macaulay so characteristically describes when he tells us that "the whole man seems to be an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarce write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent school-boy on the death of Leonidas." To be understood, Machiavelli's works must be read as a whole, and we must not isolate sentences from their context and discuss them as maxims of universal applicability; and especially we must not separate the "Discourses on Livy" and "The Prince," but remember that they were written at the same time, and that they do not represent different phases in the development of their author's political opinions, but supplement and explain each other.

Machiavelli attributes the corruption and immorality which he recognizes and deplores to defective institutions, for men, he asserts, are always the same. The rough material on which the legislator works varies as little as the marble of the sculptor; if, therefore, we can discover the means by which Romulus and Lycurgus of old produced such good results, if we can observe the rules they followed, we shall be as certain to succeed in establishing a well-constituted state, and in raising men from their present degeneracy, as an artist well-acquainted with, and capable of following, the method of Praxiteles would be certain to produce a good statue.\*

\* "Discourses on Livy," Introduction to Book I. *et passim*.

This belief in the indentivity of human nature at all times and in all races, and the absence of any conception of development, is no doubt one of the most obvious defects in Machiavelli's political philosophy. But though he does not recognize any difference which will prevent the same institutions from producing at all times the same results, yet he does not assert that all men, as circumstances have fashioned them, are the same. Men now are different from what they were; the Italian is very different from the German. And though these differences are the results of the laws, the civil and religious institutions under which they live, it does not follow that if these laws and institutions were abolished their influence would at once cease to be felt. Despotism, for instance, so corrupts the people who submit to it as to make them incapable of living under free institutions; when first set at liberty they will be as helpless as a wild beast brought up in captivity and suddenly released from its cage.\* Even good laws are of little use to such a people, for they will not be observed. The only chance of improvement for a nation which has become corrupt is, that some good and wise man should rise to power and enforce a reformation. Unfortunately in such a State power can only be acquired by means which a good man will rarely consent to employ, even though his object be praiseworthy.† Evidently Machiavelli's doctrine is more reasonable than that of Rousseau and of his followers, who legislated for abstract men in the Constituent Assembly under the conviction that only tyrannous laws and corrupt customs prevented the rabble of Paris from following their natural impulses, and attaining to a virtue as lofty as that of the noble savages who concluded the social contract. And not only was Machiavelli's mistake less mischievous, because he did not believe that cause and effect would cease together, there was another point on which his divergence from the French philosophers would have guarded him from their practical errors.

They asserted that man was naturally prone to virtue and swayed by lofty im-

pulses. Machiavelli tells the legislator that he must take for granted that all men are bad, and that they never do good except under compulsion. He would therefore have been the last to throw the reins on the neck of the most dangerous of brutes, and to have hoped to guide and restrain the dregs of the France of Lewis XV. by the laws of Utopia. Italy was corrupt, and a corrupt people cannot govern itself aright. Nor is a Republican Government possible where there is a feudal aristocracy, as in Naples, the States of the Church, the Romagna, and Lombardy. If Italy therefore is to be united, it must be as a kingdom. The remedy indeed is dangerous, for a despotism in itself is but an additional cause of corruption, and it is easier to find a Cæsar than a Romulus; yet when a patient is sick unto death a good physician will often prescribe poison.\*

Submission to a monarch is, then, the condition of Italy's reformation; it is also the condition of her liberation from the yoke of the foreigner. She herself is conscious of it. "She has long," he says in concluding his "Prince," "she has long looked eagerly for the coming of her liberator. Who can tell with what love he would be received by all those lands which have suffered from the flood of foreigners, with what thirst for vengeance, with what steadfast faith, with what affection, with what tears? What gates would be closed against him? What people would refuse him obedience? What envy could oppose him? What Italian deny him his service? The barbarian domination stinks in the nostrils of all. Let the noble house of the Medici take upon itself this emprise, with such courage and such good hopes as a just undertaking should inspire; so that under its standard our country may regain her honor, and that under its auspices the words of Petrarch may be fulfilled, 'Valor against blind rage shall take up arms and make the struggle short, for in the Italians' breast their ancient might still breathes.'"

Machiavelli was doubtless right in holding that a united Italy was only possible under a prince, and that Italy must be united to withstand the newly central-

\* "Discourses," Book I., ch. xvi., xxxv.

† *Ibid.*, Book I., ch. xviii.

\* "Discourses," Book I., ch. xxxv.

ized French and Spanish monarchies. The constitution of the little Italian republics was but ill-suited for extended authority, and it is probably true that their power decreased in proportion to the growth of their territory, and to the increase in the number of discontented subjects over whom they tyrannized. Nor could any federal constitution have been devised capable of holding together such jarring elements. Commercial jealousy, traditions of hatred and mutual injury separated the cities; in many districts there was a powerful nobility whose existence Machiavelli rightly pronounced incompatible with popular freedom.

But, was not an Italian monarchy as impossible as an Italian republic, or federation of republics? There was probably no city, certainly no despot, who would not have preferred an alliance with a foreign power, however dangerous, to submission to a native prince; while the Papacy, which had prevented in times past the formation of an Italian nation, which had undermined every power which threatened to rival its own in the peninsula, was still there, ready to employ every weapon of intrigue, diplomacy, and war again the future liberator.

In "The Prince" the rules are given by observing which the desired monarch of a united Italy may attain power. In the "Discourses" we find suggestions for the organization and maintenance of the free government, for which that ruler would, if really great, seek to prepare the way. In the former, the most celebrated of his works, the author simply states in general terms what he has seen to be the rules of conduct observed by the most successful statesmen and princes. He intends to write a manual of statecraft, of such statecraft as men who live *in face Romuli*, and not in an ideal world, would really practice and must practice if they value success.

Machiavelli told his friend Vettori that he occupied the evenings of his enforced leisure in reading the ancients, and in noting down what he could learn from them and from his own experience touching the manner in which political power is gained, maintained, and lost; the principles, in short, of a science which should establish the laws which

govern the acquisition of political power, as political economy treats of the laws which govern the acquisition of wealth. The parallel is perhaps not un instructive, for as the older Political Economy considers man as actuated by one simple desire, that of acquiring wealth, so also Machiavelli admits only one motive, the desire of power. He would have described "The Prince" as a treatise on the art rather than on the science of politics. For his aim is not to deduce and ascertain the laws of political phenomena, but to lay down practical precepts. Here again there is some similarity between his method and that of Political Economy, which is generally treated both as a science and as an art. Economists have professed to investigate and establish general laws, and have then laid down rules for legislation on such subjects; and in some degree they share Machiavelli's incapacity to recognize sufficiently that such rough generalizations have for the most part only a presumptive value, owing to the extreme variability of the subject matter and to the many-sidedness of human nature, swayed as it is now by one and now by another class of motives. Moreover, though in "The Prince" and the "Discourses" Machiavelli has a practical aim in view, yet he at all times takes an abstract interest in political action, in tracing the causes and effects of political phenomena. If there was one thing which he held sacred it was the Roman Republic; if there was one crime which he abhorred, it was that of those who conspired to overthrow it, whether unsuccessfully like Catiline, or successfully like Cæsar. Yet he coldly discusses the policy of Appius Claudius, and points out his mistakes and what he ought to have done to establish his tyranny.

He is scientifically studying the effects and causes of a certain class of facts, and moral indignation would be as much out of place as reflections on the sinfulness of drunkenness in a medical treatise on delirium tremens. Any generalization seems to him worth noticing and of equally universal applicability, since he believes that the same causes will at all times produce the same effect, human nature remaining unchanged; he thus is often led to rest his inductions on a



very narrow basis; the facts he cites from ancient history often serve rather as generalizations than as the data for induction from particular instances. His method, professedly experimental, is in danger of becoming *à priori*. Even granting that human nature does not change, Florence and Arezzo have little analogy with Rome and Veii.

We have already said that Machiavelli, in examining the means to be employed for the attainment of a political end, leaves their morality entirely out of sight, and considers only how far they are conducive to that end. He does, indeed, say that a good man would sooner live in obscurity than become king at the price of much human suffering; but it is only our personal ambition which we should not satisfy at every cost; when the good of our country is at stake we must not regard justice or injustice, mercy or cruelty, honor or dishonor, but, putting aside all other considerations, pursue that policy which may best preserve its existence and maintain its liberty. In short, Machiavelli always argues on the assumption that the end justifies the means. This appears to him a self-evident axiom; indeed, if put in the form of the almost identical statement that the morality of our acts depends rather on the circumstances and motives of the agent than on the nature of the acts themselves, it would still command pretty general assent. Yet even those statesmen whose policy seems only justifiable on the assumption that the welfare of the people overrides all the ordinary rules of morality, would admit that there are exceptions to this principle. They would agree with Aristotle, whose common-sense so often cuts the knot of logical difficulties, that there are some acts which allow of no justification or palliation. This Machiavelli did not see.

I have already admitted that Machiavelli's maxims fairly represent the practice of the most successful princes of his own and other times. "A prudent ruler," he says, "cannot and ought not to keep faith when to do so is against his interests, and when the reasons which led him to engage himself no longer exist. It is right to appear merciful, honorable, humane, pious, and loyal, and to be so, but to be always

prepared to lay these virtues aside when they are likely to be hurtful." No doubt Machiavelli is right. Most statesmen from Themistocles to Prince Bismarck, have acted on these principles. But it may be doubtful whether we ought to be grateful, as Bacon would have us be, to Machiavelli for telling us openly and without hypocrisy how men act, and not how they ought to act. Even if we are wholly bad, it is better we should believe that we have a little virtue. Besides, though virtuous practice is a better incentive to morality than virtuous precept, vice formulated in maxims is more offensive to the moral sense, and more corrupting than vicious example; for the latter is often attributed to human weakness, to the strength of temptation, and is lamented and condemned, for the most part, even by the perpetrator, while the former seduces by a show of logic, of self-reliant pride, and of cynicism superior to the shams of conventionality. Hence the almost instinctive and just reprehension of Machiavelli by the morally sensitive; while those who admitted and practised his principles, wishing to secure the reward of apparent virtue, have joined in the chorus of condemnation. Unless a man is thought honest, his dishonesty is but unprofitable. This is no doubt one of the reasons of the odium which has attached to Machiavelli, but he was also peculiarly unfortunate in exciting the rancor of opponents who agreed in nothing but in hostility to his name.

Although his works were first published by the Papal press, it was not long before his bitter attacks on the Roman Court, and his almost contemptuous attitude to the Catholic religion, provoked the enmity of its apologists, and especially of the Jesuits. "The vice and infidelity of the Italians," he had said, "are their first obligation to the Papacy, their second the political anarchy and ruin of the peninsula." "When one considers," he adds, "the wickedness and corruption of the priesthood, one cannot but conclude that their scourge and their ruin are at hand." John Paul Baglione, had he dared to destroy Julius II. when in his power at Perugia, would have won everlasting renown by showing these priests how little reverence is due to men who live such

lives as theirs. But Machiavelli's dislike of the Catholic hierarchy had even deeper roots than aversion to their corruption, or to the Church as one of those institutions which were obstacles to that equality between all members of the State which he considered the necessary condition of a well-constituted republic or strongly-organized monarchy. It is clear that his was a thoroughly irreligious nature. Notwithstanding occasional and conventional expressions of respect, he was indifferent or hostile to Christianity. He was deeply imbued with the pagan spirit of the Renaissance; he reserved his admiration for the republics of antiquity and for those civic and intellectual virtues which maintained them, and he naturally disliked a religion which cherished virtues of another type. "Ancient religion," he says, "exalted men full of worldly ambition, such as great captains and founders of States, while ours glorifies men of lowly and contemplative rather than of active life. It seeks for the highest good in humility and contempt of the things of this world; paganism held that it is to be sought in loftiness of soul, in bodily strength, and in all that renders men more bold and arrogant. Our religion wishes men to show courage in endurance, rather than in daring bold deeds. Hence it comes that the world has fallen a prey to scoundrels, who have found men anxious to gain paradise by suffering instead of being desirous to avenge themselves on their oppressors." It is true that he afterward admits that Christianity, rightly understood, is no enemy to patriotism; and that respect for religion is a necessary element of national greatness. But Republican Rome furnishes him with an instance of a nation which thrived by its piety; paganism is clearly to him as good, or rather a better basis of social order than Christianity, and Moses is only classed with Lycurgus, and Romulus, and Numa, and other lawgivers and founders of religions.

This ill-concealed hostility to Christianity was as offensive to the Reformers as to the men of the Catholic reaction, and the Romanist controversialists, who, from Reginald Pole onward, attacked Machiavelli, often without reading him, may be matched by an equal list of

Protestant assailants. The latter have an additional motive of hatred. Our author was, they thought, the instructor in statecraft of their opponents, the instigator of their treacherous cruelties and persecutions. His writings were the favorite study of Catharine de' Medici and of her son, Henry III.; therefore he was held responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Next came the philosophers who believed in the natural goodness of human nature, and that to remove the artificial restrictions which cramped and distorted original righteousness was the proper function of the reformer; to these men Machiavelli's doctrine was naturally repugnant. They inveighed against him, or if they defended him it was on the ground that he did not mean what he said, that, as Rousseau declared, his object was to paint the tyrant in his true colors, in order that the people might recognize and flee from such a monster. While accusers rose up on all sides, the defence was long neglected. The statesmen who read, appreciated, and profited by the works of the Florentine secretary were naturally not disposed to proclaim themselves his disciples; and the writers who borrowed from the stores of his wisdom acknowledged their obligation by a few words of guarded praise.

During this century, on the other hand, Machiavelli, as we have already remarked, has had no reason to complain of the hostility of his critics. They agree for the most part in seeking to extenuate and excuse his faults, however much they may differ in the explanation of his motives. For while some maintain that he took a purely scientific interest in the study of statecraft, and therefore leaves aside all considerations of morality; others, and these are the majority, defend what is most questionable in his writings on the ground that his aim, the liberation and unity of Italy, is high and unselfish, and that if he seems unscrupulous in the choice of means, he is to be excused, partly on the ground of necessity, partly because he shared in the lax morality of his country and of his age. There are even some who still offer the old apology, mentioned by Cardinal Pole, that he conceals his true opinions—that, hating des-

potism, he satirizes the tyrants he describes, and seeks by revealing the hideous secrets of their policy to warn the people against them, or even by his insidious advice to incite them to further atrocities and so to bring about their ruin. Lastly, it has been maintained that "The Prince" was little more than a rhetorical exercise; that Machiavelli merely wished to show the Medici how clever he was, and how useful a servant they would find him.

No one who has read "The Prince" and "Discourses" carefully, and who has compared them with Machiavelli's other treatises and letters, can maintain that he is speaking ironically, or giving advice which he imagines to be injurious. If he were, how can we explain the reiterated exhortation to princes to secure the affections of their subjects, to affect virtues even if they have them not, never to be more cruel than the occasion requires? But it is unnecessary to seek for arguments against an opinion so far-fetched and untenable, and so at variance with Machiavelli's own statements.

All the other explanations probably contain more or less of the truth. Machiavelli, as we have seen, himself tells us that his object, at any rate in the composition of "The Prince," partly was to recommend himself to the Medici and to obtain employment by showing his cleverness, partly—for his own instruction and to divert his thoughts from painful meditation—to note down all that he could collect from the ancients and from modern experience touching the circumstances which enable men to acquire and retain political power. On the other hand, he again and again insists that the expulsion of the foreigners, the formation of an Italian kingdom, and the introduction of constitutions which would

gradually prepare the people for freedom, would be not only the justification but the glory of any prince who, by whatever means, might raise himself, to sovereign power in the peninsula. In the statement of the motives of his writings, as in all else, Machiavelli is perfectly straightforward. Hypocrisy was not his vice nor that of his countrymen, with the Inquisition and the Jesuits it was conferred on Italy as a last benefit by the Roman Church.

Machiavelli was not then wholly either a disinterested patriot or a mere student of political phenomena, or an intellectual *condottiere* seeking to prove to his customers the sharpness of the weapon he offered for hire. But above all, I would insist that he was not the originator of a new system of statecraft. It is true that no book has ever been more diligently studied by the rulers of mankind than was "The Prince" by the statesmen of the sixteenth century; but it would be difficult to show that it had any great influence on their conduct. The policy of Catharine de' Medici was not more Machiavellian than that of Lewis XI.—indeed far less so, if we use that word in its true and better sense; nor did Philip II. or Alva, Elizabeth or Cecil, surpass Ferdinand and the Catholic or Richard III. in unscrupulous pursuit of the objects of their ambition.

On the whole, we may perhaps conclude that the mischief which Machiavelli may have done by exalting expediency at the expense of morality, and by sanctioning revolutionary violence, has been fully compensated by the impulse he has given to patriotism; while his influence on political speculation has been altogether salutary, since he first returned to the method of Aristotle, and appealed to the teaching of experience and of facts.—*Fortnightly Review*.

---

#### THE MILK IN THE COCO-NUT.

For many centuries the occult problem how to account for the milk in the coco-nut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of maturer scientific age. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world,

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 5

in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it "has puzzled the philosophers of all ages" (for Sanchoniathon was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manetho doubtless went to his grave without ever having tasted it fresh from the nut under a tropical

veranda), yet it may be safely asserted that for the last three hundred years the philosopher who has not at some time or other of his life meditated upon that abstruse question is unworthy of such an exalted name. The cosmogony and the milk in the coco-nut are, however, a great deal closer together in thought than Sanchoniathon or Manetho, or the rogue who quoted them so glibly, is ever at all likely, in his wildest moments, to have imagined.

The coco-nut, in fact, is a subject well deserving of the most sympathetic treatment at the gentle hands of grateful humanity. No other plant is useful to us in so many diverse and remarkable manners. It has been truly said of that friend of man, the domestic pig, that he is all good, from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail; but even the pig, though he furnishes us with so many necessities or luxuries — from tooth-brushes to sausages, from ham to lard, from pepsin wine to pork pies — does not nearly approach, in the multiplicity and variety of his virtues, the all-sufficing and world-supplying coco-nut. A Chinese proverb says that there are as many useful properties in the coco-nut palm as there are days in the year; and a Polynesian saying tells us that the man who plants a coco-nut plants meat and drink, hearth and home, vessels and clothing, for himself and his children after him. Like the great Mr. Whiteley, the invaluable palm-tree might modestly advertise itself as a universal provider. The solid part of the nut supplies food almost alone to thousands of people daily, and the milk serves them for drink, thus acting as an efficient filter to the water absorbed by the roots in the most polluted or malarious regions. If you tap the flower-stalk you get a sweet juice, which can be boiled down into a peculiar sugar called (in the charming dialect of commerce) jaggery; or it can be fermented into a very nasty spirit known as palm-wine, toddy, or arrack; or it can be mixed with bitter herbs and roots to make that delectable compound "native beer." If you squeeze the dry nut you get coco-nut oil, which is as good as lard for frying when fresh, and is "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," on tropical tables. Under the

mysterious name of copra (which most of us have seen with awe described in the market reports as "firm" or "weak," "receding" or "steady") it forms the main or only export of many Oceanic Islands, and is largely imported into this realm of England, where the thicker portion is called stearine, and used for making sundry candles with fanciful names, while the clear oil is employed for burning in ordinary lamps. In the process of purification, it yields glycerine; and it enters largely into the manufacture of most better-class soaps. The fibre that surrounds the nut makes up the other mysterious article of commerce known as coir, which is twisted into stout ropes, or woven into coco-nut matting and ordinary doormats. Brushes and brooms are also made of it, and it is used, not always in the most honest fashion, in place of real horse-hair, in stuffing cushions. The shell, cut in half, supplies good cups, and is artistically carved by the Polynesians, Japanese Hindoos, and other benighted heathen, who have not learned the true methods of civilized machine-made shoddy manufacture. The leaves serve as excellent thatch; on the flat blades, prepared like papyrus, the most famous Buddhist manuscripts are written; the long mid-ribs or branches (strictly speaking, the leaf-stalks), answer admirably for rafters, posts, or fencing; the fibrous sheath at the base is a remarkable natural imitation of cloth, employed for strainers, wrappers, and native hats; while the trunk, or stem, passes in carpentry under the name of porcupine wood, and produces beautiful effects as a wonderfully colored cabinet-maker's material. These are only a few selected instances out of the innumerable uses of the coco-nut palm.

Apart even from the manifold merits of the tree that bears it, the milk itself has many and great claims to our respect and esteem, as everybody who has ever drunk it in its native surroundings will enthusiastically admit. In England, to be sure, the white milk in the dry nuts is a very poor stuff, sickly, and strong-flavored, and rather indigestible. But in the tropics, coco-nut milk, or, as we oftener call it there, coco-nut water, is a very different and vastly supe-



rior sort of beverage. At eleven o'clock every morning, when you are hot and tired with the day's work, your black servant, clad from head to foot in his cool clean white linen suit, brings you in a tall soda glass full of a clear, light crystal liquid, temptingly displayed against the yellow background of a chased Benares brass-work tray. The lump of ice bobs enticingly up and down in the centre of the tumbler, or clinks musically against the edge of the glass as he carries it along. You take the cool cup thankfully and swallow it down at one long draught; fresh as a May morning, pure as an English hill-side spring, delicate as—well, as coco-nut water. None but itself can be its parallel. It is certainly the most delicious, dainty, transparent, crystal drink ever invented. How did it get there, and what is it for?

In the early green stage at which coco-nuts are generally picked for household use in the tropics the shell hasn't yet solidified into a hard stony coat, but still remains quite soft enough to be readily cut through with a sharp table knife—just like young walnuts picked for pickling. If you cut one across while it is in this unsophisticated state, it is easy enough to see the arrangement of the interior, and the part borne by the milk in the development and growth of the mature nut. The ordinary tropical way of opening coco-nuts for table, indeed, is by cutting off the top of the shell and rind in successive slices, at the end where the three pores are situated, until you reach the level of the water, which fills up the whole interior. The nutty part around the inside of the shell is then extremely soft and jelly-like, so that it can be readily eaten with a spoon: but as a matter of fact very few people ever do eat the flesh at all. After their first few months in the tropics, they lose the taste for this comparatively indigestible part, and confine themselves entirely (like patients at a German spa) to drinking the water. A young coco-nut is thus seen to consist, first of a green outer skin, then of a fibrous coat, which afterward becomes the hair, and next of a harder shell which finally gets quite woody; while inside all comes the actual seed or unripe nut itself. The office of the coco-

nut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is, so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder eatable portion is afterward derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green peas first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the coco-nut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the coco-nut which does actually need accounting for.

In order to understand it one ought to examine a coco-nut in the act of budding, and to do this it is by no means necessary to visit the West Indies or the Pacific Islands; all you need to do is to ask a Covent Garden fruit salesman to get you a few "growers." On the voyage to England, a certain number of precocious coco-nuts, stimulated by the congenial warmth and damp of most shipholds, usually begin to sprout before their time; and these waste nuts are sold by the dealers at a low rate to East End children and inquiring botanists. An examination of a "grower" very soon convinces one what is the use of the milk in the coco-nut.

It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the nut is not to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly man into coco-nut biscuits, or coco-nut pudding, but simply and solely to reproduce the coco-nut palm in sufficient numbers to future generations. For this purpose the nut has slowly acquired by natural selection a number of protective defences against its numerous enemies, which serve to guard it admirably in the native state from almost all possible animal depredators. First of all, the actual nut or seed itself consists of a tiny embryo plant, placed just inside the softest of the three pores or pits at the end of the shell, and surrounded by a vast quantity of nutritious pulp, destined to feed and support it during its earliest unprotected days, if not otherwise diverted by man or monkey. But as whatever feeds a young plant will also feed an animal, and as many animals

betray a felonious desire to appropriate to their own wicked ends the food-stuffs laid up by the palm for the use of its own seedling, the coco-nut has been compelled to inclose this particularly large and rich kernel in a very solid and defensive shell. And, once more, since the palm grows at a very great height from the ground—I have seen them up to ninety feet in favorable circumstances—this shell stands a very good chance of getting broken in tumbling to the earth, so that it has been necessary to surround it with a mass of soft and yielding fibrous material, which breaks its fall, and acts as a buffer to it when it comes in contact with the soil beneath. So many protections has the coco-nut gradually devised for itself by the continuous survival of the best adapted among numberless and endless spontaneous variations of all its kind in past time.

Now, when the coco-nut has actually reached the ground at last, and proceeds to sprout in the spot where chance (perhaps in the bodily shape of a disappointed monkey) has chosen to cast it, these numerous safeguards and solid envelopes naturally begin to prove decided nuisances to the embryo within. It starts under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed within a solid wooden shell, so that no water can possibly get at it to aid it as most other seeds are aided in the process of germination. Fancy yourself a seed-pea, anxious to sprout, but coated all round with a hard covering of impermeable sealing-wax, and you will be in a position faintly to appreciate the unfortunate predicament of a grower coco-nut. Natural selection, however—that *deus ex machina* of modern science, which can perform such endless wonders, if only you give it time enough to work in and variations enough to work upon—natural selection has come to the rescue of the unhappy plant by leaving it a little hole at the top of the shell, out of which it can push its feathery green head without difficulty. Everybody knows that if you look at the sharp end of a coco-nut you will see three little brown pits or depressions on its surface. Most people also know that two of these are firmly stopped up (for a reason to which I shall presently recur), but that the third one is only

closed by a slight film or very thin shell, which can be easily bored through with a pocket-knife, so as to let the milk run off before cracking the shell. So much we have all learned during our ardent pursuit of natural knowledge on half-holidays in early life. But we probably then failed to observe that just opposite this soft hole lies a small roundish knob, embedded in the pulp or eatable portion, which knob is in fact the embryo palm or seedling, for whose ultimate benefit the whole arrangement (in brown and green) has been invented. That is very much the way with man: he notices what concerns his own appetite, and omits all the really important parts of the whole subject. We think the use of the hole is to let out the milk; but the nut knows that its real object is to let out the seedling. The knob grows out at last into the young plantlet, and it is by means of the soft hole that it makes its escape through the shell to the air and the sunshine which it seeks without.

This brings us really down at last to the true *raison d'être* for the milk in the coco-nut. As the seed or kernel cannot easily get at much water from outside, it has a good supply of water laid up for it ready beforehand within its own encircling shell. The mother liquid from which the pulp or nutty part has been deposited remains in the centre, as the milk, till the tiny embryo begins to sprout. As soon as it does so, the little knob which was at first so very small enlarges rapidly and absorbs the water, till it grows out into a big spongy cellular mass, which at last almost fills up the entire shell. At the same time, its other end pushes its way out through the soft hole, and then gives birth to a growing bud at the top—the future stem and leaves—and to a number of long threads beneath—the future roots. Meanwhile, the spongy mass inside begins gradually to absorb all the nutty part, using up its oils and starches for the purpose of feeding the young plant above, until it is of an age to expand its leaves to the open tropical sunlight and shift for itself in the struggle for life. It seems at first sight very hard to understand how any tissue so solid as the pulp of coco-nut can be thus softened and absorbed without any visible cause; but in the subtle chemistry of living vegetation

such a transformation is comparatively simple and easy to perform. Nature sometimes works much greater miracles than this in the same way: for example, what is called vegetable ivory, a substance so solid that it can be carved or turned only with great difficulty, is really the kernel of another palm-nut, allied to the coco-palm, and its very stony particles are all similarly absorbed during germination by the dissolving power of the young seedling.

Why, however, has the coco-nut three pores at the top instead of one, and why are two out of the three so carefully and firmly sealed up? The explanation of this strange peculiarity is only to be found in the ancestral history of the coco-nut kind. Most nuts, indeed, start in their earlier stage as if they meant to produce two or more seeds each; but as they ripen, all the seeds except one become abortive. The almond, for example, has in the flower two seeds or kernels to each nut; but in the ripe state there is generally only one, though occasionally we find an almond with two—a philipœna, as we commonly call it—just to keep in memory the original arrangement of its earlier ancestors. The reason for this is that plants whose fruits have no special protection for their seeds are obliged to produce a great many of them at once, in order that one seed in a thousand may finally survive the onslaughts of their Argus-eyed enemies; but when they learn to protect themselves by hard coverings from birds and beasts, they can dispense with some of these supernumerary seeds, and put more nutriment into each one of those that they still retain. Compare, for example, the innumerable small round seedlets of the poppy-head with the solitary large and richly-stored seed of the walnut, or the tiny black specks of mustard and cress with the single compact and well-filled seed of the filbert and the acorn. To the very end, however, most nuts begin in the flower as if they meant to produce a whole capsuleful of small unstored and unprotected seeds, like their original ancestors; it is only at the last moment that they recollect themselves, suppress all their ovules except one, and store that one with all the best and oiliest food-stuffs at their disposal. The nuts, in fact, have learned by long

experience that it is better to be the only son and heir of a wealthy house, set up in life with a good capital to begin upon, than to be one of a poor family of thirteen needy and unprovided children.

Now, the coco-nuts are descended from a great tribe—the palms and lilies—which have as their main distinguishing peculiarity the arrangement of parts in their flowers and fruits by threes each. For example, in the most typical flowers of this great group, there are three green outer calyx-pieces, three bright-colored petals, three long outer stamens, three short inner stamens, three valves to the capsule, and three seeds or three rows of seeds in each fruit. Many palms still keep pretty well to this primitive arrangement, but a few of them which have specially protected or highly developed fruits or nuts have lost in their later stages the threefold disposition in the fruit, and possess only one seed, often a very large one. There is no better and more typical nut in the whole world than a coco-nut—that is to say, from our present point of view at least, though the fear of that awful person, the botanical Smelfungus, compels me to add that this is not quite technically true. Smelfungus, indeed, would insist upon it that the coco-nut is not a nut at all, and would thrill us with the delightful information, innocently conveyed in that delicious dialect of which he is so great a master, that it is really ‘a drupaceous fruit with a fibrous mesocarp.’ Still, in spite of Smelfungus with his nice hair-splitting distinctions, it remains true that humanity at large will still call a nut a nut, and that the coco-nut is the highest known development of the peculiar nutty tactics. It has the largest and most richly-stored seed of any known plant; and this seed is surrounded by one of the hardest and most unmanageable of any known shells. Hence the coco-nut has readily been able to dispense with the three kernels which each nut used in its earlier and less developed days to produce. But though the palm has thus taken to reducing the number of its seeds in each fruit to the lowest possible point consistent with its continued existence at all, it still goes on retaining many signs of its ancient threefold arrangement. The ancestral and most deeply ingrained habits persist in

the earlier stages; it is only in the mature form that the later acquired habits begin fully to predominate. Even so our own boys pass through an essentially savage childhood of ogres and fairies, bows and arrows, sugar-plums and barbaric nursery tales, as well as a romantic boyhood of mediæval chivalry and adventure, before they steady down into that crowning glory of our race, the solid, sober, matter-of-fact, commercial British Philistine. Hence the coco-nut in its unstripped state is roughly triangular in form, its angles answering to the separate three fruits of simpler palms; and it has three pits or weak places in the shell, through which the embryos of the three original kernels used to force their way out. But as only one of them is now needed, that one alone is left soft; the other two, which would be merely a source of weakness to the plant if unprotected, are covered in the existing nut by harder shell. Doubtless they serve in part to deceive the too inquisitive monkey or other enemy, who probably concludes that if one of the pits is hard and impermeable, the other two are so likewise.

Though I have now, I hope, satisfactorily accounted for the milk in the coco-nut, and incidentally for some other matters in its economy as well, I am loath to leave the young seedling whom I have brought so far on his way, to the tender mercies of the winds and storms and tropical animals, some of whom are extremely fond of his juicy and delicate shoots. Indeed, the growing point or bud of most palms is a very pleasant succulent vegetable, and one kind—the West Indian mountain cabbage—deserves a better and more justly descriptive name, for it is really much more like seakale or asparagus. I shall try to follow our young seedling on in life, therefore, so as to give, while I am about it, a fairly comprehensive and complete biography of a single flourishing coco-nut palm.

Beginning, then, with the fall of the nut from the parent-tree, the troubles of the future palm confront it at once in the shape of the nut-eating crab. This evil-disposed crustacean is common around the sea-coast of the eastern tropical islands, which is also the region mainly affected by the coco-nut palm;

for coco-nuts are essentially shore-loving trees, and thrive best in the immediate neighborhood of the sea. Among the fallen nuts, the clumsy-looking thief of a crab (his appropriate Latin name is *Birgus latro*) makes great and dreaded havoc. To assist him in his unlawful object he has developed a pair of front legs, with specially strong and heavy claws, supplemented by a last or tail-end pair armed only with very narrow and slender pincers. He subsists entirely upon a coco-nut diet. Setting to work upon a big fallen nut—with the husk on, coco-nuts measure in the raw state about twelve inches the long way—he tears off all the coarse fibre bit by bit, and gets down at last to the hard shell. Then he hammers away with his heavy claw on the softest eye-hole till he has pounded an opening right through it. This done he twists round his body so as to turn his back upon the coco-nut he is operating upon (crabs are never famous either for good manners or gracefulness) and proceeds awkwardly but effectually to extract all the white kernel or pulp through the breach with his narrow pair of hind pincers. Like man, too, the robber-crab knows the value of the outer husk as well as of the eatable nut itself, for he collects the fibre in surprising quantities to line his burrow and lies upon it, the clumsy sybarite, for a luxurious couch. Alas, however, for the helplessness of crabs and the rapacity and cunning of all-appropriating man! The spoil-sport Malay digs up the nest for the sake of the fibre it contains, which spares him the trouble of picking junk on his own account, and then he eats the industrious crab who has laid it all up, while he melts down the great lump of fat under the robber's capacious tail, and sometimes gets from it as much as a good quart of what may be practically considered as limpid coco-nut oil. *Sic vos non vobis* is certainly the melancholy refrain of all natural history. The coco-nut palm intends the oil for the nourishment of its own seedling; the crab feloniously appropriates it and stores it up under his capacious tail for future personal use; the Malay steals it again from the thief for his own purposes; and ten to one the Dutch or English merchant beguiles it from him with sized calico or poisoned rum, and



transmits it to Europe, where it serves to lighten our nights and assist at our matutinal tub, to point a moral and adorn the present tale.

If, however, our coco-nut is lucky enough to escape the robber-crabs, the pigs, and the monkeys, as well as to avoid falling into the hands of man, and being converted into the copra of commerce, or sold from a costermonger's barrow in the chilly streets of ungenial London at a penny a slice, it may very probably succeed in germinating after the fashion I have already described, and pushing up its head through the surrounding foliage to the sunlight above. As a rule, the coco-nut has been dropped by its mother tree on the sandy soil of a sea-beach; and this is the spot it best loves, and where it grows to the stateliest height. Sometimes, however, it falls into the sea itself, and then the loose husk buoys it up, so that it floats away bravely till it is cast by the waves upon some distant coral reef or desert island. It is this power of floating and surviving a long voyage that has dispersed the coco-nut so widely among oceanic islands, where so few plants are generally to be found. Indeed, on many atolls or isolated reefs (for example, on Keeling Island) it is the only tree or shrub that grows in any quantity, and on it the pigs, the poultry, the ducks, and the land-crabs of the place entirely subsist. In any case, wherever it happens to strike, the young coco nut sends up at first a fine rosette of big spreading leaves, not raised as afterward on a tall stem, but springing direct from the ground in a wide circle, something like a very big and graceful fern. In this early stage nothing can be more beautiful or more essentially tropical in appearance than a plantation of young coco-nuts. Their long feathery leaves spreading out in great clumps from the buried stock, and waving with lithe motion before the strong sea-breeze of the Indies, are the very embodiment of those deceptive ideal tropics which, alas, are to be found in actual reality nowhere on earth save in the artificial palm houses at Kew, and the Casino Gardens at too entrancing Monte Carlo.

For the first two or three years the young palms must be well watered, and the soil around them opened; after

which the tall graceful stem begins to rise rapidly into the open air. In this condition it may be literally said to make the tropics—those fallacious tropics, I mean, of painters and poets, of Enoch Arden and of Locksley Hall. You may observe that whenever an artist wants to make a tropical picture, he puts a group of coco-nut palms in the foreground, as much as to say, "You see there's no deception; these are the genuine unadulterated tropics." But as to painting the tropics without the palms, he might just as well think of painting the desert without the camels. At eight or ten years old the tree flowers, bearing blossoms of the ordinary palm type, degraded likenesses of the lilies and yuccas, greenish and inconspicuous, but visited by insects for the sake of their pollen. The flower, however, is fertilized by the wind, which carries the pollen grains from one bunch of blossoms to another. Then the nuts gradually swell out to an enormous size, and ripen very slowly, even under the brilliant tropical sun. (I will admit that the tropics are hot, though in other respects I hold them to be arrant impostors, like that precocious American youth who announce don his tenth birthday that in his opinion life wasn't all that it was cracked up to be.) But the worst thing about the coco-nut palm, the missionaries always say, is the fatal fact that when once fairly started, it goes on bearing fruit uninterruptedly for forty years. This is very immoral and wrong of the ill-conditioned tree, because it encourages the idyllic Polynesian to lie under the palms all day long, cooling his limbs in the sea occasionally, sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair, and waiting for the nuts to drop down in due time, when he ought (according to European notions) to be killing himself with hard work under a blazing sky, raising cotton, sugar, indigo, and coffee, for the immediate benefit of the white merchant, and the ultimate advantage of the British public. It doesn't enforce habits of steady industry and perseverance, the good missionaries say; it doesn't induce the native to feel that burning desire for Manchester piece-goods and the other blessings of civilization which ought properly to accompany the propagation

of the missionary in foreign parts. You stick your nut in the sand ; you sit by a few years and watch it growing ; you pick up the ripe fruits as they fall from the tree ; and you sell them at last for illimitable red cloth to the Manchester piece-goods merchant. Nothing could be more simple or more satisfactory. And yet it is difficult to see the precise moral distinction between the owner of a coco-nut grove in the South Sea Islands and the owner of a coal-mine or a big estate in commercial England. Each lounges decorously through life after his own fashion ; only the one lounges in a Russia leather chair at a club in Pall Mall, while the other lounges in a nice soft dust-heap beside a rolling surf in Tahiti or the Hawaiian archipelago.

Curiously enough, at a little distance from the sandy levels or alluvial flats of the seashore, the sea-loving coco-nut will not bring its nuts to perfection. It will grow, indeed, but it will not thrive or fruit in due season. On the coast-line of Southern India, immense groves of coco-nuts fringe the shore for miles and miles together ; and in some parts, as in Travancore, they form the chief agricultural staple of the whole country. "The State has hence facetiously been called Coconutcore," says its historian ; which charmingly illustrates the true Anglo-Indian notion of what constitutes facetiousness, and ought to strike the last nail into the coffin of a competitive examination system. A good tree in full bearing should produce 120 coco-nuts in a season ; so that a very small grove is quite sufficient to maintain a respectable family in decency and comfort. Ah, what a mistake the English climate made when it left off its primitive warmth of the tertiary period, and got chilled by the ice and snow of the Glacial epoch down to its present misty and dreary wheat-growing condition. If it were not for that, those odious habits of steady industry and perseverance might never

have been developed in ourselves at all, and we might be lazily picking copra off our own coco-nut palms, to this day, to export in return for the piece-goods of some Arctic Manchester situated somewhere about the north of Spitzbergen or the New Siberian Islands.

Even as things stand at the present day, however, it is wonderful how much use we modern Englishmen now make in our own houses of this far Eastern nut, whose very name still bears upon its face the impress of its originally savage origin. From morning to night we never leave off being indebted to it. We wash with it as old brown Windsor or glycerine soap the moment we leave our beds. We walk across our passages on the mats made from its fibre. We sweep our rooms with its brushes, and wipe our feet on it as we enter our doors. As rope, it ties up our trunks and packages ; in the hands of the housemaid it scrubs our floors ; or else, woven into coarse cloth, it acts as a covering for bales and furniture sent by rail or steamboat. The confectioner undermines our digestion in early life with coco-nut candy ; the cook tempts us later on with coco-nut cake ; and Messrs. Huntley & Palmer cordially invite us to complete the ruin with coco-nut biscuits. We anoint our chapped hands with one of its preparations after washing ; and grease the wheels of our carriages with another to make them run smoothly. Finally we use the oil to burn in our reading lamps, and light ourselves at last to bed with stearine candles. Altogether, an amateur census of a single small English cottage results in the startling discovery that it contains twenty-seven distinct articles which owe their origin in one way or another to the coco-nut palm. And yet we affect in our black ingratitude to despise the question of the milk in the coco-nut.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE.

BY STEPNIAK.

TIME was when dynamite seemed likely to remain the exclusive patrimony of Russian revolutionists—that is to say, of Nihilists—and to have no function out-

side the Muscovite Empire, except the innocent industrial one of exploding mines. But in the last year or two events have occurred, now in one place

and now in another, which makes this supposition questionable. In France, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, and even in England, there have been explosions of dynamite, of which the aim has been by no means industrial; and hardly a week passes without newspaper reports of the arrest of this person or that for carrying dynamite or bombs, or of the discovery of a *dépôt* of these infernal substances. It is true that the acts of terrorism committed in Europe have not as yet assumed a serious aspect, owing to the manifest want of organization in their preparation, the inexperience shown in their execution, and the defect of concerted plan by which they are all characterized. They are isolated attempts, evidently conceived and carried out by single individuals or by small groups, and may be regarded as experiments in the use of dynamite rather than as political acts; for in most cases it has been equally impossible to discover the individuals against whom they have been directed and the class it has been proposed to intimidate.

But may not this aspect of the matter change with time? The first step has been achieved, and it involves much: to the acts mentioned above, the significance of a policy has been imputed; dynamite has become the accredited symbol of anarchy, the banner of the extreme revolutionary party. And for a certain class of minds, extreme parties will always have peculiar attractions. Will it not be possible for all revolutionary spirits who have resorted to courses of destruction and violence, to unite themselves under this banner in a single organization of a prudent and far-seeing character, which shall give a terrible concentration to these hitherto disconnected acts? It is not necessary to look far in order to find the country in which all this has already happened. The spectre of Russian terrorism rises before eyes dilated with panic, and forces upon us the question—are the bombs and explosives of the European terrorists merely extravagances of a few hot heads, or are we on the eve of a new era in the revolutionary movement? In order to answer this question, and, what is more important, to put the reader in a position to answer it for himself, we propose to pass in review

the causes of Russian terrorism—considering them impartially and as far as possible objectively, not as a political tendency, but as historical facts, the inevitable and fatal result of special circumstances; by studying which we may perhaps come to understand the conditions of terrorism in general, and so qualify ourselves to form an opinion upon the terrorism of the present anarchy.

### I.

That which surprises and perplexes all those who interest themselves in the so-called Nihilists, is the incomprehensible contrast between their terrible and sanguinary methods and their humane and enlightened ideals of social progress: a contrast that is suggested most forcibly by their personal qualities. For, whenever these men come actually before the eyes of the public, every unprejudiced and independent observer is forced to recognize that, instead of the ferocious monsters their acts would suggest, they are in fact men of the gentlest disposition, evidently inspired by unselfish love for their country, and, more often than not, well-educated, refined, and belonging to the best society. How is it then, that men of this sort, not only commit so many deeds of blood, but defend them, and proclaim them openly as fair means of political warfare?

This is the peremptory question that every historian of the revolutionary movement in Russia has to answer. And accordingly each one in turn first approaches the phenomena of terrorism from a psychological point of view, and shows how this apparent contradiction is explained by the conduct of the Government toward the Socialists. On this point it may be said that there is but one opinion among competent judges; all, without distinction of party, have pronounced in favor of the Nihilists.

When a Government considers all things permitted against a particular section of its subjects, and hunts them down like wild beasts without mercy and without truce, the persecuted body are, *ipso facto*, absolved from all civil obligations. The social pact ceases to exist for them, and unable to put themselves under the protection of the civil law they

are constrained to appeal to the natural instinct of self-defence and retaliation, which, under the name of Lynch law, prevails in the forests of the New World, where there are neither judges nor tribunals—as, in Russia, there are none for the Socialists.

A very good exposition of the gradual progress of the terroristic tendency under the influence of Government repression, was given by Prince Kropotkin in an article on Nihilism, published in the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1882, to which I would refer my readers.

It is, however, a mistake to treat the ferocity of the system of repression as the sole, or even the principal, cause of terrorism in Russia. The acts we are considering have never been mere measures of personal defence or vengeance—they have always contained an element of aggression, of war; they have had a general purpose; they represent, in short, a *system of political strife*. And as such they have been adopted; by which I mean, that in the present condition of Russian affairs it is hoped, by these means, to realize approximately, if not entirely, the common aim of the party—that is to say, the liberty of the country.

Liberty won by assassination! exclaim the good people. The phrase has an ugly sound. We are the first to acknowledge it and to regret it. But is the idea altogether new? Is not Timoleon, the liberator of Syracuse, universally celebrated as a hero, though he slew his own brother to deliver his country from a tyrant? The executions of Charles I. in England and of Louis XVI. in France, were they not called legal assassinations by Royalists? And were they not really such? Yet who can deny that these acts helped the cause of liberty in the countries in which they were perpetrated? Why then should not the assassination of Alexander II. prove equally useful? But let us not involve ourselves in moral considerations. It is not the apology for terrorism that we are making, but the analysis of it. The task before us is to inquire rather than to palliate. We will therefore leave the reader to apply for himself the French maxim—*tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*.

The anomaly presented by the strug-

gle for liberty in Russia is but a reflection of the anomalies inherent in the social condition of the country.

In other countries where liberal ideas have been developed concurrently with the material and intellectual development of the classes that stand in need of them, the result has been the overthrow of the autocracy by the revolutionary movement; the *bourgeoisie*, valuing itself upon its influence with the working-class, and especially with the more intelligent and excitable operatives of the towns, has stirred up the people to overthrow the *ancien régime*, and establish upon its ruins the parliamentary institutions that belong to the new political order. But in Russia nothing of this sort is possible. The whole nation languishes under its barbarous and incapable Government; and the working-class, reduced to literal starvation, suffers most of all. Profoundly discontented with its position, it is given up to dreams of agrarian communism. We have here the elements of a vast popular revolution that should loosen the joints of the existing order from the base to the summit of the social fabric. In the beginning, the Socialists entertained the dream that Russia would accept the situation, and pass by one leap from despotism to socialism. But the actual course of events has cruelly exposed the fallacy of such hopes; and it is now inexorably evident that the overthrow of the autocracy is an indispensable first step toward progress of any kind. The means by which such a political revolution could be worked are, however, presently wanting in Russia, and they are likely to be wanting for a time that cannot be calculated. The operatives of the towns make an insignificant part of the population, and they are distinguished from the rest by no special intelligence. The *bourgeoisie* is only beginning to exist; and that of the country and the provincial towns which alone has influence, is quite uncultivated: it can barely read and write, and is anything but liberal in its ideas.

There remains the mixed class of cultivated and educated people—in Russia called “the intelligent class”—that has no distinctive origin, or even position, except such as comes by professional or official occupation, and includes nobility



and *bourgeoisie*, sons of the Church, as well as employés of the Government. It is upon this class, nourished from childhood on the liberal thoughts of the best European thinkers and permeated by the most advanced democratic ideas, that the actual despotism presses most painfully. But, with a cruel irony, this class is deprived of its natural support by the moral gulf that separates it from the people.

This social chasm is the supreme misfortune of our country. Left to itself, without means of enlightenment, the people is given over to mediæval prejudices in politics and religion, and becomes the docile and unconscious instrument by which the Government maintains the very *régime* under which it suffers; while the cultivated classes, deprived of support, are placed in a truly desperate position. In their own country, surrounded by compatriots in speech and in blood, their condition is that of a race numerically small but of superior culture, subject to conquering barbarians.

This then is the anomaly in the social state that produces the anomaly of the political issue. There was only one course by which it could have been obviated—that the Government, accepting the situation, should have voluntarily abstained from using the material forces at command to oppress this new nation within the nation that has been begotten by the ardor of the Western breeze, on the plains of the Muscovite Empire. The part of a generous conqueror would have been to recognize that this new nation had its needs and its sacred rights, however incapable it might be of asserting them by force. But this the Government has never done, and in truth cannot do, without renouncing the autocracy. It has gone to the opposite extreme and treated the new class with a brutality rather Vandal than European. Every manifestation, however slight, of that independence of spirit which is the very breath of life to intelligent citizens—every freedom of thought or of speech, it has been the policy of the Government to requite with exile or the galleys. Rebellion was inevitable, and we have it in fact. Turn Nature out by the door and she comes back though the window. Un-

able to resort to open revolution, "intelligent Russia" is in a state of permanent passive rebellion; and by refusing all service and aid to the powers that be, contrives to paralyze such small efforts at reform as are attempted by the Government, which is thus driven to confide in unscrupulous and incompetent adventurers. Another result of this isolation of the cultivated class, and one specially interesting to us here, is the formation of a *milieu*, in which those whose patriotic feeling is strong enough to make them indifferent to personal risk can find moral support and encouragement even though they go the length of open rebellion. For in this class there is no disposition to be squeamish about the means resorted to by the more desperate spirits: the inequality of the forces pitted one against the other is so well appreciated—the wrongs, the griefs, the outrages, are so intimately felt—that everything is justified, everything applauded, provided the blow strikes to the heart of the enemy, and the serpent that strangles the whole nation is made to writhe.

These are, in our opinion, the principal causes leading, among us, to the system of war known by the name of terrorism. The repressive measures of the Government do but supply the kindling spark: they educate Socialists in the implacable hatred of oppressors, and they determine the first acts of terrorism, but they do not create terrorism: without the political and social conditions already indicated, these manifestations would remain isolated acts of self-defence and vengeance, and could never achieve the importance belonging to the systematized policy of a whole party. On the other hand—supposing for a moment that an impossibility had occurred—that the actual autocratic Government, while continuing to oppress the country, had treated the Socialist party with the utmost mildness; we still think it more than probable that terrorism would none the less have made its appearance in Russia—with only this difference, that in that case the movement would have begun at the point of aggression—that is to say, at *Tsaricide*—instead of passing through the preliminary phase of attacks upon government employés, all acts of this character hav-

ing been directly provoked by the repressive measures. In the short history of our revolutionary movement, there is an interesting incident that justifies this assumption. Karakozoff's attempt, made in 1866, was determined simply by the general policy of reaction pursued by the Government, and had no pretext of provocation in measures of repression against the Socialists, who indeed hardly existed as a party at that date. We have it on the authority of all concerned, that the society of which Karakozoff was a member had deliberately planned a series of similar attempts. But the times were not then mature; neither the society nor the revolutionary party were equal to so great a cause. How they have become so since, we shall see in the next chapter. Let us conclude this one with a recognition that, with the existing constitution of parties in Russia, only two courses of events are possible; either political terrorism on all sides, or a social revolution of the starving and desperate masses of the population. There is only one way of escape from this dilemma—that the revolution shall convert an integral part of the Government, that is to say, of the army, of the ministry, of the Imperial family itself, and the officials nearest to the throne. By this means the Government would be divided against itself, and the autocracy would fall to pieces by a process of natural decay. Such an event is anomalous, but the system now obtaining in Russia is an anachronism monstrous enough to make such anomalies possible. Should this state of things be realized, we should have a series of *coups d'état* and military insurrections, with more or less intervention on the part of other sections of the social body. And this is precisely the programme adopted by the party of "Narodnaya Volya," and which they are seeking to carry out. If they succeed, it will be well for us; if not, we shall have terrorism once again.

## II.

In the preceding chapter we have endeavored to point out the method and the causes of the creation of terrorism, as an idea, a tendency, and a system. We have now to consider its machinery; and on this aspect of the matter we

propose to linger a little as that which is above all interesting. Modern social science teaches us that every phenomenon of social life has its material substratum with which it is so intimately and essentially connected that it cannot exist independently of it. We shall see that this principle holds in the present case; and in order to make the application plain we will venture upon a parallel. Karl Marx, the founder of the new school of political economy, has proved to demonstration that in the course of history the creation of capital and the development of the power of the third estate, or *bourgeoisie*, has always been based upon the spoliation of peasants and artisans, and the conversion of the whole laboring class into a proletariat without property in the soil, and obliged to hire itself out for daily wages to landlords and capitalists. In like manner it may be said that terrorism is based upon the creation of a political proletariat consisting of the so-called "illegal men" or outlaws of Russian society. I have explained elsewhere that this name is given to all those who continue to live in open defiance of the police by means of false names and passports. This is a class that exists in no other country, but is numerous in Russia, in consequence of the arbitrary action of one party and the revolutionary temper of another.

The fact is that in Russia every one who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police as a political offender—no matter how trivial his offence may be—is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a lost man. The preliminary detention is made at the arbitrary pleasure of the prosecution, which in Russia is another name for the police: they can arrest and detain whom they will. No blame attaches to a mistaken arrest: on the contrary, the more arrests the greater the merits of the prosecutor. For instance, at the time of the trial of the "hundred and ninety-three" in 1878, there were, over and above this number of the accused, about one thousand four hundred persons arrested. Of these, half were set at liberty after a few months, but the remainder were kept in prison during the whole four years that the case lasted; save only seventy-five who died, some by suicide, some of con-

sumption, some insane. And in more recent times, when the white terror followed upon outbreaks of revolutionary terrorism, and especially in the reign of Alexander III.—who invented a species of political proconsuls, such as Strelmikov, to devastate towns and provinces, and arrest right and left—the severities have been even greater. But I have no positive figures at hand.

The normal penalties for political crimes are simply Draconian, ten years at the galleys for a single speech, or for reading or preserving a proclamation. And whenever a prosecution follows an outbreak, the tribunal receives special orders to aggravate the penalties so as to make "a salutary example," and the verdicts become legal assassinations of the most monstrous character. The lad Rosovskiy was condemned to death, and actually hanged at Kiev on the 5th of March, 1880, for merely having in his house a proclamation of the Executive Committee. The same judgment was passed on the student Efremov for having lent a room in his house to two revolutionists who were concerting a plan of escape without even taking their young host into confidence. But his sentence was commuted to a lifelong condemnation to the galleys in consequence of his having the weakness to appeal for mercy. Drobiasgin, Maidansky, Lisogub, Tchubarov, were all hanged—some for having subscribed money to the revolutionary cause, others for conveying a box, of which they did not know the contents, but which was proved to contain notes for a circular drawn up by two or three youths: offences, one and all, which the actual law of the country punishes only with exile or a few years of imprisonment.

But is there not a degree of innocence that can avail even before a Russian tribunal? If a man knows himself to be absolutely uncompromised in any revolutionary enterprise; if the police, on searching his house, could find no compromising document; if no treacherous deposition aggravate his danger—might not this man hope to get off with a few months, or at the utmost one, two, or three years of detention, and be left in peace for the rest of his life, with health impaired perhaps but not ruined, a future spoiled but not destroyed, and the

means of recovery with time and industry? Even so poor a hope as this will prove illusory in Russia. The principle of the terrible *law of suspects* is that not only the act, but the thought and the intention, shall be punished, and that these can be divined by the intuition of a *clairvoyant* police who need no proofs to confirm their guesses. It is an altogether exceptional and astounding thing for a man once implicated in a state prosecution to be ever again left in peace. Convicts with definitive sentences just after they have served out their term of punishment as well as those who are acquitted by the tribunals, even the very witnesses (who had also suffered imprisonment to make them more malleable), except of course those on the side of the prosecution, are generally sent afterward into exile by *order of the administration*. The imposition of this final penalty is left entirely to the discretion of the police, who are guided only by information privately received, and who, according to the behavior of the witness or implicated person, before the tribunal or the judge, pronounce sentence of exile and appoint the place of punishment. This last point is a very weighty one, for it makes a material difference to a man whether he is sent to the uttermost parts of Siberia or to some less remote region. It is, moreover, in the power of the police to extend or shorten the term of exile at their pleasure. But they are in little haste to shorten it. Without any exaggeration, we may declare that no man of the opposition who refuses to renounce his convictions or to pretend hypocritically to do so, will ever be recalled from exile, even though he may have committed absolutely no offence. Some of the witnesses in the case of Netchaieff, tried in 1871, are to this day in administrative exile. And what is this administrative exile? A horrible slow decay, an undermining of the whole moral and physical constitution of a man, a consumption by slow fire. We need not speak of administrative exile in Eastern Siberia among the wild Yakut of the horrible deserts, in the country where winter lasts ten months and cold reaches to 40 or 50 degrees below zero; where no clothing can be had but untanned skins of beasts, where bread is a rare delicacy, and al-

most the only luxury is a meal of rotten fish ; where there are no human beings to exchange speech with, for the aborigines speak an unintelligible gibberish ; where the post comes but once in a year. In these icy deserts exile is worse than the galleys. Nevertheless, it is inflicted *administratively*—that is to say, at the sole will and pleasure of the police, and for offences too trivial (when not purely imaginary) to be cited even before a Russian tribunal.

But enough of this. Let us consider administrative exile in its milder forms—in Western Siberia or Northern Russia. Here we are in civilized countries—at least so far as the material side of life is concerned. There are houses to live in, there is food to eat, the European costume is in vogue. Only in order to enjoy all this, we must have money or the means of earning it. But how shall this last be done without intercourse with other citizens ? And this is just what the Government is determined to prevent, on the ground that "loyal subjects" are in danger of being corrupted. Hence the monstrous regulation of March 12th, 1882—reprinted in all the Russian newspapers of the day. It is forbidden to administrative exiles to give lessons, or occupy themselves in any educational function, or even to give instruction in manual arts. They are also forbidden to hold conferences, to take part in scientific meetings or to attend theatrical performances, to serve in libraries, in printing-offices, in lithographers' or photographers' shops, or even as journeymen laborers ; and always for the same reason—to obviate the risk of propaganda. On the same ground those who are doctors, chemists, or accoucheurs, are forbidden to exercise their respective professions. Finally, because many of them are men of letters, they are forbidden to contribute to reviews and newspapers. What means of earning their bread is left to them ? Manual labor, in some cases. But what does that mean for educated men who have never held a workman's tool in their hands ? And even that is not always permitted. The Government does not think itself safe, short of granting discretionary power to the administration, to forbid any exile to practice his own handicraft.

Obviously, having thus deprived the exiles of the means of earning their living, it is incumbent upon the Government to maintain them, like prisoners, at the public cost. And in fact, this obligation is recognized in principle, and a monthly allowance is made to every political exile—five roubles to those who are of noble origin, and three to those who are not noble. The larger sum is about equal to ten shillings, the smaller to six shillings, a month. Such an allowance as this is a mockery. And were it not for the contributions of friends and relations, which all the exiles share like brothers, they must all die of starvation. But the friends of the exiles are overburdened with other expenses ; and the utmost they can do for their unfortunate comrades amounts to little more than a few crumbs cast into an abyss of indigence. The exiles sink into a state of squalid misery, and their health wastes away for want of the commonest necessities of life.\* At the same time, the absence of books and newspapers, the want of occupation and of intellectual interests, in this death-in-life, dragged out from day to day under the incessant *espionage* of the superintendents, produces a dull despair and apathy that wears out the spirit even more terribly than the physical hardships ruin the body. Those who have suffered it for a few years feel the effects of it all their lives, and maintain that even the misery of solitary confinement is preferable to this slow consumption prolonged through years and years, and sometimes through a lifetime. Proof of this lies in the number of suicides that occur among the administrative exiles : every issue of the "Narodnaya Volya" announces several.

Such is the future that awaits not only every revolutionist in Russia, but every member of the opposition who has once come in contact with the police. It would be easy to fill whole pages with examples of arbitrary inflictions of the extreme penalty. Not seldom, the police

\* In order to alleviate their sufferings and supply their wants as far as possible, a purely philanthropic society has been founded under the name of "The Red Cross of the Narodnaya Volya," with an agency abroad, presided over by Vera Zassoulitch (Clarens, Switzerland) ; and Pietro Lovroff (328, Rue St. Jacques, Paris).



are unable to formulate any kind of definite accusation, and the charges written against the names of men sent to perish in Siberia will be of this sort—"he belongs to a dangerous family," "has perverse opinions," "had a brother who was hanged!" We have not as yet complete statistics as to these exiles. It is, however, calculated approximately that, in the reign of Alexander II. alone, their number amounted to ten thousand—the flower of a whole generation brought to the sickle like the corn in ear. Verily, in these scattered hamlets of the desert, the youth of Russia is immolated. It is not necessary to seek further for the causes of sterility in all our fields of intellectual labor; a country as poor as ours in intellectual resources cannot stand this constant letting of its best blood.

But now let us suppose the case of a man who, by some lucky chance, learns beforehand that he is regarded with suspicion by the police. An inquiry, followed by an arrest, is inevitable. Beyond this, the event is doubtful: he will be cited to a trial of some sort, and may appear either at the prisoner's bar or in the witness-box; he may be acquitted or condemned; hanged or restored to provisional liberty. All these points are uncertain, and a man of sanguine temperament may flatter himself that the issue is doubtful also; but, in fact, one thing is certain, he will be sent into administrative exile, and will suffer all its miseries; and unless he is prepared to be a hypocrite or to make compromises, he must lay his account to spending the best years of his life in such exile, if not to die in it. Unless, indeed, he will have recourse to the only remaining expedient—flight. In this case, is it not better to fly at once? Accordingly, he flies. But it is those who hold the revolutionary faith who fly; those only who have not sufficient faith to endure the life of an outlaw remain, because their position in the heart of the revolutionary movement would be like that of an atheist priest within the Church.

It is precisely the predominance of the revolutionary faith that has created this class of outlaws. In former days a man being warned that he was compromised with the Government, began by getting out of the way, and kept in hiding until he could succeed in crossing the fron-

tiers; then he devoted himself either to active agitation among the European populations or to the literary propaganda of revolutionary ideas. But since the year 1873, when the movement reached its maturity and was reinforced by new life and ardor, to abandon one's country and agitate abroad has been felt to be too troublesome a course, and the resolution has been taken to remain on the soil and work for the cause under cover of false passports. At this point the new figure of the "illegal man" comes into the political field.

We have seen that the anticipated arrest is the principal means of his creation. Such cases occur every day; never an arrest takes place that does not carry with it *loss of legality* (as the Nihilist phrase has it) for several citizens whose addresses, letters, or photographs show them to be friends or acquaintances of the accused; the most energetic of these always resort to outlawry, and their number is swollen by those who, less fortunate or less resolute, have not been able to evade arrest, and after being sent into exile, contrive to get away from their station, a comparatively easy matter. And, finally, these are joined by a curious contingent of *volunteer outlaws*, consisting of men who renounce legality before they have even compromised themselves, knowing well that they stand in daily risk of doing so, and not wishing to be caught unprepared. Such are the sources from which *illegal Russia* has sprung into existence. Statistics are wanting by which to estimate its numerical strength; we can only say that it is less than it should be in the present condition of Russia; and this because none enter into it except the Socialists. Even so, however, the number of "illegal men" who have come upon the scene during the last eight or ten years cannot be less than several thousands.

These outlaws may be described as men deprived of all political and civil rights. If they have had a profession, a trade, or any sort of occupation, they can no longer practice it, for to make themselves known is to be arrested. If they are men of property, they must renounce all rights of property; for having lost their identity, they are no longer in a position to enjoy their estates, or to alienate them by will or by gift. If they

have families, they must disown them, for they cannot venture to see them any more. The police, knowing the weakness of human nature, keeps special watch over the near relations of every "illegal man," and seizes the opportunity of a stolen interview to effect his arrest. His sweetheart will sometimes follow him, abandoning everything for his sake.

All these things taken into consideration, the position of the "illegal men" is not so miserable or so defenceless as might be supposed. For these reasons. Their own number is considerable, and the number of those who, without throwing in their lot with them, are yet willing to help them, is simply enormous. So that they constitute a State within the State, having their own organization, their particular code of manners and customs, an independent public opinion, a special press and various offices of government, among which the most important are the passport office and the finance office—by which the community provides for the needs of its members. This mysterious republic, in constant war with the Government, is moreover on terms of peace and amity with all the world outside. Altogether the life of such an outlaw is as different as possible from what a European reader might suppose, if he judged by the case of a man in a corresponding position in any other country. The Russian outlaw is on his guard, but he is not obliged to hide himself. He goes about openly, frequents public haunts and domestic circles, attends theatres and concerts, becomes a member of scientific and literary societies, etc. etc.; and wherever he goes he meets people who are aware of his *illegality*. But he has nothing to fear from them, for any one who should betray his secret would incur universal contempt, and be counted irredeemably dishonored for the rest of his life. Generally speaking, it may be said that an "illegal man" stands in no danger whatever so long as he stands alone. The real and only danger is when he puts himself in relation with comrades to concert a revolutionary attempt.

It is from among this class of "illegal men" that the ranks of terrorism are recruited, and therefore I affirm that the creation of this class of men, desti-

tute of political rights, bears the same relation to the systematization of terror that the creation of the proletariat (or class economically spoiled) bears to the organization of capital. The one is the material substratum of the other. The truth of this assertion may be tested by a single question. Is it possible to carry on an organized revolutionary movement in the manner of Zassoulitch—that is to say, can every man who takes part in a revolutionary act consign himself afterward into the hands of so-called justice, as Vera Zassoulitch did when she shot General Trepoff? This is a question that admits of no answer but a unanimous and emphatic "No"; except perhaps on the part of mere lookers-on, quiet citizens who, knowing nothing of the real working of revolutions always imagine the revolutionist to be an abnormal creature outside the ordinary laws of human nature. The revolutionists of all countries, and especially those of Russia, will answer with one accord that on these terms a systematic revolution is a thing absolutely impossible; no party, however enthusiastic, *exalté*, heroic, can produce men like Zassoulitch by the dozen.

And a man who is not an outlaw, but a citizen living under ordinary conditions, when he commits an act of terrorism does nothing less than sacrifice completely and irrecoverably his future, his life, his all! For in Europe there remains no possible position in society, no occupation of any sort, for the man who has a deed of blood at his heels. He is dead, if not physically, at least morally and politically. Men, ready to make such sacrifices, are not easy to find. When they fall, how are they to be replaced?

But the violence of Russian despotism has created the class of "illegal men," and so solved the problem. The revolutionary outlaws are men sacrificed in advance. They know that the fatal hour must come for each one of them sooner or later; and one and all they throw themselves into the desperate struggle initiated by a handful of heroes. I do not know who it was that calculated the average duration of an "illegal man's" life at two years. Possibly the estimate is even too long. But in that short space there is no definite moment

or act that is known beforehand to be the fatal one—an important point, as every one knows who understands human nature. The outlaw knows he stakes his life upon every enterprise in which he embarks, but he knows also that by courage, resolution, and presence of mind he may escape death, and that in that case he loses nothing, while he gains the satisfaction of having done his part well. It matters little to him that the police are on his track: he is not a person—but a shadow, a number, a mark. He has but to change his name, his passport, and his dwelling-place, and he vanishes, to begin life anew. If through any unfortunate combination of circumstances his real name transpires, he only suffers the annoyance of being, for a short time, carefully sought by the police. Protected and hidden in his little world beyond the law, he can afford to laugh at their pains; and, after a short interval of repose, he appears again and once more openly defies the enemy. Neither does he lose consideration in general society if he has any relations there which he cares to maintain; for the devotion and affection of “loyal subjects” to their Czar is of such a singular character that a man who has attempted the life of his sovereign, or of one of his ministers, does not thereby lose respect and esteem, or cease to be a welcome guest in the houses of the best society. (This is a statement that will provoke a shriek of rage from Kat Roff, the present vice-emperor; but neither he nor the Government can deny its perfect truthfulness. Least of all does the prospect of punishment deter the “illegal man” from attempting desperate deeds. That is a consideration that does not weigh with him for a moment; he knows that as a revolutionist he has no hope of escaping, whatever he does or does not do. He is only concerned to crowd into the brief term of life allotted to him, the greatest possible number of services to the cause of liberty, and of injuries to the common enemy.

But the opposing forces are so unequal that the revolutionary party cannot carry on the struggle in the form of war. Its soldiers often transform themselves into voluntary martyrs, and invoke victory for their cause, after the

manner of the Roman leaders, by dedicating themselves to the infernal gods. Such was the part of Zolovieff, of Grinevski, of Kara Rosoff, of Mlodezki, and others. But these cases of exceptional heroism, and indeed all the general heroism displayed by the revolutionary party, to the amazement, and even the admiration of their very enemies—is it not due in no inconsiderable degree to this life beyond the law and under the sword of Damocles?

We have no sympathy with the apotheosis of a nation any more than of a party. If the Nihilists have any virtue peculiar to themselves (as they certainly have some defects) it is in consequence of the conditions in which they live. The ancients said: *poeta nascuntur oratores fiunt*. We may say with more truth that heroes are not born, but are moulded in the school of danger and sacrifice. Man is altogether a creature of habit. There is nothing to which he may not be accustomed: to privations and inconveniences, to things pleasant as well as unpleasant. By merely having it every day and each day before his eyes, he may become so used to danger that he will not think of it. He may become indifferent even to the idea of death, by looking it constantly in the face and carrying it always in his thoughts. A Russian traveller relates that once, when he was visiting the monastery of Mount Athos, an earthquake, occurred during the celebration of mass. All the congregation were seized with panic, and rushed out of doors shrieking. But the monks remained at their posts and went through the service with imperturbable calm. When the shock was over, the traveller expressed his surprise to a friend among the monks, who answered simply: “What surprises you? Is not all our life a preparation for death?” A like answer may be given by the Russian revolutionary about to ascend the gallows with a firm step. Sophie Perovskaya, a few days before her execution, wrote to her mother: “My fate does not afflict me in the least, and I shall meet it with complete tranquillity, for I have long expected it, and known that sooner or later it must come.” We do not pretend, therefore, that these men are, in any sense, giants—or even strange

freaks of chance or nature ; we will not even call them rare and passing types, but simply men who have been well trained in the awful school the Russian Government supports. So long as this school exists, and education in it continues to be compulsory, the supply of heroes will not fail.

We have now seen how terrorism has been developed in Russia, how it maintains itself and must continue to maintain itself. We do not hesitate to say that this system, which has been kept up for some years past by the existence of this outlawed class, must, as time goes on, banish all security from the State. The conditions that have created this class are unchanged ; the class itself is now more numerous than it has ever been before. It is quiet for the moment. But the apparent calm is not to be trusted. Modern Russia may be compared to Germany during the thirty years' war, when the whole country teemed with volunteers, and the cry of a popular leader sufficed to turn them into an army and put the country to fire and sword. The soldiers of the revolution are scattered through the length and breadth of the land, and everywhere their power is felt and the most energetic and resolute spirits are driven to make themselves outlaws. The moment a new Wallenstein sounds the alarm ; the moment a few victories have been gained—the contagion will spread from mind to mind, and those who still hesitate, or seem to hesitate, will crowd to his banner and throw themselves with new energy into the work of destruction. As things are at present, no one can answer for the tranquillity of the country ; no one, from the Emperor down to his humblest subaltern, can be sure of his life from day to day, any more than one can sleep peacefully in a house under which a barrel of dynamite is concealed.

### III.

I have completed my study of terrorism in Russia, and it only remains for me to come back to the question concerning the nascent terrorism in Europe, which I put at starting. Is it the beginning of a new revolutionary movement—has it a future ?

I need not linger long over the answer,

which the reader can hardly have failed to anticipate. I do not believe that dynamite will ever be naturalized in Europe as a political agent. I do not think that terrorism has a future there.

The situation in Russia has been determined, as we have seen, by the fact that the party through which the actual political revolution is maintained is numerically so small, that were it to venture upon an open trial of its strength, it must inevitably be overpowered by the Government, which has the mass of the people at command. In Europe, on the other hand, the revolutionary movement is not so much political as economical, and the class concerned in it is the strongest as well as the largest numerically ; so much so, that a considerable section of it—let alone the whole, supposing it to be united and determined to act—would suffice to overpower all its enemies. And yet no insurrection takes place.\* Where political liberty exists, a favorable vote is enough to satisfy the socialists. The important thing is to make the liberal intention felt. Therefore, for European revolutionists to make personal attacks upon the Government or the *bourgeoisie*, would be as absurd, as if, in the last Franco-Prussian war, Moltke, Manteuffel, and other Prussian generals, instead of encompassing the weak enemy with their mighty battalions, would seek to penetrate in disguise to the heart of the French camp to engage in single combat with Napoleon, Bazaine, and McMahon, instead of meeting them at the head of their battalions.\* Terrorism has no *raison d'être* on European soil, and will therefore not succeed in forming for itself the indispensable surrounding of a mass of sympathizers and supporters.

Moreover, the cause wants soldiers ; there are no "illegal men" in Europe like those of Russia. The conditions of European life have certainly produced revolutionists and socialists, but these are not driven to put themselves beyond the law in order to work for their ideals.

\* Invert the comparison and imagine that by misadventure a single company of franc-tireurs, left alone to defend their country against the invaders, act in the same way toward the Prussian generals—you have then the case of the Russian Nihilists.



They remain citizens of their respective countries, and will certainly not sacrifice willingly the possibility of appearing in public and speaking freely and openly—the only means by which men can seriously influence their fellow-citizens in Europe.

But if the adoption of terrorism as an organized system of political warfare is absolutely impossible in Europe, what is the meaning of those acts of terrorism that occur now here, now there? We are very far from approving of them. On the first page of the number of the "Narodnaya Volya," published shortly after the death of President Garfield, the following declaration appeared:

"While expressing profound sympathy with the American people in the death of President James Abram Garfield, the Executive Committee feels itself obliged to protest in the name of the Russian revolutionary party against all acts of violence like that which has been perpetrated. In a country where the liberty of the subject allows peaceful discussion of ideas, where the will of the people not only makes the law but chooses the person by whom it is administered; in such a country as this, political assassination is a manifestation of the identical despotic tendency, to the destruction of which we are devoting ourselves in Russia. Despotism, whether wielded by individuals or by parties, is equally condemnable, and violence can only be justified when it is opposed to violence" (No. VI., Oct. 23d, 1881).

This declaration sums up the feeling of Russian revolutionists in regard to the real terrorism in Europe, and we can but indorse it. Nevertheless, it would be neither very philosophical nor altogether reassuring to regard the acts of terror committed on European soil as mere manifestations of individual wickedness and madness? For what guarantee should we have against madmen? To us it seems that these acts are the fruit of class hatreds and antagonisms developed under the influence of foreign examples, and without due regard to difference of local conditions, into a sanguinary political theory. It is precisely for this reason that we do not believe they will continue long. In politics, no course is adopted without

the hope that it will make its party the strongest; and the anarchists (we should rather say a few knots of anarchists) would not have betaken themselves to terrorism if they had not expected to draw the operative class into their camp, and inaugurate a movement of considerable importance. As, however, it is impossible, for the reasons indicated above, that such a result can ever be realized, they find themselves reduced to a kind of agitation of which the political insignificance (not to speak of its other aspects) is too evident; and they will probably abandon their ill-advised practices, rather than risk their lives for such false stakes. The sooner they do so, the better it will be for the interests of the social revolution.

There is, however, one important factor in the problem by means of which the life of this still-born babe may perhaps be artificially prolonged. To wit, the action of those governments who, wishing to avoid the state of things that has come about in Russia, have had the unlucky inspiration to adopt the Russian methods. For in what other way can we characterize sentences of five or six years' imprisonment for the mere hoiding of anarchical opinions, such as were lately passed at Lyons; or for participation in a demonstration, as in the case of Louise Michel? Is not this a reproduction of Russia in miniature? But it is always the same; repression is the easiest and quickest mode of response to what Carlyle has called the "petition in hieroglyphs;" nothing so simple as to blow brains out and refuse to inquire into anything.

What is to be done by those who will take the trouble to decipher the hieroglyphs in order to satisfy the abstruse petition—it is not my business to answer. I leave it to others. As for me, I have only endeavored to show, by a true exposition of Russian events, a useful example of *what should not be done*, of that which all civilized countries should avoid as completely as possible. —*Contemporary Review*.

## A SKETCH OF M. CLÉMENCEAU.

BY AN ANGLO-PARISIAN FRIEND.

M. CLÉMENCEAU, in alluding in his last speech to the state of French village schools and the unjustly heavy fiscal burdens which weigh on the peasants, was angrily interrupted by Moderate and Monarchical deputies, and treated as a cobbler who did not stick to his last. They saw in him the representative of an urban constituency, and denied his competency to speak for rustics. In retaliating, he said he was country-born and reared, and came from the heart of a rural department—La Vendée, where he passes his summer vacations. M. Clémenceau has the west-Vendéan physiognomy, but with the well-formed mouth and white even teeth of the Breton Celt. His eyes express strongly fugitive moods and rapidly gay, grave and sombre thoughts. Their changefulness of expression is a great help to his oratory and enables him to be sober in gesticulation. The eminent French deputy has also the moral characteristics of the Vendéans. He holds fast, like them, to his opinions and believes in his principles. If he is ever persuaded by his party to trim, he will do it with a bad grace, and soon repent. His conscience has a healthy sensitiveness and is aided by an excellent heart. The mind is quick to assimilate and strong to grasp. It has received a scientific training and been untrammelled by every sort of cant from infancy to the present hour. M. Clémenceau not only sees the force of principle in politics, but the impossibility of getting on without it. His father, who was arrested on December 2d, brought up his sons and daughters in the ideas of the Revolution and the cult of M. Louis Blanc. Dr. Clémenceau, père, came to Paris to make the acquaintance of M. Louis Blanc in 1848. In a Republican place the Doctor might have been a dangerous foe of the Empire. But he only found sympathizers among his tenants and laborers and in his wife. She was a nominal Protestant, and of a sweet and firm disposition. Being highly educated, she was able to be the preceptress of her children. The

sons were prepared entirely by her for the High School at Nantes, and the daughters to pass examinations for diplomas. George, the orator, was not a promising pupil; his mind did not wake up until he was near seventeen, and wanted to pass an examination for a university degree. The only thing he could up to that time learn well was English, and that was because he wanted to read the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." To remember what he studied in the day time, he used to fasten his hand by a string to a nail in the wall over his head. This kept him from sleeping and he mentally went over his tasks. The faculty of assimilation became prodigious. As the brain got active and conscious of its strength the nerves grew impressionable. Great qualities developed, in running into excess, some defects, which, however, tend to soften down as experience of the world increases. The moral isolation of his family kept him from absorbing bourgeois prejudices, the absurdity of which came home to him when he grew up with the strength of freshness, and were made a butt for his irony. One of his rare friends was Paul Dubois, at whose funeral M. Clémenceau and M. Ranc exchanged olive branches. Native sincerity was braced up by a scientific training. Science is an enemy to sham and humbug.

Rapid cerebration and the habit of saying what he thinks gives M. Clémenceau a brusqueness of manner, which hurts touchy persons who only know him slightly. His irony is irrepressible when he meets with solemn and pretentious nullities. There is no more charming, pleasant, or better fellow at a small and intimate *déjeuner* or dinner. But those who meet him in society, for which he does not care, would think him dry and harsh. The truth is that he is soft-hearted to the point of weakness. His compassionate disposition renders his position as deputy of an *arrondissement* in which poverty is the rule a source of frequent pain. Nearly every evening his ante-room at the of-

fice of his journal is filled with scrubby men and women, who come to ask medical advice or to ask for help and patronage. It is torture to him to receive them; but he gallantly hears them out, and does what he can for them. What lent him such vibrating eloquence when he was demanding a parliamentary inquiry into the state of the French working-classes were the harrowing impressions which he had freshly received from such visitors. His visit to England has been wrongly attributed to a veering round toward bourgeoisism. It thus came about. A ridiculous criticism of the speech in which he called for inquiry into working class grievances appeared on the 5th inst. in the *Times*. It was read to him on the following evening by M. Pelletan, in the presence of two sub-editors (both deputies), a municipal councillor (also on the staff of the *Justice*), and an English visitor. They were all astounded, and in a way amused. M. Pelletan asked how it was M. Clémenceau's motion could be so treated in a serious English journal, and whether England was not, as M. Louis Blanc described it, the classic land of parliamentary inquiries. His chief, though he had had a long conversation with English trade unionists on the subject, repeated the question. In answer a short sketch was given of Lord Shaftesbury's campaign against cruel mill-owners and colliery managers, and of Mr. Plimsoll's against speculators in unseaworthy vessels. M. Clémenceau then said, "As we should keep on the solid ground of fact and experience I have a mind to run across to London to see how the English manage affairs of this kind. I have friends there competent to help me, and I should be delighted even to receive light from Lord Shaftesbury. It will not be through our fault if the committee is not able to obtain a good diagnosis of industrial maladies."

As a medical student M. Clémenceau gave high promise, and was a house pupil at the Hôtel Dieu. Two-and-twenty years ago the Quartier-Latin was in a state of seething political fermentation. It was impossible for a young fellow brought up as M. Clémenceau was not to participate in *le réveil de la jeunesse*, or to avoid being drawn into plots

against the Empire. His future career was shaped by an apparently insignificant accident. Through Nantes friends he became acquainted with a wild soldier of fortune named Cluseret, who had served in the United States army against the South, and came home with the title of General to get up émeutes. Cluseret had an American following which hated the Emperor because he had encouraged the Secessionists. Knowing English, M. Clémenceau was able to converse with the General's Yankee friends, and was of an age when the mind is very receptive of new ideas. While other young agitators were living on Jacobin phrases, he was learning about Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and how English colonies came to be a "Greater England." The true cause of his estrangement from his old Quartier-Latin associates three years ago was the difference between his point of view and theirs. In conspiring against the Empire M. Clémenceau got into trouble. A sojourn in Mazas failed to tame him. The thesis he read at his final examination sounded like a call of "To your tents, O Israel!" To escape returning to prison he went to America, bearing letters to Horace Greeley and a sub-editor of the *Tribune*. From New York he moved up to Connecticut, and while awaiting patients lectured on French literature in an atheneum. All the young ladies who came to hear him were engaged save one, and she is now Mme. Clémenceau. She came with him and her eldest child to France in 1870. He at once entered into relations with Gambetta, whom he had known well in the Quartier-Latin, and on the night of the 3d of September went round Belleville for him with Brateret, to tell the members of the National Guard there to meet next day in the Place de la Concorde and make a clean sweep of the Empire. M. Gambetta sent him to the mayoralty of Montmartre. During the siege his popularity rose fast, and he was returned at the next general election to the Assembly. But, with MM. Lockroy and Floquet, he resigned, when that body refused to hold any parley with the Commune. M. Clémenceau was authorized by the regular Government to make promises which they failed to honor. These

breaches of faith deprived him of the moral authority which would have enabled him to have saved the lives of General Lecomte and M. Clément Thomas.

Many of M. Clémentceau's advanced electors say that, although a bourgeois, he keeps faith with them. His reputation for probity enabled him to brave the Collectivists who were egged on by other bourgeois to put him down at a public meeting at Montmartre. M. Clémentceau is not one of those who hound on the people to revolt, and then hide until the storm is over; nor is he the partisan of the revolutionary means that he was under the Empire. The civil war and the sufferings of the Communists in the Antipodes impressed him with the terrible responsibility incurred in a resort to illegal force. Yet he was one of the few friends of M. Gambetta who joined him in preparing to resist Marshal MacMahon, if he dissolved the Chamber elected in October, 1877. On the Marshal's resignation the eager and unswerving Vendéan wanted M. Gambetta to take office and proceed to the business of establishing harmony between Republican principles and fiscality and political institutions. Unfortunately the Jacobin stock-in-trade was phrases, and the real aim of Jacobins was to substitute one set of men for another in the Civil Service. Dissipated parasites with nobiliary prefixes to their names were to be replaced by stingy parasites of humble bourgeois origin, who would look upon themselves as part of that great infallibility, the State. M. Clémentceau proposed to make rooks fly away by pulling down rookeries. He saw that monarchical environments would produce Monarchy under another name. Excuses were not wanting for standing still and enjoying the material fruits of victory. Grévy's mistrust of Radicalism and the foreign relations of France were put forward as reasons for doing next to nothing. M. Gambetta, it should in justice to him be added, knew the President disliked him, and feared that in being taken between him and the Senate he would be rendered impotent and his popularity used up in fruitless struggle. He preferred to do what he could through—as he termed them—Orleanists honneux, who were influential in the Senate.

This inertia demoralized Republicans and alienated M. Clémentceau from the Opportunist chief. "The former pressed for at least a total amnesty of the Communists, who had received their initial impulse in 1870 from the deputies of Paris and their active and agitating friends, one of whom was M. Clémentceau. It was not only humane but just to amnesty, and in a Republic it was more important to be equitable than to win the favor of Beaconsfield, Bismarck, and the Czar. A breach took place after the Prince Imperial's death, when Bonapartists were rushing to the Petit Bourbon as if to do obeisance to the Republic, but with the ill-concealed object of hemming M. Gambetta in, and using him for their own advantage.

M. Clémentceau holds his ground in the Chamber, and gains ground outside, because he has convictions and can set them forth with peculiar ability. He has a satisfied majority before him, which only wants decent pretexts for voting with the Government. Incompatibility of humor and of standpoints fixes a gulf between him and the Jacobins. The Right is Royalist, and the Extreme Left the smallest group. It would form a poor claue if it tried to serve as one. Yet its leader compels the Chamber to listen to him, and as often and as long as he chooses to speak. His oratory is unique, and devoid of resonant phrases that wind up in ear-tickling climax. There is no apparent art, and certainly no artifice in his periods. What strikes one first is intensity, and method in arrangement exists, but is not at once perceptible. Ideas come so fast and with such strength and brightness that attention cannot flag. One feels that the speaker is ready to practice what he preaches, and the last man to furl his flag and hide it. His gestures are rare and instinctive; one of them is to hold his big, full forehead in his hands, and then to push them out from him—clenched. However suddenly put upon his mettle, he has the right word on the tip of his tongue. His irony is dreadful, but sparingly used, and in a touch-and-go manner. No part of the speech has been learned by heart, but the subjects with which it deals have been laboriously mastered and thought out during sleepless nights. When expecting to make a



speech, M. Clémenceau is troubled with insomnia and the attendant nervousness. In the tribune, and particularly if hotly interrupted, his blood gets up and he regains *ses moyens physiques*. In enthusiasm for ideas he is a poet. Though fond of plain speech, he has a passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and is as good a judge of pictures and bric-à-brac as M. Rochefort. He sleeps all the year round before an open window, looking out on a fifth floor balcony, which in summer is bright with sky-blue

vases and blooming plants. M. Clémenceau gains in being well known. But he will only know well persons whom he feels he can like and trust. Repressing his natural frankness bores him. As he has not many political hangers-on he would not have a long tail to embarrass him should he rise to be Prime Minister. None of his lieutenants are henchmen. He is their leader in public, and their gay and friendly but not boon companion in private. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

---

#### THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

It is a noteworthy fact that in almost all the religions of the ancient world, the human soul, though it may be defined as immortal and disembodied, seldom entirely quits this earth. Before the birth of Geography, men imagined the world to be large enough to contain, not only the land of the living, but also the land of the dead, and even the habitations of the gods themselves. The Greek divinities dwelt on an Olympus which was originally earthly and local; so did the Indian gods on their Mount Meru; so too, the deities of the North abode in an Asgard, which men conceived as a fixed point exactly in the middle of the face of the earth. And if a terrestrial dwelling could be found for the gods, much more could a habitation be discovered for the disembodied spirits of men. Soul-lands, then, whether figured as under-worlds or isles of the blessed (to use familiar names), are of almost universal acceptance. With the former class we are not here concerned; but to the latter, when a place on the surface of the earth is assigned to them, we may apply the name "Earthly Paradise." These, then, form one branch of our subject; along with them must be ranged the Christian Paradise, which was identified with the biblical Eden—and also the deathless lands, not destined for souls, but for living men, with which we sometimes meet in mediæval legends.

The regions which belong to the first of these classes are invariably placed in the West. Of this fact the most plausible explanation is, that all the ancient

nations, when imagining the journey of the departed soul, had in their minds the journey of the sun, the one god who dies daily; yet who has not really perished, but is only withdrawn from human sight. Nearly every tribe had some knowledge of a sea toward the West, with whose limits they were, in the early part of their history, quite unacquainted. Accordingly the soul-land was usually conceived as lying across the unexplored Western waters. The Egyptian abode of the dead was an exception to this rule, for not sea but desert forms the impassable western boundary of the Nile Valley. But none the less the Egyptian soul-land was placed in the West, though the spirit of the departed had to cross the desert, the "dark land of Apap," before arriving at the home of Osiris, the hidden sun.

There are two ways in which the setting of the sun into the west may strike the mind of the beholder. On the one hand, the sight of the end of a fine summer day, when the whole horizon is a sheet of vivid color and the sea is divided by a golden path, calls up ideas of a land of glory where the sun-god rests after the labors of the day. On the other hand, after a day of mist and tempest, when the sun has seemed to wrestle with the black clouds, and finally sinks, swallowed up by them, into a dark and stormy sea, the sight of his end suggests only gloomy thoughts. So we get the double idea of the West—as the bright Elysian plain or the garden of the Hesperides; and, on the other hand, as the dim shadowy land where the disem-

bodied souls spend an aimless and hopeless existence.

Both these ideas appear in the Homeric poems. Although in the "Iliad" the "dark home of Hades" is certainly below the earth, yet when Ulysses visits the shades, he does not descend, but meets them on the misty shore of the land of the dead. Moreover, it is now generally allowed that Mr. Gladstone is wrong in placing this land in the East, and that its real situation, in accordance with all Aryan ideas, is in the West, or perhaps North-west. Although in the Homeric poems the gloomy view of the after-life, which allots a colorless and unhappy existence to the souls of the greatest heroes, Achilles, Ajax, and their fellows, as much as to the souls of the common herd, is generally found, yet the more cheerful aspect of the West is shown in at least one passage, where *Prôteus* prophesies to *Ménélaus* that his last end will be to come to "the Elysian plain and the ends of the earth, where abides the fair-haired *Rhadamanthus*; where life is easy for mortals; where is no snow nor storm nor rain, but always the ocean sends up the cooling breath of the west wind"—a description well-known as copied by *Lucretius* and *Tennyson*.

In *Hesiod* we first find this Western land mentioned by the name which afterward became its proper title, *Μακάριον νῆσος*. Speaking of the heroes of the *Thēban* and *Trojan* wars, he makes *Zeus* bear them away after death, "to have their life and their abode apart from men, so that they dwell undisturbed in the islands of the blessed, by the deep-flowing ocean, where the fruitful earth brings forth her harvests thrice a year."

A similar picture is found in the *Olympian odes* of *Pindar*, who speaks of the island of the blessed, round which the ocean breezes blow—where earth and water alike blaze with golden flowers, and the just dwell wreathed with garlands, beneath the gentle sway of *Rhadamanthus*.

After *Pindar* it is unnecessary to mention the numerous allusions to this Western land which are found in the Greek poets. It seems, however, to be different from *Leuké*, which would appear to have been a sort of private earthly Paradise for the hero *Achilles*. Before the

extent of the Euxine was known, he was supposed to inhabit an island in its extreme west, where he was united to *Helen*, and was accustomed to drive his chariot along the smooth promontory called *Achilleôs Dromos*.

When the Euxine was explored, the idea vanished, or rather shrank into the worship of *Achilles* as ruler of the sea at the colony of *Olbia*, the place nearest to the legendary position of *Leuké*.

After a time there came the materializing age of ancient history—that in which all the old legendary spots were fitted with places in the real lands of the Western Mediterranean, when *Phæacia* became *Corcyra*, and *Sicily* the dwelling of the *Cyclops*. At this time the isles of the blessed were placed outside the Straits of *Gibraltar*. But some centuries later, about B.C. 100, actual islands of pleasant aspect were discovered in that direction. Hence these which we now call the *Cape de Verde Islands* got the name of *Fortunatæ Insulæ*: and though no one asserted that they were inhabited by the souls of the just, yet the old wonders of the isles of the blessed were related of them; and we read of their perpetual spring, and the three harvests a-year which they produced. The accounts of these islands in sober geographers which survived into the middle ages, were certainly one of the reasons which induced the exploration of the Western sea.

Unlike the Greeks, the Romans succeeded to the rule of a world which had been explored; and except in a few allusions in the poets and in *Pliny*, manifestly borrowed from the Greek, we do not find the islands of the blessed in their old sense mentioned till a very late date. Strange to say, however, among the very last of the Roman authors, as if we were coming on the shadow which the approaching middle ages cast before them, we find the old Western spirit-land of the "Odyssey" reappearing. In *Claudian* we meet with the following passage: "There is a land, where the farthest end of Gaul stretches out into the ocean, where *Ulysses* is said to have invoked the silent folk with libations of blood. Here, even now, the pitiful wailing of the souls is heard as they flit past, and the peasants see pale shapes,

the forms of the dead, taking their way from earth."

This allusion is explained by the longer passage on the same subject found in the Byzantine writer Procopius, who flourished under Justinian in the sixth century:

"Opposite the north-western coast of Gaul" he writes, "there is a large island called Britia, no other than England; it is divided into two parts by a wall stretching north and south. East of the wall is a pleasant land which is occupied by the Britons, Angles, and Frisians. What the land to the west is like, no one knows, for its air is deadly to breathe, and any one who passes the wall instantly expires. Now on the extreme north-west coast of Gaul," he continues, "there dwell certain fishermen, subject to the Franks, but excused from all tribute on account of the strange duty which they perform."

"Every night one of these fishermen, in rotation, is roused from sleep by a gentle tapping at his door, and a low voice calls him to come down to the beach. There lie dark vessels, to all appearance empty, but deep in the water, as if weighed down by a heavy burden. Pushing off, the fishermen arrive at the coast of Britia in one night, though it was on ordinary occasions six days' journey from Gaul. During the voyage they hear the sound of voices in the boat, but no intelligible words, only a subdued whispering. Arrived at the strange coast, they hear the names called over, and different voices answering to them, while they felt the boat gradually growing lighter; at last the roll-call ceased, and they were wafted back to their country with the same miraculous speed with which they had left."

Such is the last trace of the old soul-land which we meet in classical literature.

In its next appearance the earthly Paradise is entirely changed, and in Christian hands has ceased to be the habitation of departed spirits, and has shifted altogether its position on the earth. So greatly is its character altered, that many authorities will derive the mediæval legends dealing with it, not from any pagan source, but entirely from the literal interpretations of the Bible which obtained in the middle ages. It hardly seems to be due to the principle enunciated at the beginning; and only in its wider developments is it influenced by the old Greek or Keltic beliefs. The true and orthodox terrestrial Paradise of the middle ages lay, not across the mysterious Western ocean, but in the equally mysterious lands of the sun-rising. It was universally identified with the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve had been placed; and

it was therefore impossible to seek it in any other quarter than the East. Now in mediæval times the limits of the known world were shrunken far within the boundaries known to the later Roman geographers, Ptolemy, Strabo, and their fellows. In the twelfth or thirteenth century the Western world knew almost exactly as much, or rather as little, of Asia as Herodotus had known 1600 years before. The very stories which the father of history related of Indians and gold-producing ants, of griffins and Arimaspi, had returned to their old localities in Central Asia, though in Roman days they had for some time continually receded farther and farther into the unknown North-east. Now again, as in the fifth century before Christ, men believed that beyond an India of no great extent, there lay no more inhabited lands, but only desert and sea. But unlike the ancients, the mediævals placed in the farthest part of this region the earthly Paradise, either as an oasis in an expanse of rocks and sands, or as an island in an unnavigable ocean. Sometimes we read of it as inaccessible by reason of lands of mist and darkness, or insurmountable precipices; sometimes it is tempestuous seas or rivers which bar the way. But beyond them, if a man could but penetrate, he would find the Eden where our first father had dwelt, where rise the four mysterious rivers, and where grows every tree that is pleasant to the sight or good for food.

"There," says Neckam, "is a beautiful land where whole tracts are overgrown with the noble vine; there are clear springs, and groves watered with pleasant streams. Glorious is the fruit which enriches its gardens, and no sterile tree can grow in its soil. Never do storms come near it, nor violent winds, but there always blows a gentle breeze. Thither never came the waters of the all-destroying Flood."

"In that Paradise," says in a more prosaic strain the author of the "Polychronicon," "is everything that is congruent to life." It hath salubrity and wholesomeness, for it enjoyeth an equal temperance, feeling neither coldness nor heat, insomuch that nothing that has life may in any wise die without it. In testimony whereof, Enoch and Elias wait yet therein, having the bodies with which they left this life still uncorrupt. Moreover, that place has all pleasantness, for it is the store-house of all that is fair, where no tree ever loseth its leaves, and no flower withereth. There is mirth and sweetness from the fruit and trees that grow there, for every tree that is therein is sweet to eat and

fair to see. And there is security, for no harm may come near it, nor even did the water of the great Flood come nigh."

Thus far all the authorities coincide; but there were certain points in the earthly Paradise which gave rise to dire controversies. Various authors give various situations for it. In some it is a great island lying south and east of "Inde the Great," apparently occupying the place of Ceylon. Thus it appears in the "Hereford Mappa Mundi" as a circular island inclosed by a wall, lying just opposite to the mouth of the Ganges. But a little later, when Ceylon was more or less known, it receded to a continental position somewhere in China. Still later, when Europe had heard of Cathay and the Great Khan, the insular theory was revived; and as lying south of China and east of India, we must identify the final position of Eden with Sumatra, Java, or some of the islands in that part of the world.

Here lay Paradise in the early fifteenth century, and from this spot it vanished into nothingness when in the end of that century the voyages of the Portuguese and Spaniards revealed both East and West, and banished from the world numbers of the old myths which have survived for so many ages. Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Magellan destroyed not only the impassability of the Cape of Storms, the unlimited breadth of the Atlantic, and the unorthodoxy of a belief in antipodes, but also the beautiful old idea of the earthly Paradise. Men might still sail to seek Ophir, or the North-west passage, or El Dorado, but no room was left on earth for the terrestrial Eden. If even we find it mentioned in books of the sixteenth century, it is to discuss where *was* the Paradise of Genesis, not where *is* the beautiful land in which the fourteenth century believed.

In the vague and misty ideas which were entertained in the middle ages about Eastern geography, a little disagreement about the exact *position* of Paradise was not likely to cause very hot disputes. But it was otherwise concerning the shape of that locality: here the wise geographers and chroniclers had their own inner consciousness to draw on, and three sets of views were put forth, whose supporters argued angrily

against each other's suppositions. Now no one doubted that the terrestrial Paradise was not touched by the Flood (for, said they, if it had been, we should have been told of it), and that it was quite or almost inaccessible to man. The oldest way of explaining these two facts was by making Paradise a pillar-shaped mountain, with a table-land on its summit, but with steep and inaccessible sides. So great was its height, that we are assured that it all but touched the orbit of the moon. This being the case, we can easily understand that it was undisturbed by the Flood; for although the waters rose forty fathoms above the highest hills, the summit of the mountain of Paradise was forty fathoms above the highest limit of the Deluge. Adding these eighty fathoms to the highest mountain known to a twelfth-century chronicler, we can obtain an idea of the distance from the earth at which the moon was supposed to revolve, for Paradise *very nearly* touches the moon's orbit. Allowing 20,000 feet altogether as a fair margin, we cannot but think that the twelfth century was a little weak in its astronomy; indeed we may be deeply thankful that its calculations are not exactly true—for who can tell what dreadful results might not follow if the moon came into collision with Mount Everest, or any other elevation rising a little above the height which was allowed to Paradise?

The same school of geographers who held this view on the moon-orbit, maintained that the world was not a globe, but a mass of land, of various heights in different places, which rests upon the face of a limitless ocean. They argued that Scripture speaks of "the waters under the earth," and that this would be an incorrect description if the ocean merely formed part of the surface of a terrestrial globe. The earth must, therefore, be a body placed upon the level face of the circumfluent ocean. Moreover, so small did they imagine the world to be, that they objected to the globe theory that the mountains of the world, and more especially the mountain of Paradise, would prevent the earth from being a perfect figure. So Neckam writes:

"Ausi sunt veteres terram censere rotundam, Quamvis emineat montibus illa suis. Quamvis deliciis ornatus apex Paradisi Lunarem tangit vertice pæne globum."



It was the same school who deduced from Ezekiel 5:5 the fact that a circle drawn from the centre of Jerusalem, with the radius to the extreme west of Spain, would exactly embrace the whole land of the world; for was it not written, "This is Jerusalem: I have set it in the midst of the nations round about;" and "God is King of old, working salvation in the middle of the earth"? So map-making was simplified or complicated (opinions may differ on the subject) by making all the earth centre round Judea, to the sad distortion of outlying peninsulas like Norway or India.

The second school of geographers were prepared to admit that the world was round, and maintained that Paradise was no lofty mountain, but a spacious country, "not less in size than Egypt or India"; for, said they, if Adam had not sinned, it would have had to contain the whole human race, and must therefore be of no mean size. Again, the idea that Paradise was the highest point of earth, was displeasing to them.

"We must not think," says Higden, "as do some men of small intellect and little experience, that Paradise is far away from all habitable lands, and reaches up to the orbit of the moon—for neither reason nor nature allows this belief. Neither air nor water could support the weight of such a burden. Moreover, the element of fire, as all wise men agree, fills a space between our lower air and the orbit of the moon. The summit, then, of Paradise would be in the region of fire, where no vegetable can possibly exist, nor human life. How, then, can Adam or the tree of life have been there? And again, if the place were so high, its summit would continually be getting between us and the moon, and causing eclipses, especially in Eastern lands. No one, however, has ever seen or heard of such an eclipse. Besides this, four rivers rise in Paradise, which flow through well-known countries; therefore it must be contiguous to our habitable world, or the rivers could never reach us. The rational view of Paradise is, that it is a large fair region in the extreme East, only separated from the homes of men by that fiery wall, the sword of the cherubim, of whom we read in Genesis."

So much for the views of home-staying sages on the terrestrial Eden. Let us now turn to the testimony of a traveller. Credulous and even inventive as was the author of "Sir John Mandeville's Travels," there seems no reason to doubt that he penetrated some distance into the east. Thus he attained some

knowledge both of India and of Cathay, and therefore localized it in neither, but to the south-east, "hard by the land of Prester John." he is gracious enough to confess that he never went there himself, both because of the distance and of his own unworthiness, but gives us some accounts drawn from conversations with those who had striven to approach it:

"Paradys," he had learnt, "is inclosed all about with a wall, of which men know not the material. For it is covered all over with mosse as it seemeth, and is not of the natur of stone. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and hath but one entry, that is closed with fire burning, so that men may not enter. And ye should understand that no man may by any means approach to that Paradys. For by laud no man may go for the wild beasts that are in the deserts, and for the high mountains and huge rocks, and for the dark places that be there right many. And by the rivers may no man go, for that the water runneth rudely and sharply, because that it cometh down outrageously from the high places above. And it runneth in so great waves that no ship may not row nor sail against it; and the water roareth so, and maketh so huge noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cry with all the might he have, in the highest voice that he may. Many great lords have assayed with great will many times for to pass by that river toward Paradys, with full great companies; but they might not speed in their voyage: and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves; and many became blind, and many deaf, for the dashing and noise of the water; and some were perished and lost within the waves—so that no mortalle man may approach to that place without special grace of God: therefore of Paradys can I say you no more."

Among these great lords whom Sir John Mandeville mentions, was, according to Paludanus, no less a person than Alexander the Great himself. Indeed we are told that his Eastern conquests were especially undertaken for the purpose of attaining to the earthly Paradise. When he had reached India and was nearing his goal, some of his soldiers captured a venerable old man in a ravine, and were about to conduct him to their king, when he said, "Go and announce to Alexander that it is in vain that he seeks Paradise: all his efforts will be fruitless, for the way of Paradise is humility, a way of which he knows nothing." And in truth Alexander could pursue his purpose no longer from that day, because of the mutiny of his soldiers, who would go no farther from their native land.

We have found only one account of a man who was actually asserted to have entered the terrestrial Paradise. This is the tale of the Norwegian Eirek.\* This saga of Eirek, however, hardly purports to be an actual itinerary, and was allowed even in the middle ages to be more of a religious novel than a sober narrative. Eirek, we are told, made a vow to find the earthly Paradise, and having obtained information as to its locality from the Byzantine Emperor, diligently sought for it to the east of India. At last, after passing through a gloomy forest, he came upon a narrow strait, separating him from a very beautiful land. From his instructions he recognized that these were Paradise and the River Pison, and determined to cross the water, though the only mode of access to the distant shore was a narrow stone bridge, which was completely blocked up by a dragon of portentous size. The Norseman drew his sword and deliberately walked into the monster's mouth, which, to his surprise, did not close on him, but vanished. Thus he passed without obstacle to the farther shore, where he found the usual characteristics of the earthly Paradise—undying flowers, marvellous fruits, clear rivulets, but no living being.

At last he came upon a sort of tower suspended in mid-air, to which access could be had by climbing a slender ladder. On ascending to this tower Eirek found a dinner thoughtfully prepared for him in one of its chambers, of which he partook, and soon fell asleep. In his sleep he saw in a vision his guardian angel, who promised him a safe return to Norway, but added that, at the end of ten years, he would be carried away from the earth never to return again. Eirek retraced his steps over the bridge, and through the simulacrum of the dragon, which was apparently nothing more than a show to appall the faint-hearted. After long travelling he came back to his native town of Drontheim, and told his story, to the great edification of all true Christian folk. Ten years after, as he went to prayer one morning, he was caught up and carried away by God's spirit, and was never again seen of men.

\* See Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages."

The saga of Eirek is evidently in great part allegorical: we seem to recognize the narrow strait of death which separates the Christian pilgrim from Paradise; and in the dragon, death itself, terrible to the coward, but which, when resolutely faced by the brave man, turns out to be an empty horror with no power to harm.

There are yet two more points connected with the terrestrial Eden which must be mentioned before we pass on to the consideration of the Western deathless land, in which there was also a belief in mediæval times. Firstly, as to the rivers of Paradise mentioned in Genesis, the geographers universally identified the Pison with the Ganges, and the Gihon with the Nile; but how to bring the sources of these two rivers into juxtaposition with those of the Tigris and Euphrates was indeed a hard task. Those who maintained that Paradise was an island, generally explained the matter by alleging, that although the Ganges might *seem* to rise in North India, the Tigris in Armenia, and so on, yet really the first appearances of these rivers were not their sources. The real sources were in Paradise, from whence the water was conveyed in a mysterious kind of submarine and subterranean canal to the places where the rivers apparently take their rise.

Those who made Paradise continental had not quite such a hard task in their explanation. They made out that the Ganges, Euphrates, and Tigris actually flowed down from Paradise, over whose boundary they fell in a cataract, which finally divided into three streams. Moreover they added that the roar of this cataract was so tremendous, that those who approached too near were usually rendered deaf for the rest of their life, and that the children of a tribe of savages who dwelt not far off, were even born deaf, from their ancestors having lived for generations near the cataract. The last thing which we must mention concerning the earthly Paradise is, that there was a difference of opinion as to whether the famous Phoenix lived *in* Paradise, or merely close to it. The former view was not so generally held as the latter. It was, however, supported by some who brought forward the passage of Claudian, who

speaks of the dwelling of the Phœnix as the "green grove surrounded by circumfluent ocean, beyond the Indians, close to the sunrising." This might easily be identified with Paradise. The majority, however, placed the home of Phœnix close to but not within the terrestrial Eden. So we read that Alexander the Great, though he could never reach the earthly Paradise, did come upon the Phœnix in the most easterly point of his expedition, within the same grove where were the talking trees of the sun. So, too, Neckam, places the bird in Panchœa in India; and in other authors it is found in its old Herodotean position in Arabia, where it appears in the "Hereford Mappa Mundi."

So much for the Eastern Paradise, the ancient seat of our first parents. We must now endeavor to give some ideas of a more hazy and mysterious land, the Western region of unending spring and perpetual youth, which Morris represents his seafarers as seeking in his poem "The Earthly Paradise." Although the voice of ecclesiastical tradition pronounced that in the East, and there alone was the happy land to be sought, there was nevertheless a mass of legends which insisted on placing it in the West. A very large number of these stories are derived from Welsh or Irish sources, and it seems almost certain that they are not mere mediæval inventions, but survivals of the old Keltic mythology. Like most other nations, the Kelts had imagined for themselves a soul-land across the Western ocean, and when they were converted to Christianity, and forbidden to look either for a heaven on earth, or for a Paradise in the West, they did not entirely give up their old belief, but merely modified it to a form which did not clash with the new religion. The Western land might not be the earthly Paradise, but none the less it might exist. Such was the true origin of the Land of Avilion or Avalon, the Isle of Apples, to which King Arthur was borne away, and also the long-sought Isle of St. Brandan. Moreover, the King Arthur who was till lately acknowledged as historical (I mean the warlike West British prince, not the legendary monarch of all Britain), is now asserted by many writers to have been a Keltic demi-god

long before he became a Damnonian king. Sad to say, the all-devouring Sun myth-theory has laid claim to him, as it has to most other heroes, and we are invited to recognize in him the sun sailing into the Western shades in his golden boat, or wrestling at his end with the dark clouds of evening. Arthur, then, must be regarded as a god brought down by euphemizing means to the form of a man, not as a man raised by exaggerated conditions to an over-important place in history. Moreover if we take this view, certain points in the Arthur of the romances seem well explained by it. Thus we can understand his mysterious and apparently superhuman birth, the strange legend which tells how he was not really King Uther's son, but was brought to Tintagel by the magic ship, and left on the shore a newborn babe in Merlin's hands. Thus we can see how he is claimed as brother by the Queen Morgan le Fay, who is certainly no mere human being. Thus it is only right that this mysterious sister should bear him away, after that last dim battle in the West, to some fair land beyond the sea, in the barge wherein Sir Bedivere placed him. He is no man merely departing "to heal him of his deadly wound," but a superhuman being returning to the place from which he came.

And as Arthur is no mere Damnonian king, so Avilion is no mere Glastonbury, as the materializing chronicler would make it. It is the old Keltic soul-land beyond the Western ocean. We may notice, in confirmation of this, that the mediæval chroniclers of Glastonbury, when they identify it with Avilion, generally add that the Welsh call the place *Inysvitrin*, the Isle of Glass. Now in the Irish legends a hill or island of glass is invariably mentioned as one of the marvellous features of Fathinnis, the land of departed souls. It is noticeable that the Morgan le Fay, the lady of Avilion, has not from a goddess become an evil spirit, as did Hôrsel the goddess of the German *Venus berg*; she is neither angel nor fiend, but a fairy, superhuman without being evil.

After the Arthurian legend had become popular, Avilion was made the resting-place of other heroes. Ogier the dame came thither, at the end of his

life, to rest after all his toils in the castle of Morgan le Fay. So did the famous Paladins, and even, as some say, the great Kasier Charles himself. In short, it became a sort of Elysian Fields for all the heroes whom the mediæval mind could admire, but at the same time could not conceive as fulfilling the ideal of the Christian saint. The Christian heaven above was the fit place for the ecstatic adoration of holy men and martyrs, but it was not suited for the heroes of the romances; for them there was imagined a more earthly resting-place, a fairy-land where they might forever enjoy youth and quiet repose.

After Avilion, the most famous legendary Western land was undoubtedly the Isle of St. Brandan. Brandan, who is a mythical personage, is said to have been an Irish monk, and abbot of Birr, at some time in the seventh century. He was induced to undertake his marvellous voyage by a monk, who told him that he had sailed from Ireland till he had at last come to Paradise, which was an island full of joy and mirth, where the earth was as bright as the sun, and everything was glorious, and the half-year he had spent there had slipped by as a few moments. On his return to his abbey his garments were still fragrant with the odors of Paradise. Excited by this story, Brandan embarked in a vessel with some of his monks. We are told in the oldest form of the legend that he sailed due east from Ireland; but as this must have necessarily brought him to England, or some part of North-western Europe, we soon find his voyage transferred to the West. The marvels which he met were extraordinary. Among the first was the astounding spectacle of Judas Iscariot afloat upon an iceberg, who explained to the saint that for one day in the year he was permitted to cool himself from the fires of hell, in consideration of a single good deed which he had performed on earth. Matthew Arnold has versified this episode in the Brandan legend. After passing through a sea filled with icebergs and vexed with storms, Brandan reached a more clement region, where he first came on an island inhabited by sheep alone, which, in consequence of the luxuriance of the herbage, grew as large as oxen. Soon after, the saint came to

another island, where he found to his surprise an abbey of twenty-four monks, who informed him that in that isle was ever fair weather, and none of them had ever been sick since they came thither. Yet farther on was a third island, where was, in the words of the legend, "a fair well, and a great tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a fair bird, and they sat so thicke on the tree, that no leaf of it might be seen, the number of the birds being very great, and they sang so merrily that it was a heavenly noise to hear. Anon one of the birds flew from the tree to Brandan, and with flickering of his wings made a full merry noise, like a fiddle, that the sainte never heard so joyful a melody. Then did the holy man command the bird to tell him why they sat so thicke upon the tree." The answer of the bird was surprising; he explained that he and his companions were once angels—namely, those of the heavenly host who in the time of Lucifer's rebellion refused to assist either God or His enemies. In punishment for this they were doing penance in the form of birds, but, after many years, were to be readmitted to their lost estate. Leaving the island of birds, the voyagers came to another land, "the fairest country," we are told, "that any man might see—which was so clear and so bright that it was an heavenly sight to behold; and all the trees were charged with ripe fruit and herbes full of flowers—in which land they walked forty days and could not see the end thereof; there was alway day and never night, and the country was attemperate, neither too hot nor too cold." At last, however, Brandan and his companions came to a broad river, on the banks of which stood a young man, apparently an angel, who told him that this stream divided the world in twain and that no living man might cross it. On the farther bank they could see the true Paradise, but might not approach it; wherefore they retraced their steps, and set sail for Ireland. They reached their country in safety, but were surprised to hear that they had been absent, not a few months, but seven long years.

Such is the legend of St. Brandan, and the existence of these marvellous isles to which he had attained was firmly



believed for centuries. Sometimes men declared that they were not far from the west of Ireland, and could be seen in clear weather; but whenever an expedition was fitted out to reach them they somehow seemed to disappear. More frequently the islands were described as lying beyond the Canaries. There lay, as the Portuguese declared, the island which had been sometimes lighted upon by accident, but which when sought could never be found. Its existence was regarded as so certain that we are told of one Portuguese who received a formal grant of it "when it should be found." And when the Portuguese Crown ceded to Spain its rights over the Canaries, the island of St. Brandan was specially included, being described as "the island which has not yet been found." In 1526, 1570, and again in 1605 expeditions set sail from the Canaries to discover this land; but all met with uniform failure. Still the belief died hard, and did not become extinct for many years after the third of these unsuccessful voyages. Any one who has the curiosity to look over the old atlases of the seventeenth century, will find, as late as 1630, the Isle of Brandan delineated as an island of no great size, lying west of Ireland, and north-west of the Canaries; it is even said that in one map published as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, this fabulous land is still indicated.

Another of the mythical Western countries was the Isle of the Seven Cities. This, however, was not of Keltic, but of Spanish invention; and the legend which treats of their supposed discovery is of very late date; the name of its hero also makes us suspect that it is allegorical. Ferdinando da Alma, we are told, set sail from Lisbon, moved by reports of the finding of the Fortunate Islands. He met with storms which carried him far to the west of any known land. When the storm ceased after many days, he found himself near a large island, on which he descried a harbor and a city. As he sailed into this port he was met by a boat whose crew, to his great surprise, addressed him in Spanish. He asked them who they were, and received for answer that they were descendants of the Spanish who in the eighth century fled from the Moors

across the sea. Seven bands of fugitives, they said, headed by seven bishops, had reached this island, where they had founded seven cities, of which the port at which Da Alma had arrived was one. The discoverer was invited to accompany his newly found fellow-countrymen ashore, and was introduced by them to the magistrates of the place, who treated him with the greatest courtesy. Everything in the town—costume, buildings, language—bore an old-world stamp, and the inhabitants had been cut off from all intercourse with other men for seven hundred years. They were most anxious for news of Spain, and on hearing that all that country except Granada was now Christian, they mingled congratulations with regret at the reconquest not being complete. At evening some of the islanders undertook to row Da Alma back to his ship, which was anchored at the harbor's mouth. The fatigues of the day and the monotonous song of the rowers caused him at last to fall asleep. When he awoke he found himself laid on a bed in the cabin of a ship, and in a state of great bodily prostration. On inquiring where he was, he was told that he was on board a Portuguese vessel trading between the Azores and Lisbon. He had been picked up, as the captain explained, in a state of delirium, from an old and leaky boat which had floated by the course of the ship. For many days he had raved, and he was only now returned to consciousness. Barely convalescent, Da Alma was landed at Lisbon, which somehow seemed strange to his eyes; the town appeared larger, the buildings in many cases altered. But when he knocked at the door of his own house, he was refused admittance. He stated who he was, but the occupant of the house replied that he knew for certain that no person of his name had lived there for fifty years. Astonished at this, the returned traveller began to make inquiries, and found to his horror that not less than a hundred years had elapsed since he set sail for the Fortunate Islands. He had left Portugal in the fifteenth century, and now found himself living in the sixteenth. All his friends, the whole of his own generation had passed away, and the unfortunate man, after relating his tale, did not long survive. The island

which Da Alma was said to have found, like that of St. Brandan, was long sought, and retained a place in geography till the middle of the seventeenth century. It is from this legend that William Morris seems to have drawn the idea of the Western country to which his seafarers finally came. There we get the tale of an old-world civilization existing in a community long cut off from intercourse with other nations; there, too, the anxious longing for news of the ancient fatherland which the islanders had left behind in the East: only, instead of Christian Spaniards, Mr. Morris's people are Greeks, and worshippers of the old gods of Olympus.

There is yet remaining one more belief which ought to be mentioned in this place—that of the fountain of youth. The original locality, it is true, was in the East, as is shown in the fabulous letter of Prester John to the Byzantine Emperor Manuel; indeed Sir John Mandeville says that he found it himself in Ceylon, only it was not true that one draught of it gave perpetual youth—this was only acquired by a regular course of several years' drinking. Sir John had only time to try it for two days, found it pleasant to the taste, and thought he felt all the better for it, but experienced no occult effect. However, in the fourteenth century, the fountain migrated to the most western of the Canaries. It was not even destroyed by the discovery of America, but was only relegated to one of the Bahamas in the West Indies. Finally, it receded to the mainland of North America, and was sought by Soto in Florida. There, as was to be expected, it was not to be found, and it became obsolete long before the day of the final disappearance of St. Brandan's Isle. Two more beliefs which attributed wonders to the West may be passed over as not bearing any relation to the earthly Paradise, though proceeding probably from similar sources in the old Keltic mythology. These were St. Patrick's Purgatory, a sort of subterranean soul-land, modified by Christianity into an entrance to the region of purification by suffering; and the island in a lake of Ulster in which no one could die. There, as we read, when the inhabitants reached extreme

old age and became nothing but a burden to themselves, they had to be carried to the mainland before their spirit could depart. This is no doubt another perverted form of the old belief in the deathless land of the West.

In conclusion, there is one more view which we venture, with all deference, to suggest. Surely the mediæval folk were much the happier for all these ideas. Our own map of the world is dreadfully deficient in romance: it is really very hard to feel an eager interest in the exploration of Central Africa, or the discovery of the South Pole. If some traveller does trace the upper course of the Congo, or penetrate up Baffin's Bay to the open Arctic Sea, we do not expect to gain any great good from it, or to hear any particularly startling news about these regions. It will be the difficulty of the task, not its results, that will direct attention to them. The discovery of a few more tribes of thoroughly uninteresting negroes, or a few more ice-blocked bays, has nothing in it to stir the heart of the world. We look for no marvels to be unveiled, no great problems that are to be solved. The naturalist may indeed be gladdened by the knowledge of a new species of Arctic gull, or a few varieties of tropical plants; the collector of folk-lore may rejoice over some new and original negro funeral ceremonies; the merchant may find a new market for his cottons—but these things will not prove very interesting to the mass of mankind.

Now in the middle ages everything was exactly the reverse of this. The greater part of the world's surface was still unknown. There was hardly anything on which the adventurous traveller might not come. He might reach populous lands and cities, rich far beyond the ideas of the European world: he might, on the other hand, come to the land of the griffin and the flying serpent, or, as Shakespeare puts it in "Othello,"

to  
"antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,"

and to

"The Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

There was a glorious uncertainty in their

voyages of discovery : one man would find the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, or kingdoms like Mexico or Peru ; another would follow after equally uncertain rumors, and meet nothing but disaster, or even never be heard of again. Discovery could not possibly manage to be uninteresting in those days ; and as if there were not enough real marvels to be found, the legends were continually holding out fabulous ones for the adventurous to seek. Now of all the legends, it can hardly be disputed that the legends of the earthly Paradise were the most attractive. Men might not desire at once to leave their present life for the search after the beautiful land of endless rest without death ; but still it was a comfortable feeling to know that such a land

*did* exist. If a man's life went hopelessly wrong, if he was in despair and felt that the world was out of joint, there was still this refuge left for him ; it only needed a little more perseverance and courage than that of the last voyager who had *almost* reached the happy land, and then there would be forever a quiet and blissful repose in some Avilion of the Western sea. We do not say that the men of the fourteenth or fifteenth century were *happier* than we of the nineteenth ; but certainly it *was* something not to be bound down by the prosaic bonds of that knowledge which forbids us to dream that we may

"be at rest,

And follow the shining sinking sun down into  
the shining West."

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

---

MR. HAYWARD.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE morning newspapers of the 7th of February contained the account of a funeral ceremony held the previous day in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, which must have caused many readers no little surprise. The name of the man round whose bier the mourners were gathered was probably unknown to the large proportion of the provincial public, and would have been strange to a far larger, had not the *Times* of the preceding Monday devoted two columns of big type to his life, and summed up his character and career in a leading article. But the company collected to pay the last token of respect and regard to his memory within the church, from which the din of the most bustling of West End thoroughfares is audible comprised men distinguished in various walks of life, known and honored by all their countrymen. The Prime Minister placed a wreath of snowdrops, fresh from the woods of Hawarden, upon the pall. Near him stood one or two of his colleagues in the Cabinet ; stood two or three ex-Cabinet Ministers ; stood also men famous in diplomacy, in law, as well as in statesmanship and letters—the ornaments and representatives of what is called society. It is impossible to

conceive of a more typical gathering, and Mr. Hayward could have desired no more significant tribute to the position he had achieved long ago, and the kind of ascendancy he had held. Those to whom his patronymic either conveyed no idea at all, or little else than a dim impression of some powerful reviewer whose writings they could not well indicate, must have been at a loss to account for the attention paid to him by men who are already part of English history. I propose briefly, and, as it cannot but be, most inadequately, to give some explanation of this phenomenon ; hereafter I trust there may be published in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a more finished and worthy study of Hayward's life and labors.

Nothing can be more misleading than many of the estimates of Mr. Hayward which have already appeared in print. He has been represented as a professional diner-out, a *raconteur*, a trifier, a cynic, a mere wielder of flippant persiflage. If he had been only one of these persons, or if he had been all of them combined, he would have failed to acquire the influence and distinction which belonged to him. English society, whatever its follies and frivolities,

is essentially serious. The wits and wags, the farceurs and light comedians of the dinner-table, make a transient reputation, but they never reach the place which, willingly or unwillingly, was accorded to Hayward. He had his angularities; he had his faults; but the estimate in which he was held and the authority which he had won were, on the whole, not more creditable to himself than to the society from which he derived his power. If he had been less passionate in his love of truth, less eager in his pursuit of it; less intrepid in his companionship of friends and in his denunciation of foes, he would never have come to eminence and even autocracy. Endowed with a legal and thoroughly logical mind, with accurate and abundant knowledge, with prodigious energy, with a rare power of argumentative speech of the kind one may call overbearing, he still will not be remembered as a great lawyer. He produced no independent work of large dimensions, and he was not, in the sense in which that expression might be applied to some of his contemporaries, a great writer. His essays, indeed, which fill five or six stout volumes, may be described as a thesaurus of miscellaneous information, not more curious for its comprehensiveness than admirable for its accuracy and precision. It is no exaggeration to say that any person who had assimilated a tenth part of the knowledge contained in Hayward's occasional pieces would be unusually well informed. The literary merit of these compositions is considerable; but it was as little in his capacity of literateur as of lawyer, anecdotist, and critic, that Hayward took the most powerful and brilliant portion of the English public by storm, and, once having captured it, held it in fee. The qualities which were the instruments and guarantees of his success were his thorough genuineness, his intensity, his abhorrence of falsehood and sham, of trickery and imposture, his dauntless and fiery determination to arrive in every case at facts, to prevent others being mislead by phrases, and, in the words of Figaro, to "whip hypocrisy." Attributes of this kind generate a moral atmosphere. They may often offend, but they never fail to attract.

When Johnson asked Boswell his impression of the conversation over night, the faithful satellite replied to his master, "Well, sir, you gored and trampled on a good many people." These words exactly describe Hayward's attitude to every species of falsehood, inaccuracy, or cant. One can understand how a young lady, on being told that Hayward was the sort of man who would do vehement justice to her if she were wrongly assailed, but would bring any slip she might make into prominent relief, had the *naïveté* to say, "What a horrid man!" and it was in the nature of things impossible for such a fierce hunter after truth to be extensively popular. People observing from without his distinguished position in society sat down at their desks and deliberately ascribed his elevation to a cause the reverse of the truth. Samuel Warren attempted to assail him in "Ten Thousand a Year" as Mr. Venom Tuft. Lord Beaconsfield who often worked hard against him by manipulating the hogshead of abuse which his followers brought him and distilling it into three drops, was supposed by many persons to have lampooned him as Mr. St. Barbe in "Endymion." The original of that character, it is now known, was Thackeray, whom Lord Beaconsfield disliked for the same kind of reason that he disliked Hayward. As he resented Thackeray's burlesque of his literary style in Codlingsby, so he resented Hayward's exposure of his plagiarism from Thiers's funeral panegyric on St. Cyr. Hayward had convicted him of a twofold rhetorical dishonesty: first, his appropriation of Thiers's masterly composition, ideas, words, and all; secondly, his appropriation of the language in which it was first placed before the English public by the *Morning Chronicle*. But, independently of this incident, there was a natural antipathy between the two men which could not have failed to breed a reciprocity of dislike. To Hayward, Disraeli's character seemed essentially false; and the very reasons which made him, during the latter years of his life, so warm an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, prevented his ever being a sympathetic critic of Mr. Gladstone's great opponent. The reasons of Hayward's unpopularity during the earlier stage of his career were, on the part of



those who knew him, impetuous aggressiveness; and on the part of those who did not, a mistaken estimate of him. No man ever less merited the surname bestowed upon him by Warren; no man was ever less of a parasite, a toady, or a tuft. He performed no acts of unworthy or interested homage. Where others won by blandishments, he succeeded with frowns and reprimands. If the number of those who entertained toward him any warm sentiment of friendship or affection was small, it was larger than falls to the lot of most of us, and few men have ever received on their death-bed such marks of patient and tender devotion from those outside the pale of their own kindred.

Hayward, indeed, had outlived his unpopularity. He ceased to be unpopular when he became privileged. The vast legion of his acquaintances did not measure him by the standard which is usually applied as a gauge of social amenity. He occupied a position of his own, apart from others, and he was not expected to conform to any conventional canons. If these traits in his character had not been accompanied by sterling and rare merits, society would not have tolerated and have smiled upon him. In addition to his truthfulness and thoroughness, he was absolutely loyal to his friends, not only doing justice to them in his talk, but, when necessary, and often when unnecessary, doing fierce battle in their behalf. He was, moreover, of great practical assistance on more than one occasion to some of those friends when they were intrusted with the administration of the nation's affairs. He was never the depository of State secrets, for it was his way when anything had been told him which interested him to talk about it everywhere. Hayward's relations to statesmen and governments will be correctly indicated if it is said that before passing into action irrevocably, ministers found it occasionally convenient to try the strength of their cases before him. When a Liberal Cabinet was preparing to deliberate on any measure, some of its members instinctively liked, before confronting the public, to "talk it over with Hayward." This "private trial," as racing men might call it, was of infinite service to ministers adventuring on new ground;

for they learned what could be effectively said both against their project and for it. If once brought to approve the design, Hayward never failed to become its strong partisan.

It may be convenient here briefly to glance at such stages and aspects of Hayward's life as are necessary for a correct understanding of the place he filled, and his connection with the politics and politicians of his time. He came of a good Wiltshire stock, descending from the Haywards of Hillcot, a family owning landed estates which, along with high moral characters, entitled them to the envied privilege of entering church before all the other parishioners. Hayward was indebted for his baptismal name to an uncle who lived at Taunton, with whom his nephew frequently stayed, and who was much shocked when, on calling on Hayward in his chambers in the Temple, he found him in the company not of a future Lord Chancellor, but of one whom, in an angry letter still extant, he called an adventurer—the future Napoleon III. In point of property his family encountered vicissitudes, sometimes in the downward sometimes in the happy direction. He was educated at Blundell's school at Tiverton, then a West-country Winchester. The discipline was harsh, the diet meagre, and his family believed that the lad's health was permanently injured by the rough life and the scanty fare. On leaving school he went to a private tutor, and learned German. He was articled to a solicitor at Ilchester, who had little business, but an excellent library of the orthodox English classics, on which Hayward feasted at leisure, and acquired much of the varied and profound knowledge of English literature that appears on every page of his writings. Before he was twenty he began to keep his terms in the Temple. His means were at this period exceedingly slender. His chief pleasure, and, as it proved, a most valuable portion of his education, was to attend the debates of the House of Commons, admission to which was then to a large extent gained by favor of the door-keepers, who were entitled to charge half-a-crown, and to whom consequently many of Hayward's spare half-crowns went. While he was yet a law student he joined the London

Debating Society. This event had a great influence on his life, and constituted a turning-point in his career. Roebuck was the leader on the Liberal side. Hayward quickly stepped into the place of Conservative chief; and, among all the ardent young members of the society, there was none who pursued the pith of the argument with more closeness than the Blundell scholar. On being called to the Bar, and finding practice slow in coming, he established the *Law Magazine*, which was devoted largely to the philosophy of jurisprudence, and which brought him into connection with George Cornwall Lewis and John Austin, as well as some of the chief German authorities of the period on legal science. In 1832, Hayward paid a visit to Germany. He did not meet when there, as has been incorrectly said, Goethe, but he made the acquaintance of Savigny the jurist, and the father of the subsequent Prussian Minister. He was also thrown into the society of Tieck, and frequented the *salon* of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, whose acquaintance and friendship he retained during several years, and with whom he maintained a correspondence even after she had retired into a convent at Mayence. Few Englishmen, indeed, have had a larger personal acquaintance on the Continent. Few knew the character of France and Germany better, or had a juster appreciation and a deeper insight into the spirit of their literature. Hayward's visits to Paris were frequent; and to the end of his life he seldom crossed the Channel less than once a year. He was on intimate terms with Thiers, Broglie, Dumas, and many others. He introduced more than one French writer for the first time into England. One of his most interesting essays is devoted to Madame Mohl, at whose house he was a frequent guest. When Thiers, in his futile quest for an alliance, visited this country just before the investment of Paris in 1870, the first person whom he saw on his arrival was Hayward. He sounded his old friend as to the possibility of the English Government giving France its support. Hayward at once said the idea was hopeless. Thiers then began to argue his case, and to show that in the interests of the balance of power it was the duty of England to support his country. "My

friend," broke in Hayward abruptly, "put all that stuff out of your head. We care for none of these things."

The achievement in literature which firmly laid the foundation of his literary reputation, as the London Debating Society had done of his political and oratorical reputation, was his translation of *Faust*. Society now commenced to welcome him; and when, in the year following the Reform Bill, a hundred members were added to the Carlton Club, he was included in the list. At the same time he was elected by the committee of the Athenæum, under the operation of Rule 2, providing for the admission of men distinguished in literature or science. Nor was he by any means a briefless barrister. Though a junior, he was intrusted with the lead in the great Lyme Pathway case, which he conducted with extraordinary energy, carrying everything before him, and bringing his local knowledge, as well as his legal acumen and forensic power, to bear upon his adversaries with an effect that achieved complete victory at every stage. Taking silk in 1845, he seemed "to have the ball at his feet;" but at that very moment he abandoned all thought of "the ball" in order to fight out a battle. He had years before quarrelled with Roebuck, who now excluded Hayward from the Benchers of the Temple, entrance to whose body was an honor that would have come to him in the natural course of things, on his promotion to the dignity of a Queen's Counsel. Hayward engaged in the business of redressing this wrong with characteristic vehemence. He brought the matter before the judges, and so far succeeded that they recommended the Benchers to revoke the decision. The recommendation was not acted upon, and Hayward, in the din of his fight with the Benchers, lost or rather abandoned the opportunity of acquiring a considerable legal practice.

But an eventful, and, as it afterward proved to be, an auspicious epoch was at hand for him. He entered into the political controversies of 1846 with immense spirit, and throwing over the Protectionists, worked night and day for Peel and his followers. This schism between the Protectionists and the newly-converted free-traders caused angry dissensions in the Carlton Club,

and together with his Peelite friends Hayward ceased to frequent it. The *Morning Chronicle* was next started, Mr. Sidney Herbert putting then and afterward into the paper £120,000, while the Duke of Newcastle contributed £20,000. In conjunction with his friend George Smythe, afterward Lord Strangford, Hayward took a very active part as a leader writer, and one of his achievements in this capacity was to finish an article in the House of Lords with his pencil on his knees while Lord Derby was delivering his famous speech on the Navigation Laws, answering the chief arguments of the speaker. In 1852 the first Derby Government was formed, and Hayward addressed a letter to Lord Lansdowne asking him whether there would, in his opinion, be anything dishonorable in a union between the Peelites and the Whigs. The reply, which exists among Hayward's papers, came speedily—to the effect that, so far from Lord Lansdowne's seeing anything dishonorable in such an arrangement, he considered it a political duty. Hayward's Temple chambers now became the scene of events of great political interest. The formation of a coalition Government was preceded by a dinner in them, at which Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir James Graham were among the guests. Hayward himself would probably have gone into the House of Commons but for his disagreement with popular feeling on the question of Maynooth. As it was the Government did not ignore their obligations, and they resolved to secure him permanent employment under the crown. Before this, it should be said, Hayward had had some experience of the public service. Shortly after he was called to the Bar he had been appointed a revising barrister in the west of England, and at a later date he had been dispatched to Ireland as one of the Commissioners for the readjustment of the municipal boundaries of Dublin. He brought back with him to England a host of good stories from the other side of St. George's Channel. In 1852 it was arranged that Hayward should have a place, and Lord Aberdeen actually wrote a letter promising him one. The

press condemned his contemplated promotion and scented a job. The courage of Ministers waned, Hayward never obtained the merited reward of his services, and the late Mr. Fleming was appointed in his stead. His conduct throughout the whole of this incident was admirable. He showed great magnanimity. He insisted on no claim, he bore no grudge, nor did he solicit place at any later period. Independence in such matters as these was one of the notes of his character.

A single anecdote will suffice to show the quality of the political influence exercised by Hayward, and the degree of political authority he occasionally exercised. In 1864 Palmerston and Russell were both bent on going to war for Denmark. The newspapers applauded their resolution. It gradually became known that some of their colleagues in the Cabinet dissented from this view, and that it was thoroughly unpopular with the rank and file of the Liberal party. When the tide of popular feeling was decisively setting against the war policy, inside and outside the House of Commons, Hayward called at Cambridge House. After some conversation with Lady Palmerston, to whom he represented the realities of the position, Lord Palmerston entered, fresh from a Cabinet, looking unusually tired, and Hayward left. He had scarcely descended the stairs when Palmerston came out of the room, and, leaning over the banisters, exclaimed, "Hayward, Hayward, come back!" The summons was obeyed, and the Minister at once asked what all this meant? Palmerston was nettled, and with some impatience proceeded to demonstrate the unreasonableness of the antagonism to his own and Russell's policy. Hayward, in his turn, was put upon his mettle, justified his opinion by explaining the structure of the political groups which were forming against the war, said, "Ask Brand," and roundly told him that unless he executed a change of front he would be out in a week. Palmerston rejoined: "I ought to have been told of all this." On the following Monday, Palmerston went down to the House of Commons and announced the right about face.

It will not be denied that the man who exercised such an authority as this

with those high in power, merits the epithet remarkable. One of the secrets of Hayward's influence, as with Lord Palmerston, so with Mr. Gladstone, and many more of the public men whom he knew, was his singularly practical mind. Fond of speculation as he might be Hayward was never dreamy or conjectural in his political judgments. He talked on these matters with authority, and not as the Scribes; as a Cabinet Minister and not as a publicist. Whenever his advice was asked or his opinion declared he exhibited a sense of responsibility entirely foreign to the political quidnunc. He did not say what he would wish to be done, but what in his view could be done and must be done at once. He dealt with an existing situation, and showed, at every point, the statesman-like instinct which prompted him to avoid barren inquiry into what might have been prevented in the past. He was a man of letters, but he was pre-eminently a man of affairs. In every business, great or small, which he undertook, he was supremely trustworthy. Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave were of those who used habitually to consult him about the composition of their parties, and they both of them paid him the same compliment in very nearly the same words. "You have never brought me an unattractive woman or an undistinguished man," and, unless I mistake, a great lady, now happily living, has awarded him the same grateful praise. Naturally, a councillor who was as deeply in the confidence of these arbitresses of fashion was not unfrequently the object of gentle importunities at the hands of his fair friends. "Beauty parties" existed even in the days when there were no professional beauties, and Hayward received hints now and again that invitation cards would be welcome in particular directions; but the hint was never acted upon unless he considered that the aspirant guest came up to the prescribed standard of good looks and good company. Hayward's relations to women will constitute a very interesting chapter in his history. He won the favor of many ladies of consideration during his earliest years' experience of London society. He was the confidant and counsellor of other ladies than Viscount-

ess Palmerston and the Countess Waldegrave as his life drew to a close. There is nothing which is not graceful, of which both he and they might not have been proud, in his friendship with those ladies whose good looks have familiarized the whole public with their photographs. They recognized in him a man of consummate knowledge and experience, and of no little kindness. His advice was always trusted by them because it was always disinterested, and so it came to pass that when he was laid to his rest less than a month ago, beauty as well as power followed him to the grave. There is no reason why the fact should not be here recorded that when Mrs. Langtry made her private *début*, the late Mr. Chenery expressed his relief at discovering that Mr. Hayward possessed a ticket for the performance and was willing to write a notice of it. The critique might not have been a masterpiece, but it struck the key-note which the press of two countries at once took up.

Whatever Hayward undertook to do he did exhaustively. He was ever on the crest of the social wave. No matter what might be the most prominent feature in the social life of the moment, he seized upon it, developed it, studied it, made it his own. In this way he brought his great and carefully trained intellectual powers to bear upon the smallest subjects. Let us suppose that some Ministerial crisis or some little, yet it may be, deeply instructive social incident is the topic discussed in a drawing-room. Hayward enters, and instinctively people say, "Here is Hayward, now we shall know the exact truth." He soon shows that he knows more of the subject than any of the gossips. He is not content with retailing the current comments of the hour or of expressing a few disjointed ideas on the topic. He delivers not an opinion but a judgment, and a judgment of a kind from which there is no appeal. Hayward has spoken; *causa finita est*. In society this was uniformly his way. Hayward bore down everything before him, and the polite world, finding that it could not resist him, that its protests against his vehemence were ineffectual, ended by doing him homage. He dra-gooned the society in which he moved just as he commanded the waiters at the



only club of which he was a member. He occupied the same portion of the dining-room at the Athenæum as tradition assigns to Theodore Hook, and it is not upon record that the instructions he issued upon any special occasion as to the disposition of places and tables at dinner were ever disregarded. Seldom has there been such a combination of manly intellectual strength with feminine activity. It is no paradox to say that though Hayward was a confirmed bachelor he was a born housekeeper. The qualities which made him a social king would have enabled him to organize and control the household affairs of any establishment, big or small. Guests and waiters, masters and servants, mistresses and maids, instinctively gave way to him. They were conscious of the presence of the dominant man, and if they occasionally reflected that his despotism was somewhat galling, they could no more resist him than they could the law of gravitation. Hayward has been described as an habitual diner-out. It would be more correct to say that he was a fastidious, and therefore a comparatively infrequent, diner-out. He chose the houses that he visited with great care, and not merely with a view to the *cuisine*, but to the company. Occasionally he went to houses where there was little on the part of the hosts to attract him, because he knew he would meet amusing people at the table.

I have already said that great as were Hayward's powers and extraordinary as were his resources of anecdote, his social position was not won by his faculties in this direction. Indeed his skill and felicity as a *raconteur* were perhaps somewhat overrated. His admirable love of brevity caused his narratives to be wanting in embellishment and local color, and as a sayer of good things and a narrator of interesting historiettes he had several superiors. He never, for instance, attained the happy art that nature has conferred upon Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in the description of incidents to which society is never weary of listening. He never acquired, as Sir Henry Wolff has always possessed, the capacity of accompanying the narrative of occurrences with a vein of meditative comment so ingenious and apt that it recalls the peculiar conversa-

tional felicity of Lord Melbourne. On the other hand, his conversation was invariably apposite and cogent, and those who listened to it across a dinner-table rose with the knowledge that they had heard everything it was possible to say, said in the best possible of all ways, upon the events of the hour. For these purposes Hayward of course required an appropriate audience. He could tolerate the presence of no rival, and if such an one, who was usually his inferior, asserted himself, he generally relapsed into silence. Above all things he disliked the loud man; and this was probably the reason why he could never arrange a social *modus vivendi* with one of the best and kindest friends I have ever been privileged to possess, the late Anthony Trollope. In the same way, though having the truest regard and liking for Bernal Osborne, he never succeeded in overcoming his objection to Osborne's habit of talking across the dinner-table and silencing the rest of the guests. Between Bernal Osborne and himself there was indeed an utter want of intellectual affinity. Although a large purveyor of humorous and witty narratives, Hayward was neither a humorist nor a wit. He was, as has been said already, possessed of an overmastering, intellectual love of truth, and he regarded the badinage and cynicism, the quips and facetiæ of talkers like Osborne as impediments in the way of his favorite inquiry and as calculated to distract conversation from its legitimate path. It must not, however, be supposed that Hayward's talk was invariably didactic and austere. On the contrary, he considered that an occasional laxity of tone, or, as he might have expressed it, a *grata protervitas*, was one of the conversational notes of the high-born gentleman, and he would have found little difficulty in defending the assertion that, as Bacon has declared there is no perfect beauty which hath not some strangeness in its proportions, so no talk can be perfectly high-bred which is without a certain *souçon* of license. Hayward's mind was essentially that of the litterateur, and, as such, it was unsympathetic with the scientific mind. He was, moreover, so passionately fond of ascertaining truth and verified certainty, that he could not simulate fond-

ness for subjects or inquiries which did not admit of demonstration. He might have said of himself as Lord Derby did, that he was born and educated in a præ-scientific era. He had little knowledge and less appreciation of the Darwinian doctrine. He had not mastered the philosophy of evolution and he disliked it. "About," to quote the exact language he used to a friend during his last illness, "a future state, we can know nothing, but there is something great." These words, as they appear in type, bear little meaning; their significance was derived from the tone in which they were uttered. In another conversation with one of his best and most illustrious friends, he said he had no fear of death, denied that he was a sceptic, and spoke with loving and tender reverence of the Lord's Prayer—though "he had talked sceptically"—in which, he said, he found the most natural and frequent vent for his feelings.

As with Hayward his social occupations were part of the serious business of his life, so his literary business, whatever for the time it might happen to be, was manifest in the field of his social occupations. No person who met Hayward in society could fail to know what occupied him at the moment in his study. When he had exhausted a subject with his pen on paper, he would press it home to his audience of private friends with, if the metaphor be permissible, the bayonet point. No sooner had any article of his appeared than, especially if it happened to be of a controversial kind, he proceeded, to use his own phrase, to follow it up. His persistence was as intrepid as it was astounding. He gave his acquaintance no rest until they had not merely read what he had written, but assimilated it. He catechised the company in which he was at home upon it as a lecturer may catechise undergraduates with a view of discovering whether they have followed and understood his discourse. This method, not unnaturally, frequently led him into animated discussions. He was intolerant of contradiction, and often went to invective against those who presumed to differ from him. But if he ventured more upon the license which society accorded him than others might have done, and in doing so occasionally

transgressed the limit of politeness, he was generally ready with the *amende*, and, once satisfied that he had been unjust or discourteous, he seldom failed to make an adequate apology. Nor was he unforgiving of casual wrongs. A friend once remarked, when he was in one of his most critical humors, that his translation of Faust was exceedingly—only a stronger adverb, or rather not an adverb at all, but a past participle, was employed—bad. He was very indignant at the moment, but he was soon conciliated, and he may well have found substantial satisfaction in the circumstance, generously communicated to him by the aggressor, that Carlyle, who was the chief theme of the conversation in question, declared of the nineteen translations of Faust extant, Hayward's was the best.

For some years past Hayward never exceeded and never fell short of four articles a year in the *Quarterly Review*. These were always looked forward to with the keenest expectation, and their author never failed to herald their advent in society. The income which he made from his pen was disproportionately and, in comparison with the time he devoted to it, even ludicrously small. Most of his mornings were given to writing, and his way of work was this: Having collected all the books which told upon his subject, he would devour whatever was essential in their contents, and would then ascertain who were the persons living most likely to give him original and authentic information. He then worried his subject as a dog worries a bone, and when his mind was filled with all the necessary knowledge he would concentrate every fact relevant to his theme into a focus, and display in his treatment of it an omniscience, combined with a lightness of touch, seldom if ever equalled in periodical literature. He did not produce the stately essay of Macaulay or Lockhart, but instead he gave the public a literary *macdoine*, in which the hand of the artist was apparent throughout. Such, then, in brief, was Abraham Hayward, the man and the writer. In society, in letters, and in politics, he has left a place vacant which will never be filled. His writings are already part of English literature. His rare personal qualities are sufficiently at-

tested by the extraordinary devotion and affection which waited upon his last hours, and by the brilliantly representative character of the mourners who met round his bier in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, three weeks ago.

I have been favored with this interesting reminiscence by one who knew Mr. Hayward well: "Naturally, like all men who have the courage of their opinions, Mr. Hayward possessed enemies, and I have heard it asserted by some of these that he never forgot a slight, even when the offender belonged to the weaker sex. From Hayward himself I received once some sort of confirmation of this. Years ago I was reintroduced to him, for he had known me when a child, one morning in the park, by a lady who was a friend of us both. He seated himself by my side, and we talked at first, about old times. By and by, in answer to some remark of mine, 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of the celebrated story of "Hymen." But I could not at that moment take any interest in "Hymen." I had had an object in coming into the Park, which seemed to me, then, to be all-important. I was giving one of my first dinner-parties that very evening, to consist, so I had intended, of some twelve or fourteen congenial guests, and Fate was trying hard, as Fate generally does try, upon such occasions, to arrange that it should become a dinner of thirteen. I had come into the Park to look for a "numéro quatorze." Before the story was finished I broke away, and darted across the gravel-walk to the railing which divided it from the ride. I had seen my "numéro quatorze" upon a

prancing steed, and to secure him was but the work of a moment. In that moment, however, Mr. Hayward had departed. He had risen abruptly, just after paying the chairman, my friend informed me, with a frown on his brow. 'He will never forgive you,' she said tragically, 'as long as you live!—you who wish to succeed in literature, have stupidly offended the severest critic of your time?' I was terrified, but made up my mind that when next I saw Mr. Hayward I would endeavor to atone. As it happened, however, owing to a combination of circumstances, it was nearly four years before I had an opportunity of doing so. Only quite lately I confessed to him what I had done—my supposed offence, my remorse and terror, my atonement. 'Would you really have been so hard and relentless?' I inquired; 'and unless I had asked you for the end of that story should I never have been forgiven?' 'I should have forgiven you, I dare say,' he answered, 'but perhaps I might have forgotten you too.' And he then read me a lecture upon the satisfaction which a man well-stricken in years may derive from perceiving that younger men—and more especially younger women—are anxious to avoid wounding their susceptibilities. 'It was this almost feminine sensitiveness, I think, which made him ever anxious to do a kind act or to say a kind word to a friend. He knew, from personal experience, the effect that only a word can produce, and I have known him to go out in bad weather and when every moment was precious, on purpose to tell some one something which he knew it would give them pleasure to hear.'—"*VIOLET FANE.*"

—*Fortnightly Review.*

#### PASSION.

THERE is, perhaps, no language more remarkable than the English, for the range of meanings which the same word will cover. "Action," for instance, may mean anything from an individual deed to a suit-at-law and a battle, and only the context can tell us which of these far sundered meanings the word must have. But the range of the word "action" is nothing to the range of the word "passion," the most passive meaning of which, as Johnson gives it, is "susceptibility of effect from external action," the illustration being taken from Lord Bacon: "The differences of mouldable and not mouldable, scissible and not scissible, and many other passions of matter, are plebeian notions applied to the instruments men ordinarily practice;" while the last and highest meaning of the word is rightly assigned as "the last suffering of the Redeemer of the world," though we should deny

that the word "suffering" is in that case at all an adequate equivalent for what is intended. The Poet-Laureate, in the fine outline tragedy just published, *The Cup*, gives us a noble passage on an intermediate meaning of this great word—the meaning, probably, which at the present time it most commonly bears. The traitor of the tragedy has just stabbed the Galatian ruler, and so silenced the outburst of his passion, and muses on it thus:

"That red-faced rage at me!  
Then with one quick, short stab—eternal peace.  
So end all passions. Then what use in passions?"

To warm the cold bounds of our dying life  
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,  
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us  
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes  
Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.

I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition  
Is like the sea-wave, which the more you drink,

The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as  
men  
Have done on rafts of wreck—it drives you  
mad."

In that fine passage, passion means not a mere susceptibility to an outward influence, but a dominating desire for some particular kind of outward influence, which, it is declared, may so occupy and possess the mind and character as to dethrone reason and drive men mad. Surely, no greater stride can be conceived than from the passive sense in which Locke and Bacon use "passion"—as a mere liability to be acted upon in any kind of way—to the sense in which Tennyson uses it, as a desire which may take such possession of the mind as, when yielded to, to drive strong men mad. Nor, again, can there be a much greater stride than the stride from this overpowering and bewildering obsession of the heart, to that higher sense of the word "passion" in which we talk of the passion of Wordsworth, or the passion of Isaiah, or the passion of our Burial Service, or, far above every other sense, the passion of our Lord. It seem to us that there is a clearer lesson in the "evolution" of the various meanings of such a word as this, than in the hypothesis as to the evolution of the highest forms of organized life out of the lowest forms. As the word "action" grows in intensity till it means, first, a struggle for victory in the Courts of law, and then a struggle for victory with an armed foe, so the word "passion" grows in intensity till it means first a craving for something outside ourselves that dominates and disfigures our whole being, and then a deliberate and voluntary participation in the manifold joys and sufferings of mankind, not for the satisfaction of any personal craving, but for the tempering, quieting, and relieving of all cravings by which mortal natures are tossed about and disfigured. And so, too, surely man's thoughts in general grow in intensity till the germ of what is little more than animal activity blossoms in heroism, and the germ of what is little more than abstract sensibility—liability to be bent and moulded from without—bears fruit in capacities so ennobling to human nature that heroism only expresses the lower level out of which these higher summits spring.

And this is just what we want to draw attention to—that the word which in its origin is much the most humble and neutral, the word which expresses nothing but the openness of human nature to the force of external influences—just as the malleability of clay to the hand of the sculptor is used as a symbol of characterlessness, not of character—obtains in the end a far higher significance than the words which in its origin does express the initiative of human nature. "Action" never gets higher in meaning than a supreme struggle. "Passion" reaches to a meaning far above that of supreme endurance, or supreme patience even—to the meaning of supreme sacrifice, the voluntary participation in all the deepest sufferings of others for the purpose of healing and purifying those sufferings. So that the passive word takes, after all, a higher meaning, even of the active kind, than the active word; that which begins by expressing mere liability to external influences, ends by expressing a more potent interference with those external influences than the very word which was built up on the idea of taking the initiative, instead of submitting to the initiative of others. "Action" beginning in the idea of man's initiative never gets beyond it, though it expresses the most vivid forms of that initiative. "Passion" which begins by denying man's initiative reaches to a meaning in which the intensest efforts of that initiative are included, as well as the intensest forms of that liability to be influenced by the fate and feelings of others which seems to spring directly from the original meaning of the word. Is not that another way of saying that what theologians call 'the doctrine of prevenient grace' is true?—in other words, that the highest form of human activity can only be produced in the mind which is open to receive the impulses of a higher inspiration; and that the form of activity which really begins in the will of man is a lower form of activity, which may reach heroism at best, but can never reach the saintly level. Passion, in its highest sense, includes action and the highest action. Action, in its highest sense, does not express the higher passion.

To return to a much lower sense of the word. The use of the passions is,



as Tennyson makes his selfish intriguer say—

"To warm the cold bounds of our dying life  
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,  
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep  
us  
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes  
Which all must be."

Even in this lower sense, the passions make men much greater—though, it may be, not always *better*—than any energy which is not passionate can make them. It is the passions which make biography and history what they are—just as it is passion in a still higher sense which makes poetry what it is. Without the passions, we should not have had David, or Alexander, or Brutus, or Hannibal. Without a higher kind of passion, we should not have had Homer, or Tyrtæus, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Goethe. What we are pleased to call "originality," we all with one voice combine to declare not really original, but originated from some hidden source beyond itself. We speak of every original genius as inspired—in other words, as not original, but due to an origin above the will, above the power of the individual to make or mar. Thus, we regard that activity as most effectual which obeys a stimulus beyond itself; and that as least effectual or most insignificant which is most truly self-originated. And this applies even to the less noble passions—to ambition, to emulation, to the rapture of æsthetic feeling. These passions really do heat and fill with interest a life that might otherwise freeze into apathy, even when they are sufficiently ignoble, as ignoble as they are, for instance, in the breast of Tennyson's Galatian traitor. Even such passions carry men out of themselves—though, it may be, only to make them feel that they ought not to have been carried out of themselves by principles so poor—and teach how great a spur to effective action a dominant passion is. But the strange thing is that the same word should represent, first, that in us which is purely passive—next, that which keeps life from stagnating only by endangering a fall below the human level—and again, that which raises it to a point far above the human

level, to the level of what is eternal and divine. Doubtless, there is, as we have already noticed, an intermediate step between these last two meanings in the use of the word "passion" to express that higher kind of poetic inspiration which makes men voluntary partakers of the love, and joy, and suffering of others, almost for the mere sake of entering into them. Here you have, on the one hand, a dominant impulse of the imagination—very much like the love of beauty or the love of power—which spurs on the poet to imagine and delineate human joys and sufferings, and which so far, therefore, has no more moral freedom and choice in it than the more selfish passions. But then, on the other hand, this imaginative passion has no selfish end in view; it asks nothing but to see and feel as other men see and feel in their moments of truest and most vivid life; and therefore it helps to bind men together in a new and closer unity than any they could reach without it. And hence even imaginative passion, as it involves a suffering with the sufferings of others, no less than a rejoicing in their joys, and therefore a very real extension of individual experience, at the cost frequently of the sacrifice of serenity, touches the still higher meaning of the word in which sacrifice for others is the predominant and essential quality. As a mere poetic impulse, which no true poet can suppress, imaginative passion is little raised above the other intellectual passions—little raised above the desire for knowledge, for instance. But in its uniting influences, and in the pain which it involves wherever a true poet enters honestly into "the pangs, the eternal pangs," of his race, it touches that higher level of passion, where passion and sacrifice are one. Surely there is hardly any story of evolution in existence which runs through so wide a "diameter of being" as the significance of this strange word, beginning as it does in the very emptiness and nakedness of our liability to be twisted and warped in any direction, however injurious, by external influence, and yet ending in that triumph of divine love over human sensitiveness which is possible only to the man impelled by God.—*Spectator*.

## THE HARVEST OF DEMOCRACY.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

SOME two years ago a political satire was published in New York, under the title of "Solid for Mulhooly," which did not receive from English politicians the attention which it undoubtedly deserved. It was not to be seen on the club tables in Pall Mall, nor was it in demand at Mudie's, and is now, I understand, out of print. Nevertheless, its interest is so great, and the conclusions which seem naturally to follow its story pierce the soul and marrow of modern English politics with so true and acute a rapier-point, that representative Radicals like Mr. Chamberlain, or disguised Radicals, as is Lord Randolph Churchill, might well republish the work for gratuitous distribution in the still unenlightened and unregenerate constituencies. "Solid for Mulhooly" purported to be a new and novel satire on the Boss system in American politics, in which the mysterious methods of the leaders, the Ring and the Boss, were laid bare; and although, for the American public, which the chief living exponent of the science of political corruption asserts to have greater patience and longer ears than any other animal in the New World, there could be little that was novel in the revelations, there is much which is, fortunately, both new and useful for Englishmen.

It cannot be expected that the arid wilderness of American politics should ever become a fair and pleasant garden in which English students may wander with delight and contentment. The subject is strange and distasteful, and from most points of view unprofitable, and Americans themselves turn from it with disgust. If but few educated Englishmen could explain the differences in dogma between the Republican and Democratic parties, an average American could do little more, seeing that to the eyes of impartial observers the only conflict between political parties is as to which should obtain the larger proportion of the spoils of victory—the fat offices given to unscrupulous wire-pullers; judgeships, the reward of the prostitution of justice; and contracts by

which the people pay three dollars for every one which is expended on its behalf.

There is, however, one light in which American politics have for Englishmen an engrossing interest, and to this I made reference in a recent article,\* namely, the effect which democratic principles, carried to their extreme logical conclusions, have had upon a race identical in many particulars with the English from which it has sprung. Has this effect been such as to encourage us to apply these principles at home? Has the result been a nobler view of the obligations of citizenship; a more generous and unselfish use of wealth; a higher and purer municipal administration; a more patriotic, far-sighted, and courageous foreign policy? And even should a favorable answer be returned to these inquiries, there remains for Englishmen the practical question whether, if undiluted democracy be suited to the conditions of America, with its vast homogeneous territory and a population still scanty proportional to its area, secure from all foreign attack and self-contained and self-sufficient in its resources, we could reasonably expect that it should be equally successful in England. For this country is the centre and *omphalos* of a world-wide empire, confronted in every land and on every sea with enemies or rivals; with an overgrown population crowded into cities and dependent on others for their very bread, and already enjoying a system of government which is not only the envy of less fortunate peoples, but which has had the force to make us, and may still possess the inherent virtue to maintain us, first among the nations of the earth?

A novel called "Democracy," giving a clever and amusing sketch of Washington society and the political intrigues which have their origin and development in the capital of the United States, excited considerable interest in

\* "A Visit to Philistia." *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1884.

England a short time ago. It was written with much spirit, and its frankness was so condemnatory of American institutions that it was first supposed to be written by an Englishman. But there are no more severe critics of their political system than the Americans themselves, and the authorship of "Democracy" is no secret at Washington, where I have met more than one of the persons whose presentment is supposed to be given in the novel. Another book lately published—"A Winter in Washington"—though of doubtful taste, and below criticism as a work of literary art, is fully as outspoken regarding the low tone of morality which prevails in political circles. But "Solid for Mulhooly," the work which I have taken as the text for this article, is of a different quality. Its style disdains those half-lights and shadows and reticences which belong to romance, the conventional glamor which artistically obscures the naked truth. It carries the American political system into the dissecting-room, and pitilessly exposes the hidden seat of its disease. While "Democracy" shows the ultimate result of official corruption in the lobbies and drawing-rooms of Washington, "Solid for Mulhooly" discloses its genesis in the drinking-saloon and the gutter. "Democracy" differs from it as a rainbow differs from the mathematical formulæ which express the laws that determine its shape and color. A short sketch of the plot, showing how a penniless adventurer became Member of Congress, rich without toil, like the lilies, influential without character, and famous through his very infamy, will not be unprofitable.

Michael Mulhooly was born in those conditions which experience has shown to be eminently favorable to prominence in American statesmanship—a mud cabin among the bogs of County Tyrone, which he shared with his parents, his ten brothers and sisters, and the pig. Fortune sent him early to America, where his struggles and subsequent successes form the subject of the story. Epitomized as was his history by the journal of the Reform party, it read thus :

"A bogtrotter by birth ; a waif washed up on our shores ; a scullion boy in a gin-mill fre-

mented by thieves and shoulder-bitters ; afterward a bar-tender in and subsequently the proprietor of this low groggery ; a repeater\* before he was of age ; a rounder, bruiser, and shoulder-hitter ; then made an American citizen by fraud after a residence of but two years ; a leader of a gang of repeaters before the ink on his fraudulent naturalization papers was dry ; then a corrupt and perjured election officer ; then for years a corrupt and perjured member of the Municipal Legislature, always to be hired or bought by the highest bidder, and always an uneducated, vulgar, flashily dressed, obscene creature of the Ring which made him what he is, and of which he is a worthy representative ; such, in brief, is the man who has been forced upon this party by the most shameless frauds as its candidate for the American Congress. This is filthy language, but it is the only way in which to describe the filthy subject to which it refers, as every man who reads it must admit that it is only the simple truth.

"Is it possible that the American people are compelled to scour the gutter, the gin-mill, and the brothel for a candidate for Congress ? Is it possible that the Ring which has already plundered the city for so many years, and which has so long abused our patience with its arbitrary nominations of the most unworthy people for the most honorable and responsible offices, will be permitted to crown its infamies by sending to Congress this creature who represents nothing decent and nothing fit to be named to decent ears ?"

Though all this, with much more that the indignant journal wrote, was not only true but notorious, it had no effect upon the foregone conclusion of the contest. The Boss, who held in his hand the fifty thousand Irish Catholic votes of New York, called upon one of the judges whom he had "made" to convict of libel the journal which had dared to tell the truth and condemn his favored nominee. Justice was dishonored and the truth was condemned. Meanwhile the campaign was fought between honesty and corruption. The candidate of the Reform party was a young man of good family, the highest character, possessed of wealth, genius, and eloquence, and he had at his back all the voters of respectability and posi-

\* Repeating is an amusing game much played at American elections. The repeater who, if possible, should be a professional bully and prize-fighter, represents himself to be and votes for some member of the party opposed to that which employs him. When the true voter appears at the poll he is assailed as a fraudulent person who desires to register twice, and is kicked and beaten by the repeater and his friends. This game causes much innocent amusement.

tion. But he did not condescend to those arts which could alone insure success. He did not visit bar-rooms, or drink with and treat the party-workers, or bribe or cajole; and he declared war to the knife against the Boss and the Boss system, and the Ring, and the whole gang of confederated thieves who had for so long laughed at and plundered the people. The result was what might have been foreseen. The leaders, the Ring, and the Boss, and their thousands of dependents, were "solid for Mulhooly," who was elected Member of Congress by the grace of the municipal gods; manhood suffrage was vindicated, and the corrupt, obscure adventurer represented "a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It will be asserted that this satire is exaggerated, and a caricature of the truth. But this is not the opinion of those educated and high-principled Americans with whom I have talked in the large cities, such as Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, or Denver. They are generally willing to discuss the political situation with all frankness if they be only approached with discretion. Should the traveller commence with abuse of American institutions he will naturally meet with a rebuff; but should he sympathetically praise an administration which professes to be of and for the people, his listener will quickly open the floodgates of his invective against it. From my Colorado note-book I extract the *ipsissima verba* of one of the most prosperous and distinguished citizens of that State. "Politics," said he, "are nothing but a trade by which to live and grow fat, and an evil and a stinking trade. No one who respects himself can join it, and should a respectable man be chosen for office he refuses to accept the nomination. Everything connected with it is corrupt; and success being impossible to an honest man, the dirty work is left to the scallawags and scoundrels who live by it, and who degrade the name of politics throughout America."

The city of New York has, for many years, been one of the most striking and convenient illustrations of what is known in America as Boss rule, and the

many millions that it has cost the people, in waste, speculation, and undisguised and unblushing robbery, form the price which they have had to pay for the pretence of freedom. Matters are now less openly scandalous than of old, but the same system, is in full force. Boss Kelly, who sways the destinies of New York, has been able, from his near connection with an Irish cardinal, to defend his position with spiritual as well as temporal weapons, and the whole Irish Catholic population vote solid as he bids them. The result of a generation of this *régime* has been disastrous. The commercial capital of the United States may now be fairly reckoned, for size and population, the second city in the world, if Brooklyn, New Jersey, and the suburbs be included within its boundaries. Its property is assessed at fifteen hundred million dollars, its foreign commerce is not far from a billion dollars, while its domestic trade reaches many hundred millions. But there is hardly a European city of any importance which is not infinitely its superior in municipal administration, convenience, beauty, and architectural pretensions. With the exception of the Post-Office and the unfinished Catholic cathedral, which is neither in size nor design a cathedral at all, there is scarcely a building which repays a visit. The City Hall, which cost ten or twelve millions of dollars, is certainly worth inspection as an instance of what swindling on a gigantic scale is able to accomplish, as is the Brooklyn Bridge, which cost seventeen millions, or three times the original estimate, and which was further unnecessary, as a subway would have been more convenient and have cost much less. Local taxation is crushingly heavy, and so inequitably assessed that the millionnaires pay least and the poor most. The paving of the streets is so rough as to recall Belgrade or Petersburg; the gas is as bad as the pavement, and it is only in Broadway and portions of Fifth Avenue that an unsystematic use of the electric light creates a brilliancy which but heightens the contrast with the gloom elsewhere. The Central Park, so called from being a magnificent expanse of wilderness in the centre of nothing, is ill-kept and ragged, and at night is unsafe for either sex.



The fares of hack-carriages are four to five times as high as in London. The police is inefficient, arbitrary, and corrupt. At its head are four Commissioners, who are politicians in the American sense and nothing more. They are virtually appointed by the aldermen, who have authority to confirm or reject the mayor's nomination of heads of departments. The aldermen are in many cases persons to whom the description of Michael Mulhoolly might apply—politicians of the drinking-saloons, the tools and slaves of the Boss who made them and whose orders they unhesitatingly obey. When a respectable mayor has chanced to be appointed, he has declared it useless to nominate good men to office, and has lowered his appointments to the level of the confirming aldermen. The Comptroller, who is the financial head of the city, expending between thirty and forty millions of dollars annually, the Commissioners of Excise, Taxes, Charities, Fire, Health, and Public Works, are all controlled, approved, and virtually appointed by the aldermen, who are directed by the Boss. Even the eleven police judges, who should be independent expounders and enforcers of the criminal law, are appointed by the same agency, so that if their origin be traced to its first cause they are the nominees of the criminal classes they have to try and punish. The result is that it is impossible to procure the adequate punishment of any official, however criminal, since he was appointed as a political partisan. One or two instances, almost at random, may be cited in illustration of this. While I was in New York a policeman, named McNamara, killed a drunken but perfectly quiet and inoffensive citizen, named John Smith, by blows on his head and neck with a loaded club. There was no provocation, and even New York was profoundly moved by the outrage, although the police are there accustomed to use their clubs on even orderly crowds in a manner which would not be tolerated for a day in England. But while a verdict of murder or aggravated manslaughter would alone have met the merits of the case, McNamara was found guilty of assault in the third degree, and sentenced to a nominal punishment. In the case of

the numerous catastrophes on railways and steamers in and near New York, due to gross negligence and causing the wanton slaughter of numerous citizens, no official has for years past been punished. An inspector's certificate is the only guarantee of security of the numerous passenger steamboats which ply on the waters of the city. But in August last, when the Riverdale steamer blew up and sank, the boiler was found so corroded that a knife-blade was easily thrust through a piece of iron which was originally an inch and a quarter thick; while the inspector who had certified that the boiler was in good order stated, on inquiry, that he did not know that the boiler was corroded because he had never examined the inside. Inspectors of this calibre are appointed to certify to the soundness of the boilers of ocean steamers, and the chief engineer of one of these told me that the inspector who had looked at the outside of the engines and had signed the required certificate, when asked whether he was not going to examine the interior of the boilers, confessed that such an examination would give him no information, as he was altogether ignorant of the construction of engines or boilers.

Nor are public interests and private rights in property more respected than personal safety is secured. In London we see Mr. Bowles fighting against a railway which is to pass underneath the parks without once appearing at the surface, and even those who consider his zeal excessive will yet admit that this jealousy of any invasion of popular rights is wholesome and admirable. Yet, in New York, elevated railways on iron pillars level with the first-floor windows have been run through many of the principal streets, without a dollar of compensation having been paid to any one. It may be that the ultimate result has been to raise the rents of the shops in these thoroughfares, but this does not alter the fact that the original construction was an outrage on the rights of private property and a hideous disfigurement of the public streets.

The carcass over which the New York vultures are now gathered together is the new aqueduct, which is estimated to cost from twenty to thirty millions of dollars, and which, if the precedents of

the County Court House and the Brooklyn Bridge be followed, will probably cost sixty millions. Here is a prize worthy of Tammany and a contest—a mine rich in jobbery and corruption for years to come; and there is no doubt that, before the work is completed, many patriotic Irish statesmen of the Mulhooly type, who are now loafing around the saloons on the chance of a free drink, will be clad in purple and fine linen and cheerfully climbing the vernal steps which lead to the Capitol.

The municipal administration of New York and many of the principal cities is injurious not alone for its inefficiency, robbery, and waste. The chief evil, and one which, like a cancer, is ever poisoning and corroding the yet wholesome body politic, is found in its contagious example. Theft and jobbery are exalted as virtues which lead to wealth and political honor, while honesty and wisdom are left to preach at the corners of the streets regarded by none. The name of the people, and manhood suffrage, and the popular vote, are used as veils to screen the shifts and frauds of wire-pullers; and the elected of the people is often no more than the corrupt nominee of a dishonest clique who laugh at the people who now, as ever, are willing to be deceived. Corruption accumulates on every side; its slime makes every path slippery which politicians tread, till the State Legislature and Congress itself become an Augean stable which would require a new Hercules to cleanse.

Americans who love and are proud of their country, and who loathe the political system which degrades it in the eyes of the world, will not consider the picture that I have drawn over-colored. But it is impossible to acquit even the most honorable among them of the blame which attaches to this state of things. Manhood suffrage, untempered by any educational test, and rendered uncontrollable by the surging mass of emigration, which was a condition unestimated by the drafters of the Constitution, is the chief cause of the present difficulty, and respectable Americans do not see how they can escape from it. Their usual reply, when driven into a corner, is that although the administration is shamefully corrupt, they will be

able to reform it whenever they have time to do so. At present, they are engaged in making money as quickly as they can. They cannot be troubled with politics; but when at leisure they will reform the administration and make it clean and honest. Moreover, the country is young, and people, like the English, who have passed through the political experiences of the Georges, should not be squeamish in criticising America, which is undergoing a not more discreditable process of purification. The double fallacy which underlies this defence is obvious to every historical student. In all communities, and certainly in America, the honest and respectable largely outnumber the disreputable and disorderly. Yet the greatest catastrophes in republics have been due to the cowardice and apathy of the former when opposed by the organization and audacity of the latter. The excesses of 1793, both in Paris and the provinces, were the work of a very small minority, who might have been easily overpowered had the nobles and *bourgeoisie* shown the commonest energy and courage. The horrors of the Commune were due to a handful of men whom the shopkeepers of the boulevards could have driven into the Seine with their yard-measures. Safety is never to be secured by hesitation and delay, and the longer an abuse remains unremoved the more difficult is its extirpation. The conditions of political life in England during the last century and those in America to-day are essentially different. Here the power is in the hands of an educated class, who, as the standard of morality became more high, were compelled to change their methods or lose power altogether. But, in America, manhood suffrage has placed power in the hands of the lowest and least educated class, a large proportion of whom have little sympathy with the country of their adoption and are too ignorant to understand its requirements. Education may possibly affect these favorably in the future; but it is also to be considered that the present system directly tends, by making dishonesty more profitable than political virtue, to continually augment, in an ever-increasing ratio, the number of those whose interest it is to perpetuate the reign of corruption.

Nor can America plead youth as an excuse for her moral decrepitude. A vicious and depraved youth does not promise a healthy manhood or an honorable old age. The advantages of her youth were a people unfettered by the chains of poverty and prejudice which weigh on the races of Europe, and a field free for the noblest experiments in government. She inherited the experience and culture of the ages; she could profit by their splendid examples and avoid the rocks on which they had made shipwreck. She should have advanced and not fallen back; and this was the proud hope of her earliest statesmen. The young and vigorous republic of the West was to revive the classic virtues of Brutus and Cincinnatus, and blaze forth, a pillar of fire to guide through the darkness the effete monarchies of the Old World. But it would be difficult to name any country, except Russia, where the Emperor Nicholas declared that he and his son were the only people in the country who did not steal, and where his successor found that the chief peculator of the recent war was his own brother, to which the political history of America would not be a warning rather than an example.

While, in England, there is an intelligent and increasing party who advocate the adoption of universal suffrage, thoughtful men in America are convinced that this very manhood suffrage, unaccompanied by an educational test, is the chief cause of their misfortunes. Mr. Trevelyan, at Galashiels, speaking for the Government, recently declared that their policy in the extension of the franchise had nothing to say as to whether a man were Whig or Tory. "We say, if he is a householder, *fit to vote*, he should have a vote. We think that every *intelligent and independent* head of a household should have an equal voice in directly choosing the representatives and indirectly choosing the Government of the country." There is probably no consistent Liberal who would not accept this principle, which applies to Ireland with as much force as to England. But it is obvious that the condition of fitness is its all-important qualification. Mr. Trevelyan's distinguished uncle, in one of his splendid sophistries, asserted that to deny men

freedom until they knew how to make a proper use of it was worthy of the fool in the old story who would not go into the water until he had learned to swim. But men who are unintelligent and uneducated, who have not shown themselves possessed of temperance, honesty, and self-restraint, are virtually infants who have not yet the use of their limbs, and whose experiments in the water can only end in their destruction. Open wide the doors of the franchise to education and intelligence, but, with the example of America before us, close them in the face of ignorance and crime.

The Irish question is as burning a one in American as in English politics, and I cannot help thinking it more hopeless in the States than here, from the difficulty of withdrawing concessions which have once been made. Mr. Edward O'Brien, in reply to a letter of mine in the *Times*, has insisted that the most progressive and prosperous cities in America—New York, Chicago and San Francisco—are just those in which the population of Irish birth and descent is largest in proportion, and would have us infer that to this element their prosperity is chiefly due. As reasonably might we argue that the prosperity of London and Liverpool was due to the Irish, who are the poorest and most unmanageable part of their population. The splendid commercial situation of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and the marvellous energy of the American population, are the cause of their prosperity. It is because they are rich that the Irish collect in them. They live almost exclusively in the towns, and although in Ireland they complain of not possessing land, yet in America they will not accept land for cultivation, though they may obtain it at a nominal price, or for nothing. The majority of the Irish of New York differ little from the same class in English cities; they are mostly illiterate, and the secret of their power is not in their energy or numbers, but that the long and absolute rule of the priests has accustomed them to vote solid as they are bid. The voters of the city are two hundred and fifty thousand, and of these the Irish are probably little more than a fifth; but the determination of their leaders, and their own ignorance and political ineptitude,

enable the disreputable minority to triumph over the wealth, culture, and intelligence of the disunited majority. No more grotesque illustration of the failure of universal suffrage to attain the result which alone would justify it could possibly be found. The Irish Catholics of America are Democrats almost to a man, but this is an accident due to a national characteristic which is illustrated in the well-known story of the Irishman who being asked, on his first landing at New York, what were his politics, replied that he knew nothing of politics, but that he was against the Government. The Republicans having held office ever since the war, the Irish have naturally joined the ranks of the opposition. It would be a mistake to imagine that political purity prevails where there is no controlling Irish element. New York has been cited as a convenient illustration of the evils of the American system. But leave civilization behind and go to the far West, to a new town, like Cheyenne, in Wyoming, and every form of electoral corruption will be found there rampant, and votes sold shamelessly and as openly as sheep in the public market. The Irish are far more unpopular in America than they are in England; and little sympathy for their grievances is felt or expressed; for the Americans are far too practical a race not to rate at their true value the utterances of interested demagogues such as O'Donovan Rossa and Parnell. The language used in Dynamite League meetings in New York, and the criminal actions which follow, are alike viewed with indignation and disgust by the whole American community; but the weakness of Democratic government is such that the respectable majority do not dare to crush or even silence these enemies of the human race, and allow them, without molestation, not only to preach and plot arson and murder, but to carry them into execution. No civilized Government should tolerate for a day the open preaching of murder, and America must not be surprised if her protection, not of political offenders but of common assassins, results ere long in seriously straining her relations with this country.

It is a happy circumstance that the self-command and moderation of the

English people are such that a long series of atrocious outrages have failed to arouse any widespread hostility to Ireland. Englishmen realize that Irish troubles are in a great part due to the selfish and unworthy policy of past years, while it is impossible that the Irish should be unpopular when (putting *Messieurs les assassins* aside) there is no more delightful, lovable, and quick-witted race in the world. But we have not suffered from them as the Americans have suffered; and were London, as is New York, in the hands of a gang of Irish adventurers, our patience might be tried too sorely. Mr. Parnell hopes in the next Parliament to command the political situation; but as his avowed programme includes the rejection of allegiance to the Queen and dismemberment of the empire, he must not be surprised if both parties unite in temporarily, and so far as imperial questions are concerned, disfranchising constituencies who return members pledged to destroy and degrade the country. When the Irish leaders cease to demand what no party could grant them without immediate political suicide, they will find Englishmen disposed to render them full justice, and such a measure of local and municipal self-government as prevails in England, and is consistent both with imperial rights and with the duty of protection, we owe to the loyal minority in Ireland. When the time for considering this question shall arrive—and it will not be until the Irish leaders abandon the open profession of treason—the precedent of America, both in its war to prevent national disintegration, and in the virtual independence of each unit of the federal body, will doubtless receive full attention from the Liberal Government. In the ears of the orators of the Opposition, who habitually speak of the Irish as of some savage people with whom we are at open war, the words compromise and concession sound weak and criminal. But when History writes the annals of the nineteenth century and the voice of passion is still, the policy of the Liberal Government toward Ireland, its generosity in the presence of ingratitude, its justice and self-possession amid the fierce storm of party abuse, will be held its best title to honor.



The difficulties and dangers which necessarily accompany manhood suffrage are, in America, intensified by the enormous emigration and the law of naturalization under which aliens are admitted as citizens after five years' residence. The consequence of this provision, which, as in the case of Michael Mulhoolly, is frequently evaded, is that a large number of persons are annually admitted to all the rights of citizenship before they have become American in sympathy or sentiment, with the tendency to form separate political groups looking only to the interests of their own class or nationality. Thus a number of *imperla in imperio* grow up, German, Scandinavian, or Irish, bringing, as we have seen with the last-named, confusion into the Federal Government, and fighting from beneath its shield against their private enemies. The Germans, in America as elsewhere, are a sober, honest, and intelligent body, and have brought the land of their adoption its most valuable contingent. But they are rather in than of the American world. They do not intermarry with Americans; they have their separate societies and amusements; and as they now number some ten millions, there will at no distant date be a larger German population in America than in Europe, whose sympathies must more or less affect European politics. To a less degree these remarks apply to the Scandinavian emigrants, who, in States like Minnesota, are numerous. They have in no way changed their nationality with their climate, and the Swedish *chargé d'affaires* at Washington told me that they were continually referring to him in their difficulties instead of to the authorities of their State.

Difficulties such as these may be successfully solved; but there is one legacy of the war, in the negro vote, which will only become more intolerable by the lapse of time, for the reason that the African race is extremely prolific, and, under existing conditions, may be expected to increase more rapidly than any other element of the heterogeneous mass of American citizens. The position of the negro is anomalous and embarrassing. Without referring to the multiplied researches of the Anthropological Society on the capacity of the African races,

it may generally be asserted that the negro is as fit for the franchise as the monkey he closely resembles. He has one or two good qualities and many bad ones. He makes a very good waiter if in firm hands, but is usually spoilt by American familiarity, which in his small mind breeds contempt, so that the head waiter at a restaurant gives himself more airs than an English duke. For any occupation requiring higher intellectual powers than blacking boots or waiting at table the vast majority of negroes are unfit. A few of the best struggle into the professions and there fail, though I remember at Washington some cases of partial success; while one colored female lawyer of much vivacity roundly declared, during the recent civil rights discussion, that the negroes were the superior race in America. Since the war they have largely increased, and now number some six millions of uneducated and unimprovable persons, as useless for the purpose of civilization as if they were still wandering naked through the African jungle. Slavery is an accursed thing, but it is rather as degrading the higher race of slaveholders than as brutalizing the slaves that it must be condemned. There is no more natural equality among races than individuals, and imperial peoples have to use up some of the weaker and poorer in their political manufactories. The Nemesis of slavery was not exhausted in the civil war. Its evil fruits are still to be gathered by the American people, who have in their midst this ever-growing mass of savagery which they hate and despise, and to which they were compelled to give the rights of citizenship. For although it sounds well to speak of the war as the protest of the North against slavery, the emancipation of the slaves was never intended by the Americans. They then cared for the negroes no more than now, when they would be delighted to carry the whole race to the middle of the Atlantic and sink them there. The North was driven into war, much against its will, by the threats, the insults, and the hostile acts of the South. Abraham Lincoln, in his inaugural address as President, repeated and emphasized his former declaration that "he had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slav-

ery in the States where it existed." And when the war was over and the victory won, he was far too shrewd to desire to admit the negroes to the franchise. This fatal measure was taken in sheer self-defence to swamp the Southern vote, which would otherwise have restored the intolerable situation previous to the war. Since that day the miserable negro has been the tool and sport of every party; now petted, now kicked; his strong limbs and feeble brain at the service of any demagogue who might best know how to tickle his vanity and arouse his passions. If he were other than himself he would be a fit object for compassion; but he is of too low a type to be unhappy, and is probably the only man who laughs to-day in America.

It would be interesting to glance at the chief political platforms, such as the treatment of the National Debt, the Tariff, Resumption, Civil Service Reform, Prohibition, Home Rule, and such questions as the treatment of the Mormons, the Chinese, and the Irish; but the briefest review of these would be too lengthy. Their examination would, however, show that democratic institutions have so demoralized politics that there is no single question on which either the Republican or Democratic party have any clear and honest policy or principle. The lowest expediency, the most vulgar and interested motives, the spoils of office, and the pillage of the Municipal or Federal treasury, are the alpha and omega of American politics. "Pah! give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

Foreign politics excite so little interest in America, where the attention of the people is solely directed to money-making, and the attitude is so different from that of France, whose restlessness and insolent aggression in every quarter of the world is inconveniently conspicuous, that it would be interesting to inquire whether apathy or truculence was the normal effect of republican institutions. But here it must suffice to note that either attitude would be equally fatal in English policy. A few points more or less directly affecting England in the foreign policy of America may be briefly noticed. Firstly, the army, which costs some forty millions of dol-

lars annually, consists of but 25,000 men, mostly employed in distant outposts, as in New Mexico; and a stranger may travel through the length and breadth of the country without meeting a single soldier. The navy, on which between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars are spent or wasted, is non-existent, so far as first-class ships equal to modern requirements are concerned. Admiral D. Porter, a high authority, declares that there is no navy worth speaking of, and that it consists of officers and water without any ships. It is true that the protective tariff has annihilated the merchant shipping, so that the navy is no longer required to protect American commerce abroad; but its naval weakness is unworthy the dignity of a great country. The treasury is overflowing with money; the public debt cannot be reduced faster than at present without grave financial embarrassment; yet in the appropriations of Congress it is party interests and not the national honor which are considered. It is certainly not for the advantage of England that America should adopt free-trade, and again cover the sea with merchant ships; but the day will probably come when the farmers of the West and the working classes of the East will unite in refusing to pay double prices for almost every necessary of life in order to swell the profits of the manufacturers. But under a republic, where the minority rule and the majority suffer, the hour of deliverance may be far distant.

There is in the foreign policy of America nothing unfriendly to England. The good feeling between the two countries is fortunately increasing year by year, and so long as the States confine their attention exclusively to the American continent our interests are not likely to clash. Canada is not a source of anxiety; for while, on the one hand, this dependency is exceedingly loyal to the Crown, there is, on the other, no desire on the part of the States to absorb it. Should a policy of annexation, contrary to the wish of the Dominion, be ever launched, England and Canada will be quite able to take care of themselves.

The large and rapidly increasing German population of the States may have a tranquillizing effect on American rela-

tions with England, and to some extent neutralize the Irish element; for there can be little doubt that English sentiment is tending toward the natural alliance with Germany as opposed to France, who, since she has adopted republican institutions, has proved herself worthless as an ally. We can have no true sympathy with France, whose attitude toward us is uniformly unfriendly, and whose interests are opposed to ours in every quarter of the world; while with Germany we have the bond of a common origin, creed, and interests. The sentimental regard for the Russian Government, which was once so strongly and frequently expressed in America, has died out. It was always an unnatural and artificial growth, and had its origin in the astuteness of Russia attempting to make political capital out of the mistakes of the upper classes in England, who, for reasons which need not here be discussed, gave their sympathy and moral support to the Southern Democrats in the civil war. Russia, who foresaw the inevitable result of the struggle, sided warmly with the North, and earned a cheap gratitude, which for some time made an imposing display. But the farce was played out with the return of cordiality between England and America, for it was impossible that either of these nations should long regard with any other sentiment than disgust the domestic policy of Russia. It was an evil day for the Liberal party in England when fortune compelled it to appear as the advocate of Russian fraud and aggression in south-eastern Europe, to champion a power whose hostility to England is deep-seated and inveterate, and whose political methods are abhorrent to every sentiment of Liberalism. America and England have both fallen into the same snare, and we may hope that for them, at least, the fowler may in future spread his nets in vain.

Great as the evils of the political system in America may be, and serious as are the dangers which lie before the Republic, the people are far too energetic and high-spirited to view them with any unworthy alarm. The pride in the greatness and wealth of their country which is felt and expressed by Americans, their confidence in its future, and the equanimity with which they regard the

dangers or troubles of the hour, are admirable to behold, and are qualities which in themselves go far to deserve and command national good-fortune. Nor is their pride and confidence exaggerated or unfounded. They possess a country immense in extent and of unparalleled richness. In its virgin soil and limitless prairies are an inexhaustible treasury, a cornucopia from which fatness and abundance forever flow, while in no part of the world is found such varied mineral wealth. The harvest of field and mine is reaped by an intelligent, industrious, and energetic people, whose territory stretches from ocean to ocean, and this generation will see within its borders one hundred millions of English-speaking people, who will doubtless be prosperous, and who, if they be wise in time, may be also free.

England, who has girdled the earth with empire, and the roots of whose national oak lie, like those of the mystic tree in Norse sagas, among the hidden bases of the world, can look without fear, or distrust, or envy, but rather with a glad and generous pride, at the development of the great American people, bone of her bone and blood of her blood. And if England can find nothing worthy of adoption in the political system of America, she can yet take care that she does not fall behind in that noble and confident spirit which is the birthright of imperial races, and which enables them to look indifferently on good or evil fortune. There are Englishmen who seem to believe that the golden age has passed for their country, and that she is falling into decrepitude. This is not the view of those who have breathed the free air of the younger and greater Britain in Canada, Australia, or India. It is not the spirit which breathes in Lord Dufferin's Canadian speeches, or in the admirable address lately delivered by Lord Lorne before the Colonial Institute, or which inspires the patriotic resolve of Australia to not only share the glory but the burdens of the mother-country. The British Empire is still in its infancy. Grafted, it is true, on an ancient monarchy, it only dates from the occupation of Virginia by Raleigh three hundred years ago. It has grown

to be the greatest empire the world has ever seen, with a territory of 9,000,000 square miles and 300,000,000 subjects of the Queen, and now only waits the statesman whose genius shall gather it into one mighty federation, animated by loyalty and dignified by freedom. When that day shall come we may hope that

the "united Anglo-Saxon race, English and American, will join hands across the Atlantic, and, disdaining all possible occasion of quarrel, cement a lasting alliance which will insure the peace and progress of the world.—*Fortnightly Review*.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

TEACHINGS OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AND PUBLISHED BY PHILOTHEOS BRYENNIOS, METROPOLITAN OF NICOMEDIA. Edited with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes. By Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown, Professors in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

According to the history given us of this somewhat remarkable fragment of the earliest Christian literature (for as such, if its pedigree be authentic, it yields only to the New Testament Scriptures), the ms. of which it is a part was a find of Bishop Bryennios in the library of the Most Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople. Other parts of the same manuscript consist of "Chrysostom's Synopsis of the Old and New Testament;" "The Epistle of Barnabas;" "The Two Epistles of Clement;" "The Epistle of Mary of Cassobela to Ignatius;" and "Eight Epistles of Ignatius." "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles" *Διδάχῃ των δωδεκα Ἀποστόλων* occupies about four pages out of the one hundred and twenty of the manuscript, and consists of about twenty-five hundred words. It was published in Greek last year in Constantinople, and it is now produced in English (the Greek being given on the alternate page). It is believed to have been written in its present form in the year 106 A.D., the assumption, of course, being that it is a transcript from an earlier ms., the date of which is fixed early in the second century. Accepting this supposition, it is reasonable to believe that the author knew those who had sat under the teachings of Christ's immediate successors and so received the stream of instruction from very near the fountain head. Such a testimony cannot fail to be of vast interest to the Christian world.

It is impossible to suppress a tendency to scepticism in accepting the facts as given us. The fact that Shapira very recently so nearly succeeded in palming off his impudent forgeries

on the Christian world and even hoodwinked several eminent scholars, is only one instance out of many, which will recur to the mind, of cunning imposition, which nearly attained its purpose. That there should be an extraordinary eagerness to discover fresh manuscripts relating to Christianity in its early period is but natural, and no less natural is it that there should be attempts to gratify this hunger by deceptions. It is singular, certainly, that a manuscript of this importance should have remained so long unknown in a library so well known and so easily accessible to scholars. When Tischendorf discovered the "Codex Sinaiticus" in the year 1850 in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, and made it known to the world, there was less occasion to wonder. The library of St. Catherine's had always been strictly and jealously guarded against western scholars, and Tischendorf was one of the first who got access to its treasures.

Putting all these questions of authenticity, however, aside, let us glance briefly at the general character of "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles." Its Greek is the provincial Syrian Greek of the New Testament, and the whole tone of it is eminently archaic. In all respects it corresponds with the spirit of the age to which it is credited. The internal evidence is in its favor. That such a manuscript existed is vouched for by the fact that it is alluded to in the writings of several of the Greek patristic authors. It will not be very difficult then for the critic to find both discernment and conviction in studying the accepted Christian canons side by side with it. The work is divided into sixteen short chapters, and in them we find more or less learning on all the ethical and practical teachings of Christ and His apostles. To the theology imposed by Paul on the teachings of Christ we find no allusion, nor any recognition of it even indirectly. The citations for the most part are from Matthew and Luke. Mark and John are



ignored, as are Revelation, and, as indicated above, all the important doctrinal epistles of Paul. There are more allusions to the apocryphal than to the accepted books of the Old Testament.

Special interest will be found in the light thrown by the manuscript on the opinions and practices of the early Christian Church. Those who believe in immersion as necessary to baptism will find a disagreeable rebuff in the fact that this new Christian word distinctly refers to "sprinkling" as the current method, though the neophyte should stand in running water. So again there is a warning against indiscriminate almsgiving. Among the orders of the Church no elders are mentioned. The doxology is uniformly used with the Lord's Prayer, though in the revised version of the New Testament it was omitted as not properly belonging there. There are very singular rules laid down concerning the reception of apostles and prophets. For example, the faithful are inhibited from entertaining a visiting apostle for more than two days, a desire on the part of the latter to remain a third day being branded as the mark of a false prophet. We should consider such treatment inhospitable nowadays, but probably there was a good reason for it when the communistic character of Christian society made the thrifty and industrious peculiarly liable to become the prey of lazy impostors. Scattered through the brief chapters the reader will find many curious side-lights as to the feelings and habits of the early Church. There can be no question that this work is in complete accord with the spirit and character of the Gospels. Christian thinkers will receive it with the warmest curiosity, and hardly fail to find in it ample to justify their faith. The translators have given us the text of the manuscript without any of the elaborate glosses and notes of Bishop Bryennios originally published with it.

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: A STUDY OF HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., author of "Turkestan." In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Schuyler, now U. S. Minister to the Court of Athens, has for many years occupied important diplomatic posts in Eastern Europe, and has therefore had singularly favorable facilities for the kind of work, so notable an example of which now lies before us. Distinguished in college for his linguistic talents and bent for historical and archæological study,

his long residence in Russia as Consul to Moscow, naturally turned his attention to Russian history, which has in the past been so largely alloyed with tradition and misconception. Certainly, prior to the appearance of Dr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great," no adequate biography of this remarkable ruler had ever been given to the world. Our readers will remember the serial publication which ran so long through the numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* (now the *Century*), and which was afterward published in book-form. The present edition consists of the matter of the first issue thoroughly revised and for the most part rewritten, with a large amount of entirely fresh matter. The author has found occasion to modify some of the views expressed in the earlier work, and this last revision may be regarded as expressing his maturer views. He has drawn his material from original authorities in the Russian and Swedish languages, and the evidence of most thoroughgoing investigation is plain beyond all questions. However critics may object to the author's convictions, there can be but one opinion as to his profound knowledge of the field which he surveys, in this biography, which is not merely the life of one man, but a key to the whole history of Russia.

Peter the Great is one of the colossal figures of modern European history, and a fit subject for the pen of a great historian. In many respects as rude and violent a barbarian as any of the subjects whom he sought to raise from their estate to a place among the civilized nationalities of Europe, he possessed a powerful, far-seeing mind, which grasped all the conditions of the present and the possibilities of the future. His youth was passed amid turbulent and precarious surroundings, and his advent to the throne endangered by the intrigues of his own family. The social and political facts constituting the environment within whose mould his character was forged and tempered, acting on a bright and piercing intelligence, easily account for the ambition for reform on the part of one who, with all his faults, was a genuine lover of his people; they also account for the restless and reckless vigor with which that ambition was carried out. Peter was coarse, cruel, and resolute in destroying all obstacles which intervened in his path. But whatever crimes he committed in marching to his goal (and these crimes were neither few nor trivial), they were not done to further self-indulgence nor ignoble purposes, for he was one to spare himself as little as he spared

others. If any historic deduction shines out with luminous clearness, it is that the consuming motive of Peter's whole career, which fevered his soul without rest, was to uplift Russia from her grovelling degradation socially as a people, politically as a nation, to a lofty place in the European galaxy. That he fell far short of his ambition in the results achieved only sets that ambition forth in more a picturesque and vivid light. The terrible vigor of the monarch's character displayed itself early in his reign. He became convinced that the great Prætorian Guard of the Streltsi, one of the traditional institutions of Russia, made the foundations of his power unsteady. He acted with characteristic energy and cruelty. He did what Mehemet Ali afterward did with the Mamelukes. The Streltsi were taken by surprise, disarmed, and literally butchered; shot down, hanged, beheaded, tortured, annihilated, and their families treated with little less cruelty. Peter did not believe in scotching a snake. It is said that he himself and many of his highest nobles even wielded the executioner's axe in some cases. This sanguinary episode of a barbarous age, revolting as it is, was a logical outcome of its causes. The education of such a career makes us wonder but little that Peter in his later life was able so completely to stifle his natural feelings for his son Alexis, when he became convinced that that son stood in the way of the life work, which had become hardened into a fanaticism.

What Peter did for Russia is well known, at least in outline, to every school-boy. How he did it has been narrated by Dr. Schuyler with a fulness of detail, with a grasp of all the underlying as well as exterior conditions of the age, and in powerful and fascinating yet exceedingly simple style. There is no attempt at the pomp of diction which the subject might so easily justify. The main purpose has been to present a picture of the great Czar and his age in sober and truthful colors. This desire to be accurate and judicial is everywhere patent. That the author unconsciously softens the harsh and repulsive traits of his hero is probably true. But we doubt whether any great biography was ever written unless the author was thoroughly in love with his hero. Appreciative criticism in such cases comes nearer to the balance of truth than depreciative criticism. Peter's faults and crimes, gigantic, like all the traits of the man, perhaps make us better understand the forces which he was compelled to stem. The author takes no little pains in limning the rough gentility of Peter's

character, which frequently, however, degenerated into brutal and undignified aspects, and his strong devotion to his friends, most of whom were foreigners by birth. To their advice and influence the monarch felt that he owed much, and he proved it by the sincerity of his friendship. Dr. Schuyler does full justice to his striking personality as a man and to his greatness as a ruler; and the picture he makes, though painted with studied moderation, is full of high lights and deep shadows. The two volumes are embellished with a great number of engravings, portraits, illustrations of Russian life and customs, battle-scenes, etc., and are an excellent specimen of good book-making.

THE LIFE AND POEMS OF THEODORE WINTHROP. Edited by his Sister. With Portrait. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

When Theodore Winthrop fell at the battle of Big Bethel, at the very outset of the war, it was felt that a very valuable victim had been sacrificed. The public had not then become callous through the effects of profuse and long-continued bloodshed. The youth and social distinction of the fallen soldier, his brilliant literary talents, whose early fruits (destined never to be ripened) foreshadowed such a splendid career, the heroic gallantry which led to his death conspired to lend a thrill of grief, almost sentimental, even among those who had never known him. Theodore Winthrop was born in 1828 and graduated at Yale College in 1848. He spent three years abroad, and shortly after returning home went to Mexico and Central America, thence to California and Oregon, and returned home overland. The latter journey bore fruit afterward in more than one of his books. He did not settle down regularly to literary work (though he had practised his 'prentice hand in a great number of experiments, poetry and prose) till 1854, though even then he was nominally a law-student. He was admitted to the bar, but never seems to have practised. His time was devoted to writing, and he seems to have persevered untiringly, though publisher after publisher refused his books. It is sad to say that it was not till after his death that any of his more ambitious works were published, though his magazine articles and stories had found cordial acceptance. "*Cecil Dreame*," the last novel he wrote, was the first published. The recent death of the author and the power of the romance in itself made it brilliantly successful, and then followed in rapid succession "*John*

Brent," "Edwin Brotherloft," "Love and Skates," and two volumes of out-door adventure and travel—"The Canoe and Saddle," and "Life in the Open Air." The latter two are delightfully fresh and vivid pictures by forest and lake, of prairie and mountain. The poems, which are given to the world in this volume of biography and reminiscence, are not such as will enhance Winthrop's literary reputation. They are in many respects crude and callow, and one cannot rank them as more valuable than the literary recreations in rhyme, wherewith all men of literary taste sometimes regale themselves. Though marked by feeling and imagination, the entire lack of distinctive feeling for poetic art-form is everywhere apparent. It was in his prose that Winthrop moved with a sure and certain step, the easy master of his work, though the publishing craft utterly failed to appreciate him till death lit a torch on his tomb. His novels are marked by boldness of invention, largeness and symmetry of plan, grasp of character, and a singular and felicitous union of robustness and subtlety. There is a fresh breezy air blowing through his books, even when he deals with mystery or melancholy, which should be a good tonic for a morbid reader. Had Winthrop lived and labored to the full development of his fine talents, there can be no doubt that he would have snatched the highest prizes of American authorship. That he would have created a model of the story-teller's art entirely different than that which has the vogue now in the James-Howells school of finicky refinement and over-analysis it is not far away to assume. It is pleasant that such a volume as this memorial should awaken the younger generation to the merits of one whom the elders remember with singular pleasure and interest.

**DARWINISM STATED BY DARWIN HIMSELF. CHARACTERISTIC PASSAGES FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DARWIN.** Selected and Arranged by Nathan Sheppard, author of "Shut up in Paris," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of the few books the title of which suffices to explain perfectly its whole scope and purpose. In spite of the fact that the researches and theories of Darwin have gone far to revolutionize the whole channel of modern science, and even of philosophy, and in spite of the fact that his name is familiar in the mouth of nearly every one with any pretence of culture, it is probably true that very few have read "The Origin of Species" and

the "Descent of Man." Like many another great thinker, his teachings are more talked about than accurately known, and so far as known, known at second-hand. This is the case with great names in literature proper—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Montaigne, etc. It is even more the case with great scientific lights, where some special intellectual training and love of truth must enter to overcome the fiction of study. Mr. Sheppard's service to the reading world is that he has selected from Darwin's voluminous writings all the salient and characteristic passages which best illustrate his theories and present the researches and reasonings on which these theories are built. He succeeds in presenting these in such consecutive order as to give an intelligent presentment of Darwin's great work as a scientist, though, of course, to know the full bearings and relations of this work demands a study of the author at first-hand. For the casual reader, however, the book before us will suffice to fill his needs. It will serve to correct the numerous misrepresentations of what Darwin believed and taught, and surely no one has ever been so persistently misrepresented, though in many cases innocently. Mr. Sheppard has performed his work as compiler and editor with acumen and good taste. We do not much believe, as a rule, in books of "knowledge made easy," but this is one which proves a happy exception. It is a book which ought to find a large public in a country like ours, where there are such numbers of half-educated men, who crave intellectual light, and yet lack the leisure or inclination, or perhaps both, to acquire it by the more slow and certain channels of protracted study.

**FLOWERS AND THEIR PEDIGREES.** By Grant Allen, author of "Colin Clout's Calendar," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

What is called popular science is often full of such shallow and misleading statements, so padded with words without significance, that it is quite delightful to find a writer who is equally accurate, luminous, and picturesque in the art of presentation. Mr. Grant Allen is one of these rare interpreters of natural science. Nay, more! he sheds the glamor of a poetic imagination over the subjects which he treats, and transfigures scientific detail into something which fairly glows and palpitates with life. Science generally tends to present its material in a desiccated form, to eliminate everything but the arid fundamental truth, and

to generalize away the concrete. Mr. Allen's piquant method reverses this. He, of course, in studying the physiology and evolution of plant-life is obliged to remind his readers of the technical truths of botany and to use its nomenclature. But his use of analysis as an instrument of thought is entirely subordinate to that of synthesis. We may fancy at times, indeed, that his analogies and parallels glide into mere hypothesis. But his knowledge of the field which he is exploring is so evident, his handling of the facts so easy and masterly, that it is not easy to put one's finger on a weak link in the logic. All of the essays collected in this volume were originally printed in such English magazines as *Longman's Magazine*, the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Gentleman's*, *Belgravia*, etc. The subjects are "The Daisy's Pedigree," "The Romance of a Wayside Weed," "Strawberries," "Cleavers," "The Origin of Wheat," "A Mountain Tulip," "A Family History," and "Cuckoo Pint"—all of them treating of well-known plants. The author very concisely explains his plan in his brief preface, when he says, "We know by this time pretty well what our English wild-flowers are like; we want to know next why they are just what they are, and how they came to be so." The cornerstone of his reasoning is in the law of natural selection or survival of the fittest, and applying this to his facts he tells us in a very bright and delightful way how some of the common flowers and fruits have been evolved from simple weeds seemingly widely different. We are told, for example, how the luscious strawberry was developed from the plant called "potentilla," which exists in so many varieties. Then again our author traces the origin of wheat, and shows us how it is in descent only a degenerate and degraded lily. The curious kinship between the cereal, which is the most important article of food, and the beautiful flower filled with perfume, is unfolded in a very fascinating way. So through a number of chapters Mr. Allen carries us along as much absorbed as if we were reading a romance. If science were always taught in this fashion, its study would be a labor of love not confined to the few who have distinctive aptitudes for its pursuit. Mr. Allen tells us that this is the first instalment of a work which he hopes some day to carry out more fully and to which he means to give the somewhat awkward title of a "Functional Companion to the British Flora." It is to be hoped he will find a more attractive name; for the matter, judging from the first

part, is sure to be delightful and suggestive reading.

BOUND TOGETHER: A SHEAF OF PAPERS. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Reveries of a Bachelor," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the latest volume in the complete collected works of Donald G. Mitchell, a writer better known to the older than to the present generation of readers, though he is not very much past the intellectual prime of life. Mr. Mitchell's reputation thirty years ago was second to that of hardly any American writer, but in some curious way he stepped out of American literature, and allowed himself to be almost forgotten, except through casual contributions to the magazines. In his books we find scholarship, geniality, refined and fastidious taste, something at times nearly akin to genius. Why he should have remained so long a dumb oracle is a matter of sorrow and wonder to many of his old admirers. In the present volume we have a collection of papers, some of which are occasional, such as the centenary oration on Irving and the lecture on Titian, delivered before the Yale Art School; and other pleasant essays on various topics originally printed in the magazines. All these papers are readable, fresh, and suggestive. We are specially pleased with the essays, based on the author's observation of nature and his experiences of country life. These are racy and unhackneyed and full of suggestive quality, reviving the memories of his earliest and best style.

HAND-BOOK OF TREE PLANTING, OR WHY TO PLANT, WHERE TO PLANT, WHAT TO PLANT, AND HOW TO PLANT. By Nathaniel H. Egleston, Chief of Forestry Division, Department of Agriculture, Washington. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

For many years forestry has been a science in Germany, ranking among the learned professions. The needs of an old and thickly settled country make it imperative that the subject of arboriculture should be thoroughly understood. In our own great country, where enormous size and extravagant habits have conduced to make us reckless in destroying forests and indifferent in cultivating trees except for purely ornamental purposes, the time has only very recently come when we have begun to see that our crass ignorance on this subject is a national crime. The public mind has awakened, and the matter is being widely



and intelligently discussed. The utter destruction of our great northern pine regions, approaching so swiftly and surely (if nothing is done to prevent), the denudation of the Adirondacks threatening the water supply of the Hudson, and similar dangers are significant threats that fix the public interest. Books that throw light on the subject of arboriculture, not merely as a means of gratification to the rich in growing parks and pleasure-grounds, but as a matter of public interest and safety, must be considered, then, as vital to our present public needs. Mr. Egleston has written a compact and well-considered hand-book on this theme, and appears to speak *ex cathedra*. Aside from the claims justified in his little book, his position under government should assure us of the fact, though unfortunately office-holding is not always a guarantee of fitness. The author has evidently had a wide practical experience in the culture of trees and studied the science underlying it with zeal and thoroughness. Not the least interesting part of the book to the general reader will be the very intelligent and comprehensive study of the needs of preserving and augmenting our forest areas, found in the first sections, as these are so germane to the discussion now going on.

---

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the author of "Travels on a Donkey," "Treasure Island," etc., has been seriously sick at Nice. The loss of this author would be seriously felt in literature.

THE note-books of the late Abraham Hayward, a sketch of whose life and character is given in the present number of THE ECLECTIC, will be edited by Mr. Kinglake.

AMONG foreign literary men of note, who have just died, are Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglass Jerrold, and a versatile journalist, novelist, and essayist; the great French historian, Mignet, and Richard Hengist Horne. The latter poet is not much known to the present generation, but literary men agree in looking on him as one of the remarkable poets of his century. A complete edition of his works is about to be published in London. He will probably become widely famous now that he is dead, a fate which has befallen the fame of more than one great man. His greatest poem was "Orion," an epic.

HOLLAND, it is said, has only one poet who is a woman. This is Miss Stratenus, who is now visiting London, and who is described as charming both as poet and as woman.

M. AUGUST LAHURE, the manager of a great Paris printing office, has written a letter to the Alliance Française on the diminution of the French book trade. He says it is owing to the lessening number of persons who speak French, and shows that English is gaining ground in the French West Indies, in New Caledonia, and Tahiti. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine was a severe blow to French books. M. Lahure's remedy is compulsory colonial education in Algiers and elsewhere.

THE *Athenæum* declares that Mr. Speed's edition of Keats recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co. contains little that is new. "The edition," it alleges, "is practically the same as Lord Houghton's, even to its misprints. The greater number of Lord Houghton's notes are given without signature, though some are signed E. D. Mr. Speed should have taken care to warn the reader against crediting him with these notes."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* indicates the tenor of General Gordon's unpublished theological work. Instead of opening new views, the writer reminds us of the time of the Puritans, when the love of parallelisms between the Old and New Testaments was at its height; when the soldiers of Cromwell prayed aloud to be delivered from the old Adam. For every incident connected with the fall of man, General Gordon traces the New Testament, not only a counter-balancing remedy to enable the fallen to retrieve the lost ground, but an identity of the means of recovery, with the cause of the original transgression. This he recognizes in the act of partaking of the sacramental elements, the meet and fitting remedy against sin introduced into the world by the act of eating the fruit of the tree of life.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* asserts that Matthew Arnold made £1200 by his lecturing tour in America.

DR. EVEURS, the American dentist of Paris, has bought the American copyright of the English translation of Heine's *Memoirs*, and will publish it in May.

THE English edition of the memoirs of Princess Alice will be ready in April. The correspondence of the Princess with the Queen, from English originals in the possession of the

Queen and other members of the royal family, extends from 1862 to 1880.

We may expect from Matthew Arnold, by and by, a book on America, which will probably be pungent and suggestive. It is reported that he has made a huge collection of memoranda on the queer social facts he observed in America.

THE authenticity of the recently discovered manuscript of Kant, which is to be reproduced photographically, is unquestionable. It was first mentioned in J. G. Hasse's "Remarkable Sayings of Kant, by one of his Table Companions," published in 1804, the year in which Kant died. Hasse therein refers to the work, which the author had several times shown him, and to which he (Kant) had not only given the title "System of Pure Philosophy," but of which he spoke as being "his principal work, his *chef d'œuvre*," an absolute whole, completing his system, and only needing to be properly arranged—an arrangement which Kant hoped to have time left him to accomplish.

THE distinguished preacher, Père Didon, is about to publish a book on the Germans, which is said to be remarkable for its generous impartiality. He warmly praises the patriotism displayed by the Germans: "Kings and Emperor, Chancellor and Ministers, soldiers and literary men, students and workmen, only dream of laboring for their country. They have but one watchword—the Fatherland before everything! Their patriotism is beyond dispute." He adds: "I shall never forget my indignation and anguish while reading the French newspapers in Germany. I often found in the columns of a certain Parisian journal more insults against my country than in all the voluminous gazettes of Berlin together."

THE late Charles Stewart Calverley, the author of "Fly Leaves," was an accomplished scholar; and he left at Oxford, it is said, an extraordinary and durable reputation as a wit. The good things of "Blades," as he was then called, are still retailed to the freshmen of the University. An accident on the ice crippled Mr. Calverley's powers much in the later years of his life.

MAX O'RELL, the author of "John Bull et Son Isle," has complained in the English newspapers that the American publishers of his book have not sent him an honorarium. To this a correspondent of the *St. James*

*Gazette* replies: "If the ingenuous M. Max O'Rell would take a walk down, not Fleet Street, but Booksellers' Row, he might see another side of the copyright question. He might notice a popular American work called 'Democracy,' published by three British publishers at the exceedingly low price of 6d. or 44d. cash. Compared with the 40 cents (1s. 8d.), or even 20 cents (10d.), the American publishers charge for their work, this will show him the gratifying fact that he is more appreciated in America than the author of 'Democracy' in this country; for, reduced to a least common multiple, he is worth nearly 6d. more, or 100 per cent, than his similarly placed anonymous American. A yard or so further on he might see the 'Bad Boy's Diary,' published by the same three eager enthusiasts for the diffusion of American literature; and of 'Don't' and 'Never' and 'Always' he may see at least four copyright editions pirated—I beg pardon, 're-issued'—in this country. And then, if he desired further enlightenment on the subject, he might find out how many English checks were in the scrap-books of the American authors of these works."

PRINCE LEOPOLD, of England, who died on the 28th ult., at Cannes, France, very suddenly, was the youngest son of Queen Victoria. He inherited the literary, scholarly, and artistic tastes of his father in large measure. Educated at Cambridge University, he took a high degree, and specially distinguished himself in literature, philosophy, and the languages. His literary ability was very marked, and he was the author of two books. He was accustomed to remark jocosely that if the Royal Family went out of business in virtue of England becoming a republic, that he could himself make an honest living by teaching music or the classics, or by writing for the periodicals.

---

#### MISCELLANY.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE SPRINGBOK. — Many travellers in South Africa have mentioned the "trek-bokken," as the Boers call the pilgrimages of the springbok, but none have painted them more vividly than the late Captain Gordon Cumming. One morning, as he had been lying awake in his wagon for some two hours before daybreak, he had heard the continual grunting of male springboks, but took no particular notice of the sound. "On my rising, when it was clear, and looking

about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching steadily and slowly along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about half a mile to the east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground which they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore-chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and beautiful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was a reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills, in one unbroken, compact phalanx." It has sometimes happened that a flock of sheep has strayed into the line of march. In such cases the flock has been overlapped, enveloped in the springbok army, and forced to join in the march. A most astonishing example of the united power of the springbok was witnessed by a well-known hunter. During the passage of one of these armies a lion was seen in the midst of the antelopes, forced to take unwilling part in the march. He had evidently miscalculated his leap and sprung too far, alighting upon the main body. Those upon whom he alighted must have recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity. As only the front ranks of these armies can put their heads to the ground, we very naturally wonder how those in the middle and rear can feed. The mode which is adopted is equally simple and efficacious. When the herd arrives at pasturage, those animals which occupy the front feed greedily until they can eat no more. Then, being ruminants, they need rest in order to enable them to chew the cud. So they fall out of the ranks and quietly chew the cud until the column has almost passed them, when they fall in at the rear and gradually work their way to the front again. As to water, they do not require it, many of these South African antelopes possessing the singular property of being able to exist for months together without drinking.—*Sunday Magazine*.

"CHILDREN'S PARTIES IN WINTER."—Dr. Cullimore, of the North-West London Hospital, has written to the *Evening Standard* what

we conceive to be a very sensible letter, pointing out the perils which beset children's parties in winter. The subject is one which may well receive the thoughtful attention of parents and all who are solicitous for the welfare of the young. Dr. Cullimore's principal objections, which are based on physical grounds chiefly, are urged for the benefit of children under seven years of age. We would extend the prohibition to twelve, or even a little later. It is impossible not to recognize that the so-called "pleasure" of a children's party involves a very large measure of excitement, both before and after the event; so that, apart from the exposure to the chances of "chill" and improper food and drink on the occasion, there is an amount of wear and tear and waste attending these parties which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracious to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young, but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organized material without a compensatory stimulus to nutrition ought to be avoided. Dr. Cullimore has dealt with the general effects on health, and he has not exaggerated the evils that sometimes ensue, and are always likely to be entailed by this form of juvenile amusement. We turn from these to the mental and nerve injuries inflicted on the growing organism. They are certainly not to be disregarded. A perfect storm of excitement rages in the little brain from the moment the invitation has been received, and the affair is talked about in the nursery until after the evening. Sleep is disturbed by dreams, or, in some cases, prevented by thinking of the occasion, and afterward the excitement does not subside until days have elapsed, perhaps not before another invitation is received. Not only in winter, but at all seasons, we think the amusements of young children ought to be simple, unexciting, and as free as possible from the characteristics of the "pleasures" of later years. As a matter of fact, "children's parties" are in no way necessary to the happiness of child life.—*Lancet*.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF HARRIET MARTINEAU.—

We were in her library (though indeed there were bookshelves everywhere at The Knoll), the view from which naturally extorted my admiration. "Yes," she said, "the look-out is charming; it is sometimes indeed so beautiful that I scarcely dare withdraw my eyes from it for fear it should melt." I praised the fresh-

ness of her little lawn, "Yes," she said, "but you have no idea of the trouble it took me to get the turf. You would think, perhaps, with these green mountains so near that it was a common commodity, but the fact is where once it is taken away it never grows again; the place is left bare. I could get no turf, in fact, for love or money, and was at my wit's end for it, when a very curious circumstance happened. One morning I found a cartload of turf lying on the gravel yonder where it had been pitchforked over the wall. A bit of paper was pinned to a slab of it, with these words written on it in a vile scrawl: "To Harriet Martineau, from a lover of her Forest and Game Law tales—A poacher." I dare say it was stolen, but that dishonest tribute to my merits always gave me great pleasure."—*Cornhill*.

THE DUKEDOM OF BRONTE.—This is that estate of Bronte which, together with the title of Duca di Bronte, was given by Ferdinand IV. to Lord Nelson in 1799. It is now held, with the title, by Viscount Bridport, the collateral descendant on the spindle side of this the most popular hero in our history. It is of great importance and of immense extent; and in the old maps takes in the very summit of Mount Etna, crater, lava, snows, and all. Nelson never saw his Sicilian holding—the lands which made him a duke and gave him a duchy; but he sent for the "campieri"—literally field-guards—to go down to him at Palermo, where he feasted them royally on board his ship. The name of Maniace comes from the small town which was built, not far from the Castello—built by and named after George Maniaces, "first sword-bearer and Master of the Palace of Michael, Emperor of Constantinople, and Prefect of Sicily"—to perpetuate the memory of a victory that he gained over the Saracens about the year A.D. 1032. In proof of which victory is there not, about two miles up the river, a huge rock called the Saracen's Rock to this day, showing where the fight came off and the sword-bearer was the conqueror? After the town was built a Benedictine monastery was founded in 1173 by Queen Margaret, then the widow of William the Bad. It was dedicated by her to "Santa Maria." After the worship of the Virgin was ordained, it was said to be dedicated to "La Madre di Dio." When Margaret's son, William the Good, built the splendid glory of Monreale above Palermo, he gave to this latter sculptured dream and inlaid jewel supreme jurisdiction over the less stately establishment

of Maniace. But the greater seems to have had some consideration for the less, for we are told that "Theobald, the first Abbot and Bishop of Monreale, granted parochial rights to the Church of Maniace; and Nicholas, the Archbishop of Messina, again made it exempt with a new diploma, and declared all the churches which belonged to it throughout his diocese free." They say that Queen Margaret's jewels are buried within an arrow's flight from Maniace. Why they should have been buried, and on what occasion of disturbance, history does not explain. In our own times, however, during the Sicilian revolution, the deeds and old important documents pertaining to the estate were buried for safety in the garden; and there is a tradition of certain jewels hidden under the flooring tiles, also at the same time for the same purpose of safe concealment; which jewels, by the way, have never come to light. The first Abbot of Maniace was William Blesense, brother to the famous Pierre du Blois. But he resigned his office in two years; and his brother Pierre, who, as tutor to the king, was used to the softnesses of life, and probably had no taste for the rough missionary work necessary to an abbot living in the wilds of Sicily, wrote to congratulate him on his decision, and to advise his immediate return to France. There were two other abbots of note among the long list of spiritual rulers lording it over the half-savage souls under the shadow of Mount Etna. One was the Blessed William, who had to do with the Saracens, and who, unarmed and incomplete, went out to meet a band of these black-browed marauders, whom he hoped to convert by godly speech. Finding that his exhortations had no effect, he seized the luckless donkey of a passer-by, took off the beast's hind-leg, and with this sole weapon, like another Samson—substituting a living leg for a dead jaw-bone—overcame the foe and put them to the rout. When he stuck the donkey's leg on again, he put it on the wrong way; which, inconvenient for the animal, was a standing attestation of the miracle. In spite of this miracle, however, William is only Blessed. His friends were too poor to pay for his Sanctification. His body yet lies beneath the altar in the church within the castle walls. It is almost entire, wanting the arms; is clothed in the Benedictine habit, and is venerated exceedingly by the poor people who come there to the weekly Mass. The second abbot of note, and the last, was Roger Borgin, he who was afterward the infamous Pope Alexander VI., and whose



name still survives in one of the vineyards, which is called to this day "Vigneto Borgia." He, too, had no special love for the wild life of a mitred missionary, and, "with the consent of the King, and the good pleasure of the Apostolic See," he sold the whole concern, in 1497, to the hospital at Palermo, for 2000 gold pieces down, reserving to himself, however, a yearly pension of 700 gold pieces in addition. "In the name of the Abbey, then, the Rectors of the above-named hospital pronounce the eleventh vote in the Parliaments, and now style themselves temporal lords of Bronte, a populous town, certainly without armed rights, but with absolute power in the choice of the magistrates." The end of all things ecclesiastical came in 1693, when an earthquake levelled to the dust convent and church; the only portion of this last left standing being that eastern part where the body of the Blessed William was lying in peace in his Benedictine robes. Architecturally, the value of what is left consists in the fine old Norman door studded with large-headed iron nails, in the obtusely-pointed Norman arches, and the pillars, of which there are eight, "with curious old carving on the capitals."—*Temple Bar*.

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA. — Of all the towns on the Mediterranean between Tunis and Tangier there is none so calculated to enchant the traveller upon a first view as Algiers, both on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings and the unfamiliar and striking configuration of the city itself. He has taken, let it be supposed, the usual route from the north through France, and in mid-November is flying south with the last of the long-lingering swallows; he has escaped the storms of the Gulf of Lyons; the dreaded Levanter has not necessitated a run into Barcelona, the Balearic Isles are passed just as the sun is rising and playing at bo-peep with the vast swell of the dark blue sea; when within a few hours he becomes aware of his proximity to the land of the sun. The sea calms perceptibly, and through the fresh cool air come warm wafts from the south that do not at first seem to mingle with the common air, but wander freely and treat it as a foreign element; everything on deck becomes by degrees hot to the touch beneath the uprising sun. Suddenly, due south over the bows of the steamer, in the pale purple atmosphere, are seen two distinct rays of light broadening fanlike upward from the steady solid line of the deep blue sea. Those shafts of light that break the continuity

of the horizontal ether are thrown off the white houses, domes, and minarets of Algiers; and, even as the moon is fed from the exhaustless sun, so does that city, spread terrace and crescent-wise on the steep sides of its hills, borrow an ineffable splendor of light from that luminary. A little further run of the steamer and a long line of purple mountains is revealed, at first appearing as a veritable coast, so sharp is the contour and so intense the color; and then, in a moment, the city itself is seen rising in dazzling radiance above the sea, white with almost blinding intensity, and forming a picture too brilliant to be scanned with ease, if it were not for the dark blue hills and luxuriant vegetation of its immediate background and its incomparable setting of mountain and sea. As it is, colored lenses are brought into requisition by the passengers; those who were sceptical as to the phenomenal sun of Africa are gladly convinced; the Danish lieutenant forgets to abuse Bismarck, and the Polish lady, who has been relieving the tedium of the voyage by endeavoring to compel the crazy piano in the saloon to express the subtleties of Chopin's nocturnes, dons a veil of diaphanous texture; and every one shares in that nervous excitation which the Algerian air never fails to effect in northern temperaments. It is difficult to conceive anything more alluring, more fantastically beautiful, than the view of Algiers from the Mediterranean under such circumstances; it appears as a triangular mass of white buildings that have apparently been charged by some enemy on the hills behind and have stayed their precipitate flight into the sea with picturesque abruptness.—*Magazine of Art*.

THE COMPANY OF AUTHORS. — A "preliminary prospectus" announces the formation of a society of literary men under the style and title of The Company of Authors. Its aims and objects, as set forth in the prospectus, stripped of all but the essentials, appear to be fourfold. Thus, the question of International Copyright is placed in the front, and the company pledge themselves to take action—but of what kind we learn nothing. The only line of action which seems likely to be effective, after so many abortive attempts, is to awaken the whole American people as a body to a sense of the national iniquity in continuing to permit the piracy and robbery of English writers; but in order to effect this object, there will be needed something more effective than the occasional cry of indignation and wrath which from time to time escapes from an in-

jured author. On this point we await further information, and shall be glad to hear what the company propose to attempt. The second of their objects is the promotion of a bill for the registration of titles. The present position of things, especially for novelists and poets, has grown intolerable; the search after a good title which has never yet been used becomes daily more difficult; all the short proverbs in the language are used up; all the better known poetic phrases have served in their turn; and an incredible number of names have been invented and combined. If registration were made compulsory in order to secure a title, there are so many thousands of titles in which it would be mere waste of time and trouble to maintain any right that immense relief would be immediately felt. The grievance is really greater than it seems because, rightly or wrongly, the tribe of novelists attach so much importance to the title. The next point is the position of the company toward publishers. This, we are pleased to observe, is by no means one of hostility, but quite the reverse. The prospectus insists that the interests of authors and publishers are identical, and points out that the author is, in many cases, to blame in any disputes which may arise between himself and his publisher; and this from sheer ignorance of everything connected with the trade of publishing. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the company to "maintain friendly relations" between author and publisher may be appreciated on both sides. Lastly, the association will advise and assist the inexperienced writer in many useful ways. The company is not apparently intended for trading purposes at all, and does not propose to establish itself as a publishing house. The prospectus, in fact, points to an experiment which is entirely new in the history of literature—the combination of authors for the advancement and protection of their own interests. We shall watch its development and progress with considerable interest.—*Saturday Review*.

THE ENGLISH KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. — The reign of Henry III., which occupied fifty-six years of the thirteenth century, appears to have been the culmination of the power and wealth of the Templars. But their position became invidious; their privileges encroached on the rights of the Church and the prerogatives of the Sovereign and feudal chiefs. It is not wonderful that, distinguished and enriched as the Templars had been, their hearts should have been lifted up with the pride which goes

before a fall. The Templars were the "cream of the cream" of European chivalry, and the *esprit de corps* of the Order inflamed the pride which chivalry universally inspired. Their pride, however, does not appear to have shown itself in magnificent buildings; their preceptories, as far as we can judge from the few remains of them, at Temple Hurst and elsewhere, were unostentatious. Indeed, as they were only transient occupants of their houses, they were not likely to expend much on their architecture or their ornament. Of the history of the Templars in Yorkshire, between the time of their establishment and their dissolution, scarcely any records remain. That many of the Templars were stained with the licentiousness of the age is by no means improbable. In January 1303 orders were given that the Templars throughout England should be arrested and their property sequestered. The King had sent a writ to the Sheriff of Yorkshire, Sir John de Creppinge, commanding him to summon twenty-four discreet and faithful knights, to be at York on the morrow of the Purification, the day appointed for the capture of the Templars. The Templars, who had been brought together from all the northern counties to York, had undergone examination from April 27th to May 4th, 1310. We are surprised to find that they were only twenty-five in number; most of their names indicate their Yorkshire origin. (See List in Raine's *Fast Ebor.*, p. 372.) Among them were the preceptor of Ribston, William de Grafton; the preceptor of Flaxflete, William de la Fenne; the preceptor of Newsome, Godfrey de Arches, and two priests. William de Grafton, of Ribston, as appears from his examination, had been thirty-two years in the Order, having been admitted in London by the Grand Master. Being questioned on the subject of its imputed heresies, he replied that he believed as other men believed; and as to the abnegation of Christ, he declared that he had never heard of such things. The distribution of the Templars among the monasteries soon afterward took place. John de Hopperton, formerly a Templar, appears as enjoying free maintenance from the preceptory at Ribston, near Wetherby, then held by the Hospitallers. Among the charges on their revenues in 1338 are the annual wages, six marks each, of twelve Templars, among whom are several Yorkshiremen. The records of the Exchequer contain numerous documents relating to the property of the Templars in this country.—*Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### LONGEVITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

A FURTHER volume in connection with the tenth census of the United States has just been published. It gives separately and distinctly for every State the population from one year and under to every 100 years and over. By taking in each State the number of the very aged, that is of those from 90 to 100 years and upward, and finding how many times it is contained in the total population, the interesting result obtained is, that the proportion of the very aged to the total population is greatest in the Southern States. Louisiana stands at the head of the list in regard to extraordinary cases of longevity, Mississippi comes second, and Alabama third. The rest of the States come in the following order: South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky, District of Columbia, Maryland, California, Delaware, Nevada, Colorado, West Virginia, Missouri, Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio, Rhode Island, Indiana, New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Minnesota, Illinois, Oregon, Kansas, Maine, Connecticut, Iowa, and Nebraska. It is demonstrated, for example, from the tables that there are, proportionally to the total population, nine times more of the age of 100 years in Alabama than in New York, and fifteen times more than in Maine.

**COST OF WHEAT CULTIVATION.**—The Consul of Frankfort-on-the-Main finds that in Germany it costs 17.50 dols. to cultivate an acre of wheat, against 14 dols. in the United States, but that the return per acre is 14.31 dols. in the United States, against 22.75 dols. in Germany. In Australia, wheat, free on board, has cost a producer, who is named, 64 cents per bushel. This shows that in matters of wheat and food generally the United States have very formidable rivals. Europe alone is supposed to have 92,000,000 head of cattle, 200,000,000 head of sheep, and 46,000,000 swine, if the reports of the American Consul in Copenhagen are to be trusted.

**FOREST PRESERVATION IN CANADA.**—The question of the best means of promoting tree planting and forest preservation in different parts of Canada is now exciting considerable interest throughout the Dominion. One proposal, having special reference to Ontario, is meeting with general favor. If this proposal were adopted a farmer would be encouraged to reserve 5, 10, or 15 acres of his land in forest by a Government enactment, freeing such portions of his property from taxation, but at the same time rendering him liable for all taxes whenever he ceased to preserve them.

**THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The oldest town in Texas, and it is believed in the United States, is Ysleta, situate on the Rio Grande, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest, alike from its age, its people, its architecture, its agriculture, and its general products. It is a well-established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer named Corando visited the town in 1540, and found it then a populous and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan friars, who erected a church and established schools. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable centre of population centuries before the visit of Corando. It is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe, that the same race of people exist in the to-wnto-day as existed 350 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechanical pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for ages preceding.

**GOOD FOOD AND GOOD DIGESTION.**—All persons who like good and well-cooked food should digest well, or they cannot properly enjoy. It takes away all the comfort of eating to know that the stomach will refuse to comfortably dispose of the luxuries presented to it. To all whose digestion is in the least degree languid, we say relieve yourself by taking Vitalized Phosphites; it will be a permanent blessing to you, and strengthen your diges-

tion as well as your nerves. Many hard-working persons, especially those engaged in brain work, would be saved from the fatal resort to chloral and other destructive stimulants if they would have recourse to a remedy so simple and so efficacious. This is no secret remedy; it is used by all physicians. All who are troubled with their digestion, or with nervous weakness, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Vitalized Phosphites.—*Editor of Home Life.*

**VALUE OF THE EUCALYPTUS.**—It appears that wherever there is surplus moisture a large eucalyptus will prove of great service, and a group of them will dispose of a vast amount of house sewage. But where there is water which it is not desirable to exhaust, as in a good well, it will be wise to put the eucalyptus very far away. The owner of Bay Island Farm, Alameda County, recently found a curious root formation of the eucalyptus in the bottom of his well, about 16 feet below the surface. The trees to which the roots belong stand 50 feet from the well. Two shoots pierced through the brick wall of the well, and sending off millions of fibres, formed a dense mat that completely covered the bottom of the well. Most of these fibres were no larger than threads, and were so woven and intertwined as to form a mat as impenetrable and strong as though regularly woven in a loom. The mat when first taken out of the well was water soaked and covered with mud, and nearly all that a man could lift, but when dry it was nearly as soft to touch as wool, and weighed only a few ounces. This is an excellent illustration of the way in which the eucalyptus absorbs moisture, its roots going so far to find moisture, pushing themselves through a brick wall, and then developing enormously after the water is reached. It is thought that one of the causes of the drying up of wells is the insatiable thirst of these vegetable monsters.

**AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS IN 1884.**—From the edition of Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co.'s "American Newspaper Directory," now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During

the past year the dailies have increased from 1138 to 1254; the weeklies from 9062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1091 to 1499. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading Western States also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York State is 1523, against 1399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Peter the Great.* By EUGENE SCHUYLER. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, in two vols. of 600 pages each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$5.

*Life and Poems of Theo. Winthrop.* 12mo, cloth, 313 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.50.

*Bound Together.* By D. G. MITCHELL. 12mo, cloth, 291 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.

*Airs from Arcady.* By H. C. BUNNER. 12mo, cloth, 107 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

*Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.* By R. D. HITCHCOCK and FRANCIS BROWN. 8vo, paper cover. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 50 cents.

*Kitty's Conquest.* By CHARLES KING, U. S. A. 12mo, cloth, 302 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.

*Not Like Other Girls.* By ROSA N. CAREY. 12mo, cloth, and paper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cloth, 463 pp. Price, \$1.

*A Wife Hard Won.* By JULIA M. WRIGHT. 12mo, cloth, 320 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.

*The Retrospect.* By JOHN A. T. JONES. In 4 cantos, 12mo, cloth, 151 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.

*Mental Evolution in Animals.* By GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. 12mo, cloth, 411 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.

*Vestigia.* By GEORGE FLEMING. 12mo, cloth, 288 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.25.

*Stories by American Authors.* Part I. 16mo, cloth, 177 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 50 cents.

*Book of Psalms Translated.* By REV. F. K. CHEYNE, M.A. 16mo, parchment paper, 256 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25.



# CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Is a standard remedy with all Physicians who treat Mental or Nervous Disorders. Its careful chemical composition is superintended by a Professor of Materia Medica, and its correct analysis vouched for by a Professor of Chemistry. The formula is on every label.

It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next. It develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in latter years. It aids the bodily, and wonderfully the mental growth of children. It enlarges all the capabilities for enjoyment.

For sale by Druggists, or by mail, \$1. Send for Circular.

F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, New York.  
BRAIN WORKERS NEED BRAIN FOOD.



PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, ETC.

## THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN,

A GOLD PEN AND RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury to persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

BRYANT BUILDING,

Cor. Nassau and Liberty Sts., New York.

Send for Price-List. Our Goods are sold by first-class dealers.



J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

CHURCH FURNITURE.

MEMORIALS A SPECIALTY.

STERLING SILVER COMMUNION SETS, ETC.

BANNERS IN SILK AND GOLD, \$5 EACH.

Send for Circular.

INVALID RECLINING  
ROLLING CHAIRS.



THE  
BEST  
MADE.

Send for Circular to  
FOLDING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

## CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

**PRINTING PRESSES.**  
From 75 cents to \$150. A package of 50 varieties of blank cards, 10 cents. Printers' Instruction Book, 10 cents.  
Circulars free. Book of type, cuts, etc., 10 cents. JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray St., New York.

## PARQUET FLOORING

NATIONAL WOOD MFG. CO.  
16 EAST 18th STREET NEW YORK.  
"NO HOUSE IS ARTISTICALLY COMPLETE WITHOUT POLISHED INLAID FLOORS."  
WOOD CARPETING—LESS EXPENSIVE—OFFICES & PATTERNS & PRICES ON APPLICATION.

## MEDICAL BOOKS.

We have on hand a full line of all the latest publications on MEDICINE and SURGERY, and are prepared to fill orders, by mail or otherwise, for books in this department, whether published in this country or abroad.

Catalogues of all the leading medical publishers can be had on application, and any information in regard to medical works will be given.

We have also issued a classified Catalogue of Medical and Surgical works, giving publishers' names, authors, and prices, which we send by mail on receipt of 15 cts., or free to our customers.

Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New York.



ESTABLISHED 1840.  
IMPROVED FIELD, MARINE, OPERA AND TOURIST'S GLASSES.  
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Artificial Human Eyes. H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 41 Union Square, N. Y. Catalogues mailed by enclosing stamp.  
Highest awards from all the World's Exhibitions.

---

LEADING HOTELS IN THE SOUTH.  
NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

---

**GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,      THE BENBOW HOUSE,**

COLUMBIA, S. C.,      GREENSBORO', N. C.,  
FISHER & BENBOW, Proprietors.      D. W. C. BENBOW, Proprietor.

*Sample Rooms on Ground Floor.*

ROOMS SINGLE AND EN-SUITE IN EACH OF THESE HOTELS.

---

GEORGIA.

---

**SCREVEN HOUSE,**

SAVANNAH,  
GEORGE W. SERGENT, Proprietor.

---

**BROWN,**  
BLACKSHEAR.

**PARK,**  
WAYCROSS.

---

**STUART'S HOTEL,**

VALDOSTA,  
C. T. STUART, Proprietor.

---

COMMERCIAL,  
QUITMAN.

WAVERLY,  
THOMASVILLE.

BLOOD'S,  
BOSTON.

---

**ARTESIAN HOUSE,**

ALBANY,  
CRUSE BARNES, Proprietor.

---

HURST,  
CAMILLA.

MRS. ALLEN'S,  
DAWSON.

MC A FEE,  
SMITHVILLE.

---

**MINOR'S HOTEL,**

MONTEZUMA,  
M. HEIMER, Proprietor.

---

COMMERCIAL,  
AMERICUS.

KEEN'S,  
OGLETHORPE.

MARSHALL,  
FORT VALLEY.

---

FLORIDA.

---

**THE "DUVAL,"**

JACKSONVILLE,  
McIVER & BAKER, Proprietors.

---

BORUM,  
LAKE CITY.

FRALEIGH,  
MADISON.

PARTRIDGE,  
MONTICELLO.

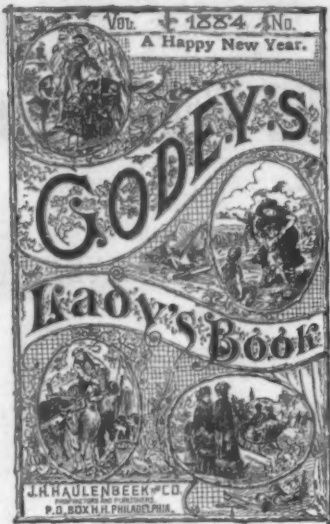
---

**THE LEON HOTEL,**  
TALLAHASSEE,

Dr. W. H. HOWERTON and Prof. S. POOL, Prop'ors.

**ETHEL HOUSE,**  
LIVE OAK,

JOHN FRASER, Proprietor.



**NOW IS THE  
TIME  
TO SUBSCRIBE.**

## THE OLDEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

It is nearly fifty-five years since the first issue of the oldest American magazine appeared; and that it has survived in that period the disastrous influences of panics, and latterly the immense competition of magazine literature, is a striking illustration of the theory that "the fittest survives." It would be difficult to find throughout our broad land a village or hamlet so small that some therein do not remember Godey's Lady's Book. Gray-haired men and women remember it as an entertainer when their hearts were young, and young people associate it with their first introduction to stories of romance. And the rising generation find it as pure and interesting as did its parents, ay, as its grandparents did in days long past. It speaks well for it and our people, that, notwithstanding the enormous efforts made by the publishers of the numerous "penny dreadfuls," it finds such a large patronage.

The name of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is more familiar in the homes of the majority of American families than that of any other journal ever published. From the old grandmother to the child at her side, the name is associated with pleasant remembrances, and the magazine has a value not accorded to any other periodical. Read the list of attractions that are to appear during 1884.

**SAMPLE**  
15c.

**COPIES**  
15c.



**NOW  
SUBSCRIBE**

## GODEY'S LADY BOOK

**ALLOWS** every subscriber to make their own selection of a Full Size Cut Paper Pattern every month from any design illustrated, which will be sent upon application FREE, when accompanied by 3 cent stamp for postage. Those who subscribe before April 1st, will receive a STEEL ENGRAVING and the JANUARY and FEBRUARY Numbers FREE. The PRESS and the PUBLIC have

accorded GODEY'S the proud position of THE LEADING FASHION AND HOME MAGAZINE IN

AMERICA. Among the leading attractions for 1884 are the following:—

24 Beautiful Colored Fashion Plates. 10 Engraved Plates of Fashions in black and white, illustrating leading styles. 12 Finely Executed Steel Engravings. 150 Pages, illustrating Fashions and Fancy Needle Work. 12 Pages of Architectural Designs, showing plans and perspective of Houses and Cottages of all descriptions. 12 Full Size Cut Paper Patterns with full and explicit instructions for use. 200 Godey's Lady's Books' celebrated Household Cooking Receipts, each having been tested by practical housekeepers before publishing. 24 Pages of Select Mosaic. Besides embracing a rich array of literature, Novels, Novelties, Stories and Poems, by eminent writers, among whom are *Maria Harland, Christian Reid, Elia Rodman Church, Augusta de Bobbs, Mrs. Shelley Peters, Helen Mathers*, Author of "Cherry Ripe." Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year. Sample copy 15 cents, which may form part of subscription. To avoid errors, write plainly your address, giving County and State.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK, No. 29 Box H. H. Philadelphia, Pa.

# The New Departure

OR,

A Natural System of Learning Writing,  
Spelling, English Grammar, and  
Punctuation at the same time.

By J. D. SLOCUM.

"The New Departure" is a new application of an old idea, namely—that the way to learn to do a thing is to do it.

It is called a Natural system, because the most essential things of a practically valuable education are learned, as a child learns to walk and talk.

It consists of 24 cards and a small chart, the whole done up in a neat and portable case.

By means of the matter contained thereon, and its arrangement, any person, with pen and ink or pencil may in a very small portion of the time usually spent in acquiring such knowledge, learn to write well, or become A GOOD PENMAN; TO SPELL ACCURATELY A VOCABULARY of several hundred of the most commonly used words; to write the language correctly, or ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and to point properly the breaks or joints of a sentence, which is PUNCTUATION. Each card is complete in itself, and has arranged on one side of it a portion of a vocabulary or list of several hundred such words as a person in every-day life will be most likely to use. On the other side of the cards are arranged certain absolute facts concerning Grammar, Spelling, and Punctuation; sometimes of all three together.

These cards are to be copied, for the purpose of learning at the same time to write and to spell correctly. This is the only useful way of learning to spell, and the knowledge of Grammar and Punctuation acquired in this way will be much more permanent than by the ordinary methods of the text-books.

Many of our best educators now insist that this is the only practical and proper way to teach Grammar, Spelling, and Punctuation.

*The application of the principle of learning by doing to our primary education as we do to all other affairs of life, has been indorsed by the highest authorities and by our most intelligent educators.*

Price, \$1.

Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

PUBLISHED BY

E. R. PELTON & CO.,

25 Bond Street, New York.

# THE Family Medical Guide.

A COMPLETE POPULAR DICTIONARY

OF

MEDICINE AND HYGIENE.

EDITED BY

EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S.

And written by Distinguished Members of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London.

AMERICAN EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

All who have examined this book pronounce it the best book on Domestic Medicine that has yet appeared. Never before have such eminent Physicians as Dr. Lankester and his assistants consented to prepare and endorse a work of this kind. Doctors can use it with advantage; yet it is designed primarily for Family Use, and its descriptions of Symptoms and directions for Treatment are so clear and simple that every one can understand and apply them. Besides articles on every DISEASE or AILMENT that flesh is heir to, it contains articles on all those ACCIDENTS that are liable to occur at any moment, and also on all Medicines, Drugs, Plants, and Preparations used in Medical Practice. Its Index comprises over two thousand Titles.

BUY IT AS AN INVESTMENT.

It will save ten times its cost in Doctors' bills.

Large 8vo, 500 pages. Price, in cloth, \$4; in sheep, \$5; in half russa, \$5.50.

Sold only by subscription, but where there is no agent a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

E. R. PELTON & CO., Publishers,

25 Bond Street, New York.



---

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

---

**BOUND VOLUMES**

OF THE

**ECLECTIC MAGAZINE**

**New Series, 1870 to 1880 inclusive.**

**TWENTY-TWO INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING VOLUMES.**

---

THE Publisher of the *ECLECTIC* has a limited number of bound volumes, embracing the years from 1870 to 1880 inclusive, to which he would invite the attention of public and private libraries, and of the public generally. These volumes are of the same general character as those which, for a quarter of a century, have rendered the *ECLECTIC* the *American Cyclopædia* of foreign contemporary thought. There is no subject in

**Science, Art, Politics, or General Literature,**

related to the period which they cover, of which a record more or less complete will not be found in these volumes. They comprise

**A COMPLETE LIBRARY OF THE BEST THOUGHTS OF THE AGE.**

**EACH VOLUME ALSO CONTAINS SIX OR MORE FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.**

These volumes will be sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of price, where the distance does not exceed one thousand miles. They are bound in neat green cloth, and are an ornament to any library.

---

**PRICE.**

The *ECLECTIC* is bound in two volumes in each year, and, until further notice, the volumes from 1870 to 1880 inclusive will be sold at \$4 per year for single years of two volumes each, or \$3 per year for five years of ten volumes, and the entire set of eleven years, or twenty-two volumes, will be sold for \$30.

Address

**E. R. PELTON, Publisher,**

**25 Bond Street, New York.**

# ECLECTIC GALLERY

OF

## Fine Steel Engravings.

For the Portfolio, Scrap-Book, Framing, or for Illustration.

Beautifully engraved on Steel, having appeared in the ECLECTIC Magazine during past years, and embracing portraits of nearly every distinguished man of the past and present century. Our list includes portraits of

**Historians, Poets, Artists, Warriors,  
Philosophers, Emperors, Kings, Statesmen,  
Historic and Ideal Pictures, etc., etc.**

COMPRISING

**325 Different Subjects,**

of which the following, selected from our list, will give some idea of their scope and variety.

### PORTRAITS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
HORACE GREELEY.  
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.  
WILLIAM M. EVARTS.  
H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
BAYARD TAYLOR.  
J. G. WHITTIER.  
PETER COOPER.  
CHAS. O'CONNOR.  
CHAS. DICKENS.  
JOHN BRIGHT.  
RICHARD CORDEN.  
ALFRED TENNYSON.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
THOMAS CARLYLE.  
HERBERT SPENCER.

### HISTORIC PICTURES.

CONGRESS OF VIENNA.  
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.  
NAPOLEON IN PRISON.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT AND FRIENDS.  
WASHINGTON IRVING AND FRIENDS.  
LITERARY PARTY AT SIR J. REYNOLDS.  
VAN DYKE PARTING FROM RUBENS.

### IDEAL PICTURES.

FLORENTINE POETS.  
WOODLAND VOWS.  
FAR FROM HOME.  
BEATRICE DE CENCI.  
BURIAL OF THE BIRD.  
FLOWER-GATHERERS.  
HOME TREASURES.

The engravings are numbered on the Catalogue to aid in selection, so that persons giving orders need only indicate the figures opposite the engraving selected.

They are printed on fine paper, 10x12 inches, and are sent by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price. We furnish neat cloth cases or portfolios, holding from ten to fifty engravings.

### PRICES.

Engravings 10 cents each, or \$7.50 per 100.	Portfolio and 15 Engravings, . . .	\$1 50
5 Engravings, . . . . .	" " 25 " . . . . .	2 25
12 Engravings, . . . . .	" " 50 " . . . . .	4 00
Portfolios, . . . . . each		50

We will make selections of the Engravings to be sent whenever required, or the purchaser can select for himself.

Send postage stamp for Catalogue, and make selection for portfolio, scrap-book, or handsomely bound volume for centre-table.

**CATALOGUES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.**

**E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York.**

# A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

This Offer HOLDS GOOD UNTIL JUNE 10th ONLY.

## \$40.00 IN PRESENTS, GIVEN AWAY.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER GETS A PRESENT.

The proprietors of the well-known and popular weekly paper, **THE GOLDEN ARGOSY**, being desirous of introducing their paper into every home where it is not now taken, have organized a stock company with an AUTHORIZED CAPITAL OF \$500,000 for the purpose of pushing the *Argosy* extensively, and have decided to give away to all who subscribe before June 10th, 1884, \$40.00 in presents. Read our Great Offer.

### FOR ONLY FIFTY CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription books and mail **THE GOLDEN ARGOSY** regularly for Three Months, (thrice each number), and immediately send a receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following **MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS**:

### PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

5 Cash Presents of \$1,000 each.....	\$5,000	10 Elegant Bicycles, \$85 each.....	\$850
5 Cash Presents of \$500 each.....	2,500	5 Silver Tea Sets, \$100 each.....	500
10 Cash Presents of \$300 each.....	3,000	5 Sets Parlor Furniture, \$100 each.....	500
10 Cash Presents of \$100 each.....	1,000	20 Elegant Boys' Suits, to order, \$20....	200
10 Cash Presents of \$50 each.....	500	10 Girls' Outside Garments, \$15 each....	150
5 Elegant Upright Pianos, \$800 each..	900	50 Gold Pens and Holders, \$2 each.....	100
5 Elegant Cabinet Organs, \$100 each..	500	500 Extension Gold Pencils, \$1 each.....	500
25 Sewing Machines, \$20 each.....	750	500 Pair Nickel-Plated Skates, \$2 each..	1,000
20 Gent's Solid Gold Watches, \$20 ea..	800	500 Large Photograph Albums, \$2 each..	1,000
20 Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, \$25 ea..	750	500 Pair Roller Skates, \$3 each.....	1,000
20 Beautiful Diamond Rings, \$50 ea..	600	500 Two-Dollar Greenbacks.....	1,000
20 Gent's Solid Silver Watches, \$15 ea..	400	500 One-Dollar Greenbacks.....	500
25 Ladies' Charolaine Watches, \$10 ea..	250	500 Magic Lanterns, \$1 each.....	500
20 Boys' Silver Watches, \$10 each.....	800	500 Boys' Pocket Knives, \$1 each.....	500
100 Waterbury Watches, \$5.50 each....	450	500 Ladies' Pocket Knives, \$1 each.....	500
20 Gent's Solid Gold Chains, \$20 each..	400	1000 Oil Pictures, \$1 each.....	1,000
20 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains, \$15 ea..	300	500 Solid Gold Rings, \$2 each.....	1,000
20 Solid Gold Bracelets, \$5 ea.....	300	1000 Autograph Albums, \$1 each.....	1,000

And 92,500 OTHER USEFUL AND VALUABLE PRESENTS, RANGING IN VALUE FROM TWENTY-FIVE CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR, making a grand total of 100,000 presents to be given to the first one hundred thousand subscribers received. Every one gets a Present. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner, full particulars of which will be given hereafter. Among the last 92,500 presents are 50,000 of one article, which we manufacture and own the patent, and that retail at One Dollar the world over and never sold for less; it is something needed in every home, and is well worth Five Dollars in any Family; millions have been sold at One Dollar each. Being owners and manufacturers we can afford to give 50,000 to our subscribers, believing that you will be so well pleased that you will always be patrons of the *Argosy*—besides all this you may get one of the most valuable presents offered in our list.

**THE AWARD OF PRESENTS will positively take place June 10th, 1884.**

### THE GOLDEN ARGOSY IS A WEEKLY PAPER for the Father, the Mother, the Boys and the Girls. It is

**BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL, ENTERTAINING, INSTRUCTIVE AND POPULAR WEEKLY** published. It has the best corps of first-class authors in the United States, including such as HORATIO ALGER, Jr., EDWARD A. DILL, S. OLIVER OPTIC, HARRY CASTLEMAN, FRANK M. CONVERSE, EDWARD EVERETT HALE, and a host of others too numerous to mention. It is Beautifully Illustrated, and its reading matter is all original from the pens of noted authors. Its regular subscription price is 50 cents for Three Months; \$1.00 for Six Months; \$1.75 for Twelve Months without present or premium; but in order to secure 100,000 subscribers at once, we make the FOLLOWING LIBERAL OFFER: we will send you **THE GOLDEN ARGOSY**, weekly, for 8 months, and one receipt, good for one present. **FOR \$1.00** we will send **THE GOLDEN ARGOSY**, weekly, for six months, and two receipts, good for two presents. **FOR \$1.75** we will send **THE GOLDEN ARGOSY**, weekly, for one year, and four receipts, good for four presents.

### FOR 50 CENTS

**A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO YOU.** If you will cut this advertisement out and show it to your friends, acquaintances and neighbors, and get five to subscribe for three months, and send us \$2.50, we will send you your subscription free, and one receipt; get ten to subscribe and we will send you two receipts and the *ARGOSY* for six months; get twenty to subscribe for three months and we will send you the *ARGOSY* one year, and four receipts, good for four presents. A few hours' work will give you a subscription free, and a prospect to win one of the most valuable presents. **SAMPLE COPIES FREE.**

**THE GOLDEN ARGOSY CAPITAL** is a well-established weekly paper, and is backed by AMPLE just what we promise. List of the Awards will be forwarded to all subscribers immediately after June 10.

**HOW TO SEND MONEY.** Send small sums, from 50 cents to One or Two Dollars, by Postal Note, Cash or Stamp; larger sums should be sent by registered mail or post office order. Address all orders to

**THE ARGOSY PUBLISHING CO., 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.**

**REMEMBER** the above Presents are given absolutely free to our subscribers. **CUT THIS OUT** and show it to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances.

**IF IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.** **AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**

### WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

I should take the *ARGOSY* another year if I had to sit up nights to earn the money to pay for it; enclosed is \$1.75. **ED. L. FLEMING, Arizona, Conn.**

I have been a reader of the *ARGOSY* the last year, and cannot now do without it, let it cost what it will. **D. E. BROTHWELL, Wakefield, Kan.**

The *ARGOSY* is the very best paper of the kind published. I would not do without it for twice \$1.75. **FRANK G. JOHNSON, Fainesville, O.**

I prize the *ARGOSY* above all youth's papers. Its high moral tone and instructive reading is sure to leave a lasting impression with its readers. **MRS. IDA AUSTIN, Fort Halleck, Wyo.**

I have read the *Golden Days*, *Youth's Companion*, and *Wide Awake*, for boys and girls, but give me the *ARGOSY*. I won't not give it for any other paper I ever saw. **A. B. WELLS, Brooklyn, Ill.**

### NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

Parents and guardians who would place sanctity, as well as instructive reading before their children, would do well to subscribe to it.—*Church Union, N. Y.*

The *GOLDEN ARGOSY* is a bright, sparkling paper for boys and girls; neither sensational on the one hand nor dull on the other.—*Press, Philadelphia.*

It is a first-class paper, fully equaling the *Youth's Companion*, and, being once introduced into the home, will be sure to remain.—*Herald, Camden, Me.*

The *GOLDEN ARGOSY* is as far removed from the prosy banality of Sunday-school literature as it is from the demoralizing sensationalism of the half-dime dreads.—*N. Y. World.*

The *GOLDEN ARGOSY* is not only beautiful in appearance, but every way commendable in the character of its contents. It is one of the few papers for young people that judicious fathers and mothers care to put in the hands of their children.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CIRCULATION 60,000,000 A YEAR.

# The Sun

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid as follows: DAILY—5¢ a month, \$6 a year; with Sunday edition, 7¢. SUNDAYS—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. \$1 a year.

Address, I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, THE SUN, New York City.

WEEKLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence, make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten, with \$10, an extra copy free.

**MOOTH DESTROYING CARBOLIZED Black Paper.**  
*Sure Death to Moths & Insects*

By use of this Paper, Woolens, Carpets, Furniture, Furs, Feathers, and all fabrics liable to damage by **Moths**, are absolutely protected.

It can be used for several seasons. A strip of this Paper, 18 inches wide, if placed under the edges of a carpet, will prevent the intrusion of the common **Moth**, the "Buffalo" Moth, or any other insect or vermin.

For sale by all Carpet and Furniture Dealers. A 10 yard roll will be sent anywhere in the United States, express paid, for postal note for \$1.50.

Adopted by the United States Army and Navy.

Send for circular.  
**PAGE, BHOOTH & CO.**  
 49 Wall St., New York.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 161 Pearl St., New York.

## LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.

Principal need never be paid as long as interest is kept up. No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of \$100, \$500 FOR LIFE. Send four cents for particulars. W. Roberts, Manager, 135 W. 54th St. Cincinnati, O.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

**GIVEN AWAY!** "THE DUDE," a new imported set of cards, and 48-page picture-book, for three 3c. stamps. Presented to introduce other goodie. WORTH BROS., 736 Sixth St., N. Y.

## ALABASTINE!!

FOR FINISHING WALLS AND CEILINGS.

It is the most durable and economical material known. It is a valuable discovery, and is rapidly superseding Kalsomine and other wall finish. Manufactured in a variety of beautiful tints, and can be applied by any one. If not for sale in your neighborhood, send to ALABASTINE CO., New York, Boston, or Grand Rapids, Mich., for sample card and testimonials.

## BARLOW'S INDICO BLUE.

Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and indorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your Grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it.

D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop., 235 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.

**100** PAGE Illustrated CATALOGUE OF BOOKS on Architecture, Building, Carpentry, Drawing, Painting, Ornament, etc., sent on receipt of 10 cents.

WM. T. COMSTOCK, 6 ARBOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

INDIAN RELICS, Pueblo Pottery, Fossils...

MINERALS, Mounted Heads, Deer and Polished Buffalo Horns, &c. Send 5 one cent stamps for 25-page catalogue.

Address H. H. TAMMEN & CO., DENVER, COLO.

## TELEGRAPHY AND SHORT-HAND

taught. Situations furnished. Circulars free.

Address R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis.

**SAMPLES** of Imitation Stained Glass, 10c. Easily applied to glass already in churches, houses, stores, etc. Circulars free.

AGENTS' HERALD, Philadelphia, Pa.

**100** SCRAP-BOOK PICTURES, 10c.; 100 Transfer Pictures, 10c.; 20 Gem Chromos, 20c.; or the lot for 25c. Name this Magazine. H. E. SLAYTON, Montpelier, Vt.

## Webster's Unabridged

115,000 Words,  
3,000 Engravings,  
&c., &c., &c.

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

An ever-present and reliable schoolmaster to the whole family.—S. S. Herald.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

**WANTED and FOR SALE MAGIC LANTERNS.**

**WONDERS** MUSICAL, Catalogue FREE. HARMON ORGANINA CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WONDER MUSIC, 7 Tunes and Instructions, 50 cts.

**TWO FINE AIR PLANTS** by mail, \$1.25; are a great curiosity; require no soil. Bundle of Florida Moss, 50 cts.

L. D. SKOOK, De Land, Fla.



# THE PERRY 2-WHEELERS,

Manufactured under the PERRY PATENTS by the

BRIDGEPORT CART COMPANY.

See Extracts from our Customers' Letters.

LADIES CART.



Extract from his Letter to a friend. "I wish you could see my cart; it is a beauty. The more I use it, the better I like it; doesn't shake one bit; nothing like it in town. I can hardly wait to have you ride in it, as I am sure you would be delighted."—M. M.

The (No. 7)  
PERRY BUSINESS CART.

"No horse motion on the roughest roads. Two horses do the work of three. Its soft gliding motion makes it the most delightful vehicle I ever rode in."—T. GRAVES, M.D.



"Your cart overcomes sulky motion completely. SURPRISES ALL WHO TRY IT. It is a boat on wheels.—T. D. THATCHER, M.D. See price-list, for one or two horse carts. Bridgeport Cart Co., Conn.

Our Illustrated Price-list shows Compensating Device, and how we overcome the disagreeable Horse-motion so prominent in Carts heretofore.

This New Invention is applied to our *Jogging, Run-Arounds, Speeding, Business, Ladies', or Pole Carts*, securing the greatest comfort to the rider and corresponding ease for the horse. Address

BRIDGEPORT CART COMPANY,

Sample Room, 1397 Broadway.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
STEEL PENS.**

**Gilt Medal, Paris, 1872.**  
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332,  
351, 170, and his other styles.  
**Sold throughout the World.**

USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

## THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY,

EDITED BY

Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart.,

Comprising 43 Volumes, as follows:

BIRDS, . . . 15 Vols.	INSECTS, . . . 7 Vols.
ANIMALS, . . . 13 "	FISH, . . . 6 "
MAN, . . . 1 Vol.	

These volumes are illustrated with over 1000 copperplate illustrations, colored by hand in the finest manner. Bound in neat red cloth binding.

**PRICE, ONLY \$50 PER SET.**

We have only three sets left, and this will be the last chance to obtain this work.

**BEAUTIFUL SHELLS.** Their Nature, Structure, and Uses Familiarly Explained, with Directions for Collecting, Cleaning, and Arranging them in the Cabinet. Illustrated with colored plates. 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$1.50.

**THE TELESCOPE.** A Familiar Sketch. Combining a special notice of objects coming within the range of a small telescope. By Hon. Mrs. WOOD. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$1.50.

Address

**E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York.**

## GAIN Health and Happiness.

*How?* DO AS OTHERS  
HAVE DONE.

### Are your Kidneys disordered?

"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Detroit. M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

### Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

### Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

### Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Philip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

### Have you Liver Complaint?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

### Is your Back lame and aching?

"Kidney-Wort (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

### Have you Kidney Disease?

"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth \$10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

### Are you Constipated?

"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

### Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. E. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

### Are you Bilious?

"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

### Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

### Are you Rheumatism racked?

"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

### Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

### If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

**KIDNEY-WORT**  
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

### AMERICAN ART.

Photographs, Engravings, etc., can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dusts. Full directions for this beautiful art-work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo, sent to any address for 10 cents.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.

## THE POCKET MANUAL;

OR,

WRITERS' AND TRAVELLERS'

Ready Reference Book for Every-day Use.

"The Pith of many volumes."

"A Complete Education for 50 cents."

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Synonyms .....	5
Foreign Words and Phrases .....	98
Domestic and Foreign Postal Rates .....	114
Stamp Duties, Marks and Rules of Punctuation .....	115, 116
Marks of Accent, Simple Rules for Spelling .....	118, 119
Capitals, when and how used .....	120
Hints for Letter-writing .....	121
Titles used in United States .....	122
Abbreviations in Common Use .....	124
Legal Holidays in various States .....	129
Perpetual Calendar .....	130
Distances of Chief American Cities from New York .....	132
Value of Foreign Coins in U. S. money .....	133, 134
Interest Tables .....	135
Our National Territory—when and how acquired .....	136
Our Republican Government—details .....	137
First Century of National Growth and Progress .....	143
State Elections, and Meetings of their Legislatures .....	149
Population of States and Territories .....	150
Distances from Washington to various parts of the world, and How Money grows at Interest .....	151
Grand Divisions of the World .....	152
Distinct Races of Mankind .....	153
Inland Seas of the World (Size and Depth) .....	154
Length of principal Rivers, and Area of Oceans .....	154, 155
Historical Chart of the United States .....	155
Great Assembly Rooms in the Old World and New .....	156
Cost of the Civil War .....	158
Health Maxims .....	161
How to Read Human Nature .....	162
Capacity of Boxes .....	172
Weight and Stature of Man at different Ages .....	173
Chart of Parliamentary Procedure .....	174
Value and Weights of Woods .....	176
Rates of Mortality .....	177
A Woman's Chances of Marriage .....	178
Religious Denominations in the United States .....	179
Thirteen Choice Life-Maxims .....	179
Concise Business Rules .....	180
Church Calendar .....	181
Digestibility of Foods .....	182
Principal Countries of the World .....	184
Average Velocities of Bodies .....	186
Business Laws in Brief .....	186
Our Deportment, or Social Etiquette .....	187
Language of Flowers .....	202
Language of Precious Stones .....	210
Weights and Measures .....	213

Price, in Cloth Binding, 50 cents;  
Fine Binding, \$1.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

E. R. PELTON,

25 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

# THE FLORAL CITY ROUTE.

THE NEW FLORIDA AND NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE.

## Florida Central and Western Railroad Division

[ OF THE

FLORIDA RAILROAD AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

*Be sure and purchase your tickets, reading via the Pensacola  
& Atlantic and Florida Central & Western Railroads,*

PASSING THROUGH

## The Famous Hill Country of Middle Florida.

The quickest, shortest, and best route to Jacksonville, Florida; to all points on the St. John's ]  
River, and via the Florida Transit and Peninsular Division and its connections to all  
points in the far-famed Peninsular State; Clear Water, Tampa,  
Key West, Havana, and all Gulf Ports.

### STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES CAN BE SECURED ON ALL TICKETS.

Only line with solid Through Trains, daily, Pensacola to Jacksonville,  
without change.

Only line with Pullman Palace Sleepers, daily, New Orleans to Jacksonville, without change.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO

D. E. MAXWELL, } Jacksonville, Florida. } A. O. MACDONELL,  
Gen. Sup't. } Gen. Pass. Agent.

*Send for copy of our New Pamphlet.*

WALTER G. COLEMAN, General Travelling Agent, Jacksonville, Florida.

P. O. BOX 398.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

# PEARS' SOAP

## THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.



GOOD COMPLEXION



**IF** Cleanliness is next to Godliness, Soap must be considered as a Means of Grace and a Clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend Soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

*Henry Ward Beecher*

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON  
100 YEARS.

A SPECIALTY FOR THE SKIN & COMPLEXION,  
As recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin,

PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S.  
Pres. of the Royal Col. of Surgeons, England.

Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a **Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin.** With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive.

Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.

# PEARS' SOAP

Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion Soap, and is recommended by all the best authorities, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, **Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear and bright appearance and a soft, velvety condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.**

Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.

15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP



# JUDGE KELLEY'S VIEWS.

The Hon. William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, has been so long and so prominently before the American people that his sentiments on any important subject are valued, even by those who do not agree politically with him. He is emphatically a man of the people. For twenty-three consecutive years his Congressional service has been rendered with singular fidelity and purity. His utterances are well known to come from his heart, and his opinions to be the result of the most mature deliberation. The judgment of such a man carries with it great weight, and his views, whether on public affairs or private interests, are entitled to the respect of all thoughtful persons.

Judge Kelley's power of resistance to obstacles which would have put an ordinary man in his grave has long been the subject of comment, not only among his friends, but by the public generally. Such was his physical condition ten years ago that it was feared that the next Congressional session would be his last.

For many years the Judge had been afflicted with the most obstinate catarrh, which defied all the old-fashioned remedies, and which would have entirely laid on the shelf a less indomitable man than himself. His life became almost a burden to him, and he was nearly at death's door. To-day, although at an age when most men begin to show signs of wearing out, he is hearty and vigorous, and as ready and as able to perform his arduous Congressional duties as he was twenty years ago.

An account of Judge Kelley's remarkable case, as given by himself, will be of interest to all who are suffering with catarrh, and who are wondering what they shall do to get rid of this horrible disease. A reporter for the press recently spent a morning with Judge Kelley at that gentleman's home, in West Philadelphia. To him the Judge communicated the history of his illness and recovery substantially as follows:

"I had, as a hereditary victim to catarrh, suffered for years. I was subject to violent paroxysms of coughing. Straining for relief had produced abrasion of the membranes and daily effusion of blood from my throat. For four years I passed a portion of each Congressional vacation in the Rocky Mountains or on the Pacific coast. While there I found relief, but on my return to tide-water the disease appeared with apparently renewed vigor. My breathing power diminished, so that in the early summer of 1873 it was little more than a panting for breath. About two years before this my attention had been called to Compound Oxygen Gas as then administered by Dr. Starkey. A friend who had great faith in its efficacy advised me to try it. On reading Dr. Starkey's advertisement I threw the little book aside, and declined to resort to the Treatment on the ground that it was a quack medicine which proposed to cure everything and was consequently without adaptation to any particular disease. I grew worse, and in the summer my breathing was so short that a cough, a sneeze, or a sigh produced such acute pain at the base of the left lung that I felt it necessary to close up my affairs, as I did not believe I could last for sixty days. Nor do I now believe I would have lasted for that time had I not found a potent curative agent.

"I had lost none of my prejudice against the gas as a medicine, but in very desperation, seeing that it could not make me any worse than I was, and as medical treatment had utterly failed to meet my case, I concluded to try it. After a thorough examination, Dr. Starkey, to whom I was then a stranger, said: 'Sir, I have no medicine for either form of your disease (alluding to the catarrh and the bleeding at the throat), but, if you will give me time, I will cure you.' My response was a natural one: 'You are

frank in saying you have no medicine for either form of my disease, and yet you propose to cure me. By what agency will you work this miracle?' 'The Oxygen Gas,' said he, 'is not a medicine. It has none of the characteristics of medicine compounded of drugs. These create a requirement for continual increase of quantity to be taken, and, if long persisted in, produce some form of disease. But the gas produces no appetite for itself. It passes, by inhalation, into the blood, and purifies and invigorates it. The system is thus enabled to throw off effete matter. You will find by experience, if you try the Treatment, that it will not increase the rapidity of the action of your pulse, though the beating thereof will be stronger under its influence.'

"This explanation removed my objections, and I could see how such an agent could operate beneficially in cases of widely different symptoms and character.

"Dr. Starkey said that the cells of my left lung were congested with catarrhal mucus, and that he believed the gas would at once address itself to the removal of the deposits and the restoration of my full breathing power.

"I entered on the use of the Treatment, and at the end of three weeks, with an improved appetite, with the ability to sleep several consecutive hours, with a measurable relief of the pain in the lung, and with Dr. Starkey's consent, I made the tour of the lakes from Erie to Duluth, in company with my venerable friend, Henry C. Carey. Returning, we visited friends in St. Paul, Chicago, and Pittsburg.

"Notwithstanding the intense heat, I remained in Philadelphia during the summer and inhaled the gas daily, with the happiest effect. Before Congress assembled in December my lung had been relieved of much of its nauseous deposit and I was able to breathe without pain.

"I am now more than ten years older than I was when I first tested the Treatment. I have had no perceptible effusion of blood for more than six years. I breathe as deeply as I did at any period of my young manhood, and my natural carriage is so erect as to elicit frequent comment.

"You may judge of my restoration to health by the contrast between the results of some of my recent Congressional debates, compared with what they were in 1874. In that year, when I spoke in the House in favor of the grant by the Government to the Centennial Exhibition, I was so prostrated by the exertion that my dear friend, the late Colonel John W. Forney, left the gallery in which he had been sitting, in order to come to the door of the hall to assist in relieving me when I should fall. I found, on quitting the floor, that there had been a general fear that in my zeal I was passing beyond the bounds of prudence.

"But on the 5th of May, 1882, when submitting an argument in favor of a Tariff Commission, I held the floor for nearly three hours, though parts of the debate might be characterized as a wrangle between myself and others, and as I did not obtain the floor until the afternoon, I surrendered it because the close of the day had come, when members' appetites told them that dinner was on the table. The evening was passed in my rooms, with a high degree of sociability, in which a number of young ladies and gentlemen from my district, who happened to have been in the House during my speech, participated.

"On a recent occasion I addressed five thousand people in the Philadelphia Academy of Music without feeling any exhaustion. I have a hearty appetite and am able to take abundant exercise. I sleep well and have a far better color in my cheeks than I had ten years ago.

"You ask if I still continue the Treatment. Whenever I am in Philadelphia and feel a fresh cold or suffer from the nervous exhaustion which follows excessive labor, I go to the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen and resort to the Treatment, and am never without the 'Home Treatment' in Washington. I have the highest confidence, not only in the Treatment itself but in Drs. Starkey & Palen as gentlemen of skill, integrity, and good judgment."


To learn all about COMPOUND OXYGEN, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for pamphlet setting forth full particulars.

# KNABE PIANOS

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone have attained an UNPARALLELED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.  
Warehouses 113 Fifth Avenue, New York; 204 & 206 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

**STANCH AND RELIABLE**

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES**  
FOR ROAD AND TRICYCLES USE



**THE POPE MFG. CO.**  
580 Washington St. Boston - Mass.

*"If I could not get another bicycle I would not give mine for its weight in solid gold. For fifteen years I lost from three to eight days every month with stubborn sick headache. Since I have been riding the bicycle I have lost only two days from that cause, and I haven't spent a dollar for a doctor."*  
Rev. GEO. F. FENTREBUSH

**STRONG, GRACEFUL - EVERY PART INTERCHANGEABLE**  
**THE POPE BICYCLE CO. BOSTON, MASS.**  
**FINEST MATERIALS - MIGHTY WORKMANSHIP**



I WILL NOT CARRY ANY OTHER.

THE  
**"WATERBURY" WATCH.**

EVERY WATCH WARRANTED.

In Nickel-Silver Case, \$48 per dozen.

Discount to the Trade.

**ASK YOUR JEWELLER FOR IT.**

We fill no orders for less than One Dozen.

Send for Circular to

GEORGE MERRITT, General Selling Agent.

## ACCIDENT CLUBS.

Clubs of five or more applying for membership in the United States Mutual Accident Association at one time will receive the following special rates till Mar- 15th.

Five Applications forwarded with one remittance at one time will be accepted for \$20; ten Applications for \$30; twenty Applications for \$50; thirty Applications for \$60; single Applications, \$5.

Write for Circulars and Blanks to

### THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

320 AND 322 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Oldest and Largest Mutual Accident Company in the World.

18,000 members. 3000 Claims have been paid.

**NO CONTESTED OR UNPAID CLAIMS.**

Having no stockholders to provide for, and conducting its business at the minimum of expense, this Company furnishes Accident Insurance at actual cost, or about one half the rates of stock accident companies.

**\$5000 INSURANCE WITH \$25 A WEEK INDEMNITY COSTS MEMBERS ABOUT \$12 A YEAR, EXCLUSIVE OF \$1 A YEAR ANNUAL DUES.**

**\$10,000 INSURANCE WITH \$50 WEEKLY INDEMNITY** at proportionate rates, which may be paid at one time, if desired.

Membership fee, \$5 for each \$5000 insurance, payable but once.

**EUROPEAN PERMIT COVERING INDEMNITY ABROAD WITHOUT CHARGE.**

**CHARLES B. PEET,**

Of ROGERS, PEET & Co., President.

**JAMES R. FITCHER,**

Secretary.